

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*,  
THE  
SON of ULYSSES,  
WITH NOTES  
Mythological, Historical, Chrono-  
logical, and Chorographical.

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By J. KELLY, of *the Inner Temple*, Esq;

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VOL. II.

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L O N D O N :

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
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*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the THIRTEENTH.

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ARGUMENT.

**I**DOMENEUS relates to Mentor the Confidence he had repos'd in Protefilaus, and the Intrigues of that Favourite, in Conjunction with Timocrates, to destroy Philocles, and to betray Idomeneus himself. He acknowledges, that, prejudiced by these two against Philocles, he had given Timocrates Commission to set out and kill him, in an

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*Expedition he was upon, with the Command of the Fleet. That Timocrates failing in his Attempt, Philocles gave him his Life; charged Polimenes with the Command of the Fleet, as he had been nominated in the Letters of Idomeneus, to succeed to it, and retired to Samos: That, notwithstanding the Treason of Protefilaus, he never had the Courage to part with him.*



THE Reputation of *Idomeneus'* mild and gentle Reign being soon spread Abroad, allured a Number of People, who flock'd together, from all Parts, to make one Body with his Subjects, and find their own Happiness under a Government so inviting. The Fields, so long encumber'd with Thorns and Briars, promis'd rich Crops and Fruits 'till then unknown. The Earth yields her opening Bosom to the Labourer's Share, and prepares her Treasures to reward his Toils. On ev'ry Side enlivening Hope shines forth. The humble Vales and gently rising Hills are cover'd o'er with bleating Flocks, which frisking bound on the luxurious Grass, and with large Herds of Oxen, and of Heifers, whose Lowings make the Mountain Summits ring. The Flock and Herds contributed, by their Soil, t'enrich the Grounds. These *Mentor* had procured by advising *Idomeneus* to barter with the *Peucetes*\*, a neigh-

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\* These People border'd upon the *Daunians*; their Country, which is in the Kingdom of *Naples*, is now called *Terra di Bari*.



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a neighbouring People, all the Superfluities prohibited in *Salentum*, for these Cattle wanting to the *Salentines*.

At the same Time the Town and circumjacent Villages were fill'd with lovely Youths, who had long pined in a State of Misery, deterr'd from Marriage by Fear of being still more wretched. When these found *Idomeneus* had given Way to Sentiments of Humanity, and would become their common Father, their Fears of Hunger and of the various Scourges with which th' Immortal Powers afflict unhappy Mortals, instant vanish'd. Nothing was hear'd but Shouts of Joy, and the Nuptial Songs of Husbandmen and Swains. One might have thought that *Pan* \* was present, encompass'd with a Train of *Satyrs*, and of *Fauns* †, mingled among the Nymphs, dancing to the chearful Pipe, beneath the grateful Shade of leafy Trees. All was Peace and Mirth; but this Joy was carried to no Excess, and their Pleasures contributed to refresh them only, after long Fatigue, and were thus both more lively and more innocent.

The ancient Men, who saw with Surprise what in so great a Length of Years they ne'er durst hope, now wept through Excess of Tenderness and Joy. To Heaven these rais'd their trembling Hands, and cried: Bless, bless,

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\* Was one of the greatest among the Gods of the *Egyptians*, and was especially adored at *Mendes*. His Worship from *Egypt* pass'd into *Greece* with some *Egyptian* Colonies, and he became greatly famous in *Arcadia*. *Evander*, some Years before the Siege of *Troy*, made him known in *Italy*, where he, *Evander*, planted a Colony; and he was worshipp'd at *Rome*, and the Feasts *Lupercalia* were instituted in Honour of this God.

† *Fauns* were Gods of Fields and Woods.

Almighty *Jove*, our Monarch, who copies your Beneficence, and is the richest Gift we e'er receiv'd from thy most liberal Hand. He was born for the Good of Human Kind, and do thou repay him all that Good we receive from him: Our Great-grand-children, Fruits of these Nuptial Bands, which he has knit, will owe to him their all, nay even their Existence, and he will be the real Father of all his happy Subjects. The young Men, and Maidens whom they espoused, evinced their Joy in Songs, which spake alone his Praise from whom their soothing Gladness was derived. His Name incessantly employ'd their Tongues, and filled their Hearts. They thought themselves happy whene'er they saw him, and fear'd his Death, as the Loss of their Monarch would have prov'd the Affliction of every individual Family.

*Idomeneus* now acknowledged to *Mentor*, that he had never been sensible of any Pleasure so affecting as that of being belov'd, and of procuring the Happiness of such a Number of People. It is what, said he, I never could have thought. As the Grandeur of Princes seem'd to me to consist alone in being fear'd, I look'd upon the rest of Mankind made for their Sovereigns; and whatever I had hear'd of Kings, who had been the Darlings and the Delight of their Subjects, I deem'd but pure Inventions: I am now sensible of the Truth of those Relations; but it is necessary that you should learn from me how my Heart was poison'd, even from my Infancy, with regard to Regal Authority. This was the Source of all the Misfortunes of my Life. *Idomeneus* having said this, began the following Narrative:

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Among all the Youth, *Protesilaus*\*, who was somewhat older than me, had the greatest Share of my Affection. His sprightly daring Genius suited with my Inclinations; he gave in to all my Pleasures; he flatter'd my Passions, and inspired me a Jealousy of another Youth whom I also loved, whose Name was *Philocles*†. This young Man had a reverential Fear of the Gods, and a noble Soul, but moderate in his Desires. He thought his Greatness consisted more in the conquering his Passions, and abstaining from every mean Action, than in the raising his Fortune. He told me my Faults with Frankness, and, even, when he durst not declare his Sentiments, his Silence, and the Melancholly apparent in his Countenance, sufficiently gave me to understand what he would have reproved.

At first, I was pleas'd with this Sincerity, and I often protested that I would listen to, with a full Confidence in, him to the last Day of my Life: that I might be upon my Guard against Sycophants. He laid before me all that was incumbent on me to do, that I might tread the Paths of my

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\* *Protesilaus* represents the Marquis de Louvois, whom the King admitted to his Intimacy, who shared in all his Parties of Pleasure, flatter'd all his Passions, and who gave him a Jealousy of the Viscount Turenne, here design'd under the Character of *Philocles*. *French Remark.*

† The Life of Monsieur Turenne was a Series of noble and generous Actions. The King took a particular Pleasure in his Conversation, listen'd to him with an entire Confidence, and by him was instructed in several excellent Lessons with Regard to War. It was this Trust, which the King placed in him, that excited the Jealousy of Louvois. *French Remark.*

Grand-fire *Minos*, and render my Kingdom happy. He was not blessed, O *Mentor*, with your Depth of Wisdom, but his Maxims were salutary; and I am now sensible they were so. The Intrigues of *Protesilaus*, who was both very jealous and very ambitious, gave me, by Degrees, a Disgust to *Philocles*, who, being no way forward, suffer'd the other to gain his Point; content with acquainting me always with the Truth, when I would give him a Hearing. It was my Welfare, and not his Fortune, that he had in View.

*Protesilaus* insensibly persuaded me, that *Philocles* was of a haughty morose Temper; that he censured all my Actions; that he would ask nothing of me, as he disdain'd to owe any Thing to my Liberality, and that he aspired to the Character \* of being superior to all Honours: To this he added, that *Philocles*, who without Restraint represented to me my Errors, spoke of them with no less Freedom to other People; that he made it apparent enough he had no great Esteem for me, and that in depreciating my Character he design'd, by the Glare of an austere Virtue, to make his Way to the supreme Authority.

I could not, at first, be persuaded, that *Philocles* had any Design to dethrone me. There are a Candor and Ingenuity in real Virtue, which cannot be counterfeited, and in which, if we are attentive, we cannot be mistaken: But I began to grow weary of the Steadiness with which he combated my Foibles; this Disgust, of his Auste-

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\* Monsieur de Turenne preferr'd his own Title of Viscount to that of Marshall of France, which he thought degrading him to accept. French Remark.

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city, encreas'd, and my Impatience of it was augmented by the Complacencies of *Protesilaus*, and his indefatigable Pains to invent for me new Amusements.

In the Interim, *Protesilaus*, who could not stomach my not having given entire Credit to all he had inform'd me, to the Prejudice of his Enemy, resolv'd to mention him no more, and to persuade me by something more forcible than any Words. Observe how he thoroughly impos'd upon me. He advis'd me to give the Command of the Fleet I was to send to attack that of *Carpathus* \*, to *Philocles*; to induce me to take this Resolution, he said, You must be sensible that the Praises I give him, cannot be liable to Suspicion of Flattery. I own he is personally † brave, and has a Genius turn'd to War. He will serve you better than any other; and I shall ever sacrifice my own Resentments to your Service and Interests.

I was delighted to find such Impartiality and Justice in the Heart of *Protesilaus*, to whose Administration I had entrusted my Affairs of greatest Moment. I embraced him, in a Transport of Pleasure, and I thought my self fortunate in having given all my Confidence to a Man who thus seem'd to me superior to his Passions and to whatever Interest. But alas! how great Objects of Pity are Sovereign Princes! This Man knew me much better than I knew my self. He knew that Monarchs are

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\* An Island at the Entrance of the Archipelago in the Mediterranean. It lies between *Rhodes* and *Crete*; it is now called *Scarpanto*.

† This Piece of Justice *Louvois* could not refuse to the Merits of *Turenne*; but he made Use of it to remove this Rival, whom he could not see without Envy, from the Person of the King. *French Remark*.

commonly both jealous and indolent ; that the daily Experience they have of the Intrigues of corrupt Men, by whom they are besieged, makes them diffident ; and that, hurry'd away by their Pleasures, being habituated to leave to others the Trouble of thinking for them, a Fatigue they will not undergo themselves, they naturally become indolent. He therefore saw it would be no difficult Task for him to make me diffident, and to excite my Jealousy of a Man who would infallibly perform great Exploits, especially as his Absence gave him all the desirable Opportunity to lay his Snares to entrap him.

*Philocles*, in setting out, foresaw what might happen to him. Remember, said he to me, Remember I have no Opportunity for my Defence, that you hear only what my Enemy can say, and that while I serve you with the Hazard of my Life, I run also that of incurring your Displeasure, as my sole Recompence. I reply'd, You greatly deceive your self. *Protesilaus* speaks not of you with the Asperity you mention him ; he gives you Praise, esteems, and thinks you worthy of the highest Posts. Should he offer to say any thing to me, tending to depreciate you, he would forfeit all my Confidence. Apprehend nothing, go, think alone of rendering me effectual Service. He took his Leave, and left me in an uncommon Perplexity.

I must own to you, *Mentor*, that I plainly saw how requisite it was for me to consult with different Men, and that there was nothing more detrimental to either my Reputation or the Success of my Affairs, than to rely entirely upon a single Person. I had found by Experience, that the prudent Counsels of *Philocles* had prevented  
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my committing several dangerous Errors, which the Haughtiness of *Protesilaus* would have led me into. I was sensible that *Philocles* had a Stock of Probity, and upright Maxims, not equally apparent in his Rival; but I had suffer'd this latter to assume a certain majestic Tone, which I in a great Measure wanted Power to correct. I was quite tired out, between these two Men whom I could not reconcile; and thus wearied, I was weak enough to chuse the hazarding a little, at the Expence of my Affairs, that I might breathe in Quiet. I had not Courage to own, even to my self, this unmanly Reason for the Choice I made; but this shameful Motive, which I durst not examine into, wrought secretly, however, within my Breast, and was the real Source of all my Actions.

*Philocles* \* surpriz'd the Enemy, gain'd a complete Victory, and hasten'd his Return to prevent the ill Offices, which he had Grounds to fear; but *Protesilaus*, who had not had Time sufficient to deceive me, wrote him Word: It was my Command that he should take Advantage of the Victory, by a Descent upon the Isle of † *Carpathus*.

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\* This alludes to the Campagne of 1675, in Germany, where the Viscount *Turenne* beat *Montecuculli*, and as he wanted Provisions, hasten'd his Return; but *Louvois* ordered the Marshall *de Crequi* with a Detachment of Troops into *Flanders*, to detain *Turenne*, and he having receiv'd this Reinforcement, prepared to give the *Imperialists* Battle, when in that of *Altenheim* he was killed by a Canon Ball. *French Remark*.

† This was the Practice of *Louvois*, with regard to such Generals as had given him any Jealousy: He let them want every Thing, and made them answerable for that ill Success which he himself had occasion'd. *French Remark*.



thus. Indeed he had induced me to believe that the Conquest of that Isle was easy ; but he took Care that *Philocles* should want a Number of Requisites for such an Enterprize, and cramp'd him with such Instructions, that they proved the Ground of many Disappointments in it's Execution. In the Interim, he made Use of one of my Servants, of very depraved Manners, who observ'd the minutest Things to acquaint him with them, though in Appearance they seldom saw each other, and never could, in any Thing, agree.

This Servant, whose Name was *Timocrates*, came to me one Day, very privately, to acquaint me, that he had discover'd a very dangerous Affair. *Philocles*, said he, designs, by the Means of your Naval Power, to make himself King of *Carpathus*. All the Officers adhere to him, the common Soldiers are won over to his Interests by his Liberalities ; but, more indeed, by the pernicious License which he allows them. He is elated with his Victory. Here is a Letter which he wrote to a Friend of his, upon his Scheme of assuming Regal Power : A Proof so evident leaves not the least Room for Doubt.

I read his Letter, and it seem'd to me to be the Hand of *Philocles* ; but it was only an excellent Imitation of his Characters, which *Protesilaus*, together with *Timocrates*, had well counterfeited. This Letter caused me a very great Surprize ; I read it over and over, incessantly, and could not prevail upon my self to believe that it was from *Philocles*, when I ran over, in my troubled Mind, all the affecting Proofs he had given me of his Disinterestedness and Probity. However, what Method could I take ? How could I refuse Credit

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to a Letter in which I thought, assuredly, I had discovered the very Hand of *Philocles*.

When *Timocrates* found I was not Proof against his Fraud, he push'd it still a greater Length. May I venture, said he, in a faltering Voice, to observe one Word to you in this Letter? *Philocles* tells his Friend, that he may speak without Scruple on one Thing to *Protesilaus*; what that is, he marks in Cypher. Most certainly *Protesilaus* is an Accomplice in the Designs of *Philocles*, and they are reconciled at your Expence; 'twas he, you know, who was instant with you to employ *Philocles* against the *Carpathians*. He has, from a certain Period, ceas'd mentioning to you any thing to the Disadvantage of the other, as he often formerly had done: On the contrary, whenever Opportunity offers, he extolls, he excuses him; and they have for some time visited each other with a good deal of Regard. It is not to be question'd but *Protesilaus* has taken his Measures with *Philocles*, for dividing with him the Conquest of the *Carpathian* Isle. You see he would have this Enterprize undertaken contrary to all Method, and that he runs the Risque of destroying your Naval Forces, to satiate his Ambition. Think you, he would be thus serviceable to that of *Philocles*, if a Misunderstanding still subsisted? No, no, 'tis pass'd all Doubt, that these two are united to raise themselves to eminent Power, and possibly to overturn the Throne of your Dominion. In holding you this Discourse, I am sensible that I expose my self to their Resentment, if, contrary to my sincere Advice, you continue to entrust your Authority to their Discretion. However, it imports not much, while I revere the Truth in what I tell you.

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These last Words of *Timocrates* made a deep Impression on my Mind. I no longer doubted the Treason of *Philocles*, and I mistrusted *Protesilaus*, as his Friend. In the Interim, *Timocrates* was continually saying to me, If you delay 'till *Philocles* has submitted *Carpathus*, it will be too late to hinder his Designs. Lose no Time in making sure of him, while you yet have the Power. I was so thoroughly shock'd with the profound Dissimulation of Men, I knew not whom to trust. After having discover'd the Treachery of *Philocles*, I knew no other Man on Earth, whose Virtue was sufficient to remove my Jealousies. I resolv'd upon the immediate Death of that Traitor; but I was in Fear of *Protesilaus*, and knew not, with regard to him, what Course to take. I dreaded his being found guilty, and I fear'd no less to trust him.

In my Perplexity, I could not help telling *Protesilaus*, that I had some Mistrust of *Philocles*. He laid before me the Integrity and Moderation of his Conduct, exaggerated his Services, and, in a Word, omitted nothing necessary to induce my Belief of his having too good an Understanding with him: On the other Hand, *Timocrates* neglected not an Opportunity to make me remark this Intimacy, and to incite me to destroy *Philocles*, while I yet had him in my Power. Observe, my dear *Mentor*, how unhappy are Kings, and how liable to be the Tools of other Men, even while they seem trembling at their Feet.

I imagin'd I should shew a Master-stroke of refin'd Politicks, and break all the Measures of *Protesilaus*, in sending *Timocrates* privately to the Fleet, to assassinate *Philocles*. *Protesilaus* went thorough with his Dissimulation, and with so much

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much the greater Ease deceiv'd me, as he more naturally appear'd a Man who suffer'd himself to be impos'd on. *Timocrates*, in short, set out, and found *Philocles* not a little embarrass'd in his Descent. He stood in Want of every Thing; for *Protesilaus*, not certain that his forg'd Letter would destroy his Enemy, resolv'd to have an After-game ready to play, which was the ill Success of an Enterpize on which he had so greatly rais'd my Expectations, and which, by miscarrying, must necessarily incense me against *Philocles*\*, who maintain'd this difficult War by his Courage, Genius, and the Affection of the Forces he commanded. Though there was not a Man in the Army who did not see that this Descent was both rash and fatal to the *Cretans*, yet every Particular exerted himself to bring it to a happy Issue, as if his Life and Happiness depended on the Success. They all chearfully hazarded their Lives hourly under a General so prudent, and so industrious to deserve their Love.

*Timocrates* had Grounds to fear the Worst in attempting to kill a General in the Midst of an Army, that had so warm an Affection for him. But excessive Ambition has no Eyes. *Timocrates* found nothing difficult that might be to the Satisfaction of *Protesilaus*, in Conjunction with whom he flatter'd himself, that he should have an absolute Ascendant over me, after the Death of *Philocles*. *Protesilaus* could not bear a Man of Probity, whose sole Appearance was a secret Reprimand

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\* Monsieur *Turenne* thus more than once maintain'd the War in *Germany*, in Want of all Necessaries, rather by his Bravery, his Genius, and the Love of his Soldiers, than by any other Succour. *French Remark.*

mand of his own Crimes, and who might, by opening my Eyes, render all his Schemes abortive.

*Timocrates* bribed two Commanders, who were constantly about the Person of *Philocles*, promising them, on my Behalf, very great Rewards. After this, he told *Philocles*, that he was come, by my Order, to communicate to him some Secrets which he durst not acquaint him with, but in the Presence of those two Officers. *Philocles* shut himself up with *Timocrates* and them, and immediately *Timocrates* stabb'd *Philocles* with his Poinard. The Stroak slanting made no deep Wound. *Philocles*, without being in any Consternation, wrench'd the Weapon from him, and made Use of it against him and the others, at the same time calling for Assistance. Several ran to burst open the Door, and rescued *Philocles* from the Hands of these Assassines, who, through Confusion, had assaulted him but feebly. They were seiz'd; and so great was the Fury of the Army, that they had that Instant been torn to Pieces, if *Philocles* had not prevented the Multitude. He then took *Timocrates* aside, and mildly asked him, what had instigated him to the perpetrating so foul a Crime? *Timocrates*, who apprehended his being put to Death, immediately shew'd him the Order I had written for him, to kill *Philocles*; and as all Traitors are Cowards, he thought of nothing but the Preservation of his own Life, by discovering to *Philocles* all the Treachery of *Protesilaus*.

*Philocles*, whose Blood ran cold to find such subtle Wickedness in Men, took a very mild Method: He declared to the whole Army, that *Timocrates* was innocent, secured him from Danger, sent him back to *Crete*, and gave up the Command,

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mand of the Army to *Polimenes*, who, in my Order, under my Sign Manual, I had named to succeed, after the Assassination of *Philocles*. Lastly, he exhorted all the Troops to that Fidelity they owed me, and in the Night cross'd, in a nimble Bark, to the Isle of *Samos*, where he lives peaceably in Poverty and Retirement, making Images for his Subsistence, renouncing all Commerce with unjust deceitful Men; but especially averse from Kings, whom he esteems the most unhappy, and the least discerning of all others.

*Mentor*, here interrupting the King, said, Was it long e'er you came to the Knowledge of the Truth? No, answered *Idomeneus*, I, by Degrees, saw through the Intrigues of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, who even differ'd; for Men of unjust Principles agree with great Difficulty. Their Difference plainly open'd to my View the depthless Abyss into which they had plunged me. Well, replied *Mentor*, did you then resolve to discharge them both? Alas! answer'd *Idomeneus*, Can you so little know the Imbecilities and intricate Affairs of Princes? When once they have allow'd an Ascendant over them to corrupt and enterprizing Men, who have the Art to render themselves necessary, they must no longer hope ever to regain their Freedom. Those, whom they most despise, they use the best, and load them with their Favours. I abominated \* *Protesilaus*, yet I left him in full Possession of all the Authority which I had entrusted to his Discretion; but then I found him pliable, assenting, assiduous in soothing my Passions,

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\* The King in Length of Time was greatly disgusted with Mr. *Louvois*, yet had not the Resolution to lay him aside, as he had put himself into his Hands, and was entirely govern'd by him. *French Remark.*



sions, and zealous for my Interests. In short, I had a Reason to excuse my Weakness to my self, namely, I knew no real Virtue, by my not knowing how to chuse Men of that Character for the Management of my Affairs. I imagin'd there was indeed no such Thing on Earth, and that Probity was no more than a most lovely Phantom. To what Purpose, said I, is a resolute Struggle to free my self from the Hands of one corrupt Person, to fall into those of another, equally self-interested and deceitful? In the Interim, my Naval Armament return'd under the Command of *Polimenes*. I gave over all Thoughts of reducing the Island of *Carpathus*, and *Protesilaus* was not so great a Master in Dissimulation as to prevent my discovering that he was thoroughly griev'd with the News of *Philocles* being in Safety in the Isle of *Samos*.

*Mentor* here again broke in upon *Idomeneus*, to ask, If, after so foul a Treachery, he still entrusted all his Affairs to the Management of *Protesilaus*? I was \*, reply'd the King, too great an Enemy to Business, and too indolent to be able to regain my Liberty. I must have entirely broken through the Method I had settled for my own Ease, and have had a new Person to instruct; a Task I never had the Courage to undertake. I was much more willing to shut my Eyes, that I might not see the Artifices of *Protesilaus*. I contented my self with hinting to certain Persons,

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\* These are the very Reasons, why the King could not resolve to remove *Louvois*; he was become necessary to him. He found his own Ease in employing a Man who served him well, though he often made him pay dear for his Services. *French Remark.*

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sons, in whom I had a Confidence, that I was no Stranger to his Perfidiousness. Thus I thought myself but half deceiv'd, by being sensible that I was deceiv'd. I even, from Time to Time, made *Protesilaus* sensible, that I bore his Yoke with Impatience. I often took a Pleasure in contradicting him; in publickly censuring what he had done, and in deciding contrary to his Opinion: But as he perfectly well knew my Inactivity and Sloth, he gave himself little Concern about my Peevishness. He obstinately renew'd his Attacks; he would sometimes be importunate, sometimes humble, and insinuating; when he perceiv'd me offended with him, he then, especially, was doubly assiduous to find some new Amusements to pacify me, or else to embark me in some new Affair, in which he should have an Opportunity of making himself necessary, and making a Parade of his Zeal for my Reputation.

Though I was upon my Guard against him, yet this Method of flattering my Passions constantly, proved too hard for me. He was an Ease to me in my Perplexities, and made the World tremble \* by my Authority. In a Word, I could not resolve to part with him. But while I upheld him in his Station, I deprived all Persons of Merit of the Means to lay before what were my real Interests. From that Instant, all Liberty of Speech was banish'd from my Councils.

Truth

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\* What has gone before this, and the Sequel, is the Picture of *Louvois*, drawn to the Life; he made himself so necessary to the King, and so formidable to the whole Kingdom, that this Monarch, whom Nobody durst speak to, saw only with the Eyes of his Minister.

Truth withdrew from my Palace, and Error, which fore-runs the Fall of Princes, punish'd my having sacrificed *Philocles* to the cruel Ambition of *Protesilaus*. Even they who had the greatest Zeal for the Welfare both of my Person and the States, after so dreadful an Example, thought themselves dispens'd from undeceiving me. Nay, I my self, my dear *Mentor*, fear'd, Truth might pierce this Cloud, and reach me, Spight of all my Flatterers; for as I had not the Resolution to follow her, I could not bear her Light. I was inwardly sensible that she would have given me very severe Remorse, without the Power to deliver me from my fatal Engagement. My own Indolence, and that Ascendant which *Protesilaus* had insensibly acquired, plunged me into a Sort of Despair of ever more regaining Liberty. I clos'd my Eyes to this shameful Situation, and would conceal it from others. You know, my dear *Mentor*, the vain Arrogance and the false Glory, in which sovereign Princes are brought up. They will never acknowledge themselves in Fault; and to conceal one, they are brought under the Necessity of committing an hundred. Rather than ingenuously confess we have been deceiv'd, and submit to the Uneasiness of correcting our Mistakes, we submit to be impos'd upon all, the Remainder of our Lives\*. This is the Situation of weak and indolent Princes. This was exactly mine, at the very Time I was oblig'd to set out for the Siege of *Troy*.

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\* This was exactly the Situation of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, during his whole Reign; for he was impos'd on to the last Day of his Life, as a false Glory on the one Hand, constantly blinded him to his own Oversights; and that, on the other, no one durst lay the Truth open to him. *French Remark.*

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At my Departure, I left all my Affairs under the absolute Direction of *Protesilaus*, and he behaved in the Management of them with Arrogance and Inhumanity. The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd under his Tyranny; but none durst acquaint me with the Oppression of my People. All knew I dreaded the Sight of Truth, and that I gave up to the Cruelty of *Protesilaus* such as dared to speak to his Disadvantage. But the more the Evil was stifled, the more violent it grew. At length, he obliged me to discharge the gallant *Marion*, who had follow'd me, with so much Glory, to the Siege of *Troy*. He was become jealous of him, as he indeed was of all whom I esteem'd, and who gave the least Proofs of Virtue.

From hence, my dear *Mentor*, you must know, sprang all my Misfortunes. The Revolt of the *Cretans* was not so much owing to the Death of my Son, as to the Vengeance of the Gods, incens'd by my Weakness; and the Hatred of the People, drawn upon me by the Means of *Protesilaus*. When I shed the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, worn out with a severe Government, had exhausted all their Patience, and the Horror of this last Action only set to View what, in the Bottom of their Hearts, they had long concealed.

*Timocrates* attended me to the *Trojan* Siege, and gave, privately, by Letters, an Account of whatever he could discover to *Protesilaus*: I was very sensible that I was in a State of Subjection; but I endeavour'd to banish the Thought of a Misfortune, which I despair'd of redressing. At my Arrival, when the *Cretans* revolted, *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* were the first who took

took to Flight, and, no Doubt, would have de- me the late  
 ferted me, had I not been compelled to fly, al-whelming  
 most, as soon as they. Depend upon it, myI should in  
 dear *Mentor*, that Men, who, in Prosperity, lentum the  
 are insolent, are in Adversity abject and tre-but you h  
 pid. Their \* Judgment fails them with their spired me  
 despotick Power, and we see them as servile, break the  
 as they had been arrogant. In a Moment's for the l  
 Space they change from one Extreme to the since your  
 other. my forme

Why, said *Mentor*, knowing these two flagi-  
 tious Men so thoroughly, do you still, as I see  
 you do, suffer them to be about you? I am  
 no way surpriz'd that they have follow'd your  
 Fortunes; it was the best Method they could  
 take for their own Interests. I acknowledge,  
 you have done nobly in allowing them a Refuge  
 in your new Settlement: But why, will you  
 again submit your self to their Guidance, after  
 so fatal and repeated Experience?

You know not, replied *Idomeneus*, how useles  
 is repeated Experience to careless Princes drown'd  
 in Luxury, and Strangers to Reflection. They are  
 satisfied with nothing; yet, wanting Courage, they  
 reform nothing. A Habit of many Years were  
 Chains of Iron, which link'd me to these two Men,  
 who never left me to my self. Since I have been  
 here, 'tis they who have drawn me into all the ex-  
 travagant Expences which you've remark'd. They  
 have drain'd this Infant State, and brought upon  
 me

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\* The Character of *Louvois*, who on the least Coolness  
 shewn him by the King, was in the greatest Agonies,  
 descended to a thousand mean and abject Methods, and  
 was often obliged to the Interest of *Madame de Mainte-*  
*non* to be receiv'd to Favour. French Remark.

*Mentor*  
*tesilaus* b  
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ave de-me the late War, which was on the Point of over-  
 fly, al-whelming me, had it not been for your Assistance.  
 it, myI should in little time soon have experienced at Sa-  
 sperity, *lento* the very Misfortunes I had felt in *Crete*,  
 d tre-but you have at length clear'd my Eyes, and in-  
 n theirspired me a Courage, which I before wanted to  
 ervile, break these Bonds of Servitude. I cannot account  
 ment's for the Effect you have wrought on me; but  
 to the since your Arrival, I find I am very different from  
 my former self.

flagi- *Mentor*, after this, ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Pro-*  
 I see *tefilaus* behaved in the present Change of Affairs?  
 I am Nothing, replied *Idomeneus*, can be more artful\*  
 your than his Behaviour, since your Arrival: At first,  
 could he neglected nothing which might, in an oblique  
 ledge, Way, cause my Jealousy. He never said any thing  
 refuge to your Disadvantage; but several others came to  
 l you let me know that the two Strangers were justly to  
 after be apprehended: One, said they, is the Son of that  
 Deceiver *Ulysses*; the other a Man who will not  
 be known, but of very great Capacity. They  
 seless have been used to rove from one Kingdom to ano-  
 wn'd ther; and who can say they have not form'd some  
 y are Designs on this? By the Account these † *Pala-*  
 they *dins* give of themselves, they caused great Distur-  
 were bances in all the Countries they visited. Ours is  
 Men, an Infant and but ill establish'd State, easy to be  
 been subverted by the least Commotions.

*Protefilaus*

\* *Louvois* was extremely Artful and Industrious in  
 exciting the King's Jealousy of all the Persons about  
 him; he at long run drove every one from him, and there  
 was no Method of approaching the King but by his  
 Canal. *French Remark.*

† *Eques errabundus*; Knights errants. See *Richelet*.

*Protesilaus* said nothing, but he endeavour'd to insinuate the Danger and Extravagancies of the Alterations which I had enter'd upon by your Advice. He attack'd me on the side of my peculiar Interest. If, said he, you procure Affluence to your People they will grow idle, proud, untractable, and be at all Times ready to Revolt. Want of Power, and an extreme Poverty alone can make them supple, and prevent their making Head against Authority. He often attempted to regain his former Power over, to draw me off to his Sentiments, and cover'd his Design with a pretended Zeal for my Service. In alleviating your People, said he, you weaken the regal Power; and thus do that very People an irreparable Injury: For their own Peace requires their being kept in Penury.

To all this, I reply'd, that I cou'd keep my Subjects within the Bounds of their Duty, by gaining their Affections; and conserve my full Authority while I eas'd them, by resolutely punishing all Criminals: And Lastly, By giving a virtuous Education to the Children; and by a regular Discipline, keeping my People in a plain, a sober, and a laborious Course of Life.

What, said I, is there a Necessity of famishing a People to make them obedient? How inhuman is this? What a brutal Policy? How many  
Subjects

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† It has ever since the Administration of *Richlieu*, the Maxims of the *French* Ministers to load the *French*, to prevent their Revolts. *Lewis* the Fourteenth esteem'd himself by so much the more powerful, by how much more his Subjects were poor and miserable. *French* Remark.

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Subjects do we see governed with Lenity, yet loyal to their Princes? Noted Revolutions spring from the Ambition and restless Spirits of the great Men in a State, when they have been indulged with excessive Liberty, and their Passions, suffer'd to pass beyond all Bounds: From a Multitude of both High and Low, living in an effeminate Manner, in Indolence, Luxury, and Idleness; from too great a Number of Men addicted to Arms, who have neglected all such Employments as are of Use in Times of Peace: In short, from the Despair of an abus'd People; from the Imperiousness and Severity of Kings, and from their too much indulging to their Ease, which makes them incapable to keep a strict Eye over all the respective Members of the State, to prevent Commotions\*. These are the Causes of Revolutions, and not the Bread which the Labourer is allow'd to eat, in Peace, after earning it with the Sweat of his Brows.

When *Protesilaus* found me immovably steady in these Maxims, he enter'd on a Course diametrically contrary to his pass'd Conduct. He began to practise those Maxims which he could not destroy; he seem'd to relish, to be convinced of them, and to owe me an Obligation for my having enlighten'd his Understanding; in these Particulars. He prevents my every Wish. With Regard to

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\* In Fact, nothing but the Despair of the People, harass'd by the Cruelty of the Ministers, cou'd ever make them endeavour at shaking off a Yoke become too galling. While it is supportable, they bear it from a natural Affection to their Kings, who have early accusom'd them to moderate Burthens. *French Remark.*



the Ease of the Poor, he is the first to represent their corn  
me their Wants, and to inveigh against all excess they may  
five Expences. You even know that he is lavish of upon  
in your Praise; he shews a Confidence in, and capable of  
omits no Opportunity to please you. As for Time, make it  
*mocrates*, he begins to be less intimate with *Protesilaus*, and  
*Protesilaus*, and bends his whole Thoughts on becoming execrable  
ing independant: *Protesilaus* views him with you rem  
jealous Eye; and it is, in some Degree, owing to *Protesilaus* v  
their Variance, that I have attain'd the Knowledge reserve  
ledge of their Perfidy. position

*Mentor*, smiling, said to *Idomeneus*: Is it possible his u  
sible, that you have been weak enough to suffer Error  
fer two Traitors, whom you knew to be such successful  
to tyrannize over you for so great a Number of years? You  
Years? Alas! you know not, replied *Idomeneus*, peace,  
*neus*, the Power artful Men have over a weak Man of  
and careless Prince, who has put himself, with Time a  
Regard to all his Affairs, under their Direction, royal Ph  
Beside, I have already told you, that *Protesilaus* is a  
now enters into all your Measures for the publick Good. You  
Good. e

*Mentor*, with an Air of Gravity, thus resum'd his dis  
the Discourse: I perceive, but too plainly, how that Prin  
greatly Men, about the Person of a King, triumph, w  
umph over the Just, of which you are a sad services  
Example: But you say I have open'd your Eyes, great Nu  
with Regard to *Protesilaus*, and they are againe reign,  
closed, to leave the Management of your Affairs makes a  
to a Man who is not fit to live. Know that these affe  
wicked Men are not incapable of doing Good, yes, a  
They do Good and Mischief indifferently, when soon  
either serves their Ambition; the latter is easily Eff  
to them, as they have no Sentiments of Goodness, om Fl  
ness, no Principles of Virtue to restrain their imbecilit  
them: The former costs them no Trouble, as are  
their

present their corrupt Nature inclines them to do it, that all excel they may appear to be good themselves, and im- is lavish upon others. Properly speaking, they are in- in, and capable of Virtue, though, in Appearance, they for Time make it their Practice; but they are very ca- th Prote- able of adding to their other Vices, the most a become execrable of all, that of Hypocrisy. As long as a with you remain fully determin'd to do Good, Pro- owing to efilas will be ready to copy your Example, to e Know- reserve his Authority; but on the least Dis- position he discovers in you to abate, he will Is is pos- se his utmost Efforts, to make you relapse in- to suf- o Errors, and resume, without Restraint, his be such- deceitful and cruel Disposition. Is it pos- umber- ible you can live with Reputation and in d Idome- Peace, while you are hourly besieged by a a weak- Man of so vile a Character, and at the same elf, with- Time are not ignorant that the prudent, the Direction-oyal Philocles lives in Disgrace and Poverty at Protefilas-amos?

e publick You acknowledge, O Idomeneus! that de- itful enterprizing Men, who are present, s resum'd- mislead feeble Princes; but you should also add, nly, how- hat Princes have another Misfortune, not infe- King, tri- or, which is that of easily forgetting the are a sad- services and Virtues of the absent. The our Eyes-reat Number of Persons about that of a So- are again- reign, is a Reason why no one in particular ur Affairs-akes any deep Impression on them. They now that- re affected with that only, which is before their ng Good-yes, and is agreeable to them. All beside tly, when- soon forgot. Above all, Virtue has but er is eas- ttle Effect upon their Minds; for Virtue, far of Good-om Flattering, combats and condemns their restrain- becilities. Is it astonishing that such Prin- ouble, as- are not beloved, since they themselves their



love nothing but their Grandeur and Amusements \*.

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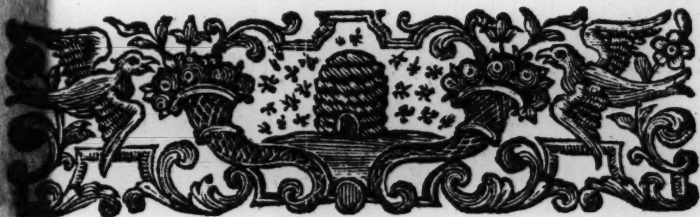
\* *Lewis* the Fourteenth was never beloved, as attributing every Thing to himself; and look'd upon his Subjects as born to contribute to his Grandeur and Pleasures. *French Remark.*

*End of the Thirteenth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the FOURTEENTH.

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ARGUMENT.

MENTOR induces Idomeneus to banish Pro-  
tefilaus and Timocrates to the Island of Sa-  
mos, and to recall Philocles, to restore him  
to his former Honours near his Person. He-  
gesippus, to whom this Commission is given,  
executes it with visible Joy. He lands the  
two disgraced Favourites in Samos, where

he meets with his Friend *Philocles*, contented in a poor and retired Situation; and 'tis with great Difficulty that he is prevail'd upon to return: but having learn'd that such was the Will of the Immortal Gods, he embarks with *Hegefippus*, and arrives at *Salentum*. *Idomeneus*, no longer the same Man, receives him with Marks of Friendship.



AFTER this, *Mentor* persuaded *Idomeneus*, that it was necessary to his Affairs, immediately, to banish *Democrates* and *Protesilaus*, and to recall *Philocles*. The only Objection that the King had, was the severe Virtue of the Last. I own to you, said *Idomeneus*, tho' I love and esteem him, I cannot but a little apprehend his Return; I have from my Infancy been accusom'd to Praise, Affiduities, and an obsequious Deference, which I must not expect to meet with from the *Philocles*. Whenever I did any Thing which he disapprov'd, his lugubrious Air shew'd me, plain enough, that he condemn'd me. His Behaviour when by our selves, was respectful and modest, but reserv'd.

Do you not perceive, reply'd *Mentor*, that *Princes*, depraved by Flattery, mistake what is natural and ingenuous, for what is reserv'd and severe. They even go so great a Length as to imagine that such as have not a Servility or a Meanness of Soul, to be ever ready to flatter them, in the most unjust Exercise of Power, cannot be zealous for their Service, and are averse from their Authority.

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E. Leveillé del. Sculp.

Après avoir exilé PROTESILAS & TIMOCRATE à SAMOS, en rappelle PHILOCLES, va avec  
au devant de lui, témoigne un sensible regret de l'avoir persécuté et lui rend son Amitié.

Liv. XIV.

Book

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ty; every Frank, every generous Word, appears to them arrogant, censorious and seditious. They become so extremely nice, so exceptionous, that they are shock'd, they are irritated with every Thing that does not sooth their Vanity. But to go a Step farther, I will allow that *Philocles* is austere and reserv'd: Is not his Austerity greatly preferable to the pernicious Flattery of your Counsellors? Where will you find a Man without Fault? and ought you not, the least of all, to fear that, of being somewhat too bold in telling you the Truth? But what say I? Is it not a Fault necessary for the correcting those you your self commit; and for the overcoming that Disgust to Truth, which you have contracted from Flattery? You stand in Need of a Man, who loves both Truth and you alone; and you, even more than you are capable of loving your self; who will, in Spight of your self, speak the Truth; who will force all your Trenches; and this Man so necessary, is *Philocles*. Learn that a Prince is extremely happy if he has but one Man born under his Dominion, endued with this Generosity, which is the greatest Treasure of his Kingdom; and that the greatest Infliction he has to fear, from Heav'n, is the being depriv'd of such a Subject, if he becomes unworthy, by not knowing how to make a proper Advantage, of him. Tho' we ought to have Capacity to discover the Defects of worthy Men, yet ought we nevertheless to make Use of them. Do you rectify such, and never give your self blindly up to their inconsiderate Zeal. Give them a patient Hearing, honour their Virtue, and let the World see you are able to distinguish it; but above all, take Care to be no longer what you have hitherto been. Princes deprav'd, as you once were, think it enough that they de-

spise corrupt Men, and continue, notwithstanding this Contempt, to make Use of, repose a Trust in, and load them with their Favours. On the other hand, they value themselves also on distinguishing Men of Virtue, but their useless Praise is all they give them; they dare not trust them with Employments, admit them in their private Conversations, or bestow upon them any Favours.

*Idomeneus* on this replied, that he was ashamed he had so long delay'd delivering oppress'd Innocence, and punishing those Impostors who had deceiv'd him. *Mentor* found it even easy to make the King resolve the Downfall of his Favourite, for when once Things are carry'd to that Length as to raise a Suspicion of, and make Favourites a Burthen to their Masters, the Prince, weary'd and incumber'd, wishes nothing more earnestly than to get rid of them; their Friendship vanishes, and their Services are quite forgot. The Fall of a Favourite, provided they see it not, gives them no Concern.

*Idomeneus* immediately gave private Orders to *Hegesippus*, one of the chief Officers of his House, to seize on *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, to conduct them safely to, leave them at, and bring back *Philocles* from, *Samos* \*. *Hegesippus*, astonish'd at this Order, could not refrain from Tears of Joy. It is now, said he to the King, that you will give the greatest Satisfaction to your Subjects. These two Men have been the Source of your and of your Peoples Misfortunes. All good Men have groan'd these twenty Years beneath their Power,

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\* An Island of the *Icarian* Sea, over-against *Ephesus*. It is eighty seven Miles in Compass, and was *Pythagoras* his Birth-place.

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Power, and scarcely durst they breathe their Sighs, so cruel was their excessive Tyranny. They have oppress'd all who have endeavour'd to approach you, by any other than by their Canal.

After this, *Hegesippus* expos'd to the King a great Number of Perfidies, and Cruelties, of which these two were guilty, and were entirely unknown to *Idomeneus*, as no one had the Courage to accuse them. He even acquainted him with a secret Conspiracy to take off *Mentor*. The King was struck with Horror at what he heard.

*Hegesippus* went immediately to the House of *Protesilaus*, to secure him. This House was not indeed so large as, but more commodious, gay and agreeable than the Royal Palace. The Architecture was of a more refin'd Taste, and *Protesilaus* had embellish'd it at the Expence of Blood drain'd from the harass'd People. He was then negligently lolling on a Purple Bed of Gold Embroidery, placed in a Marble Hall adjoining to his Baths. He seem'd weary'd and worn out with Toil, his Eyes and Brows discover'd I know not what of Inquietude and fierce Gloominess. He was encompass'd by the principal Men of the Kingdom, who were ranged on Carpets, and modeled their Countenances by that of *Protesilaus*, whose Looks they watch'd even to the Twinkling of an Eye. Hardly did he uncloset his Lips, but every one was ready to extol \* whatever he was about to say.

One of the Chiefs of the Assembly was giving *Protesilaus*, with the most fulsome Exaggerations, a Detail of what great Things he, *Pro-*

B 5

*tesilaus*

\* *Se récrier*; *Exclamare, toto corpore*: Our Idiom will not well admit this Word. v. g. *Se récrier pour admirer*, to exclaim, (to crie out) to admire.

*Protesilaus*, had done for the King's Service. Another averr'd, that he owed his Birth to *Jupiter*, who had impos'd upon his Mother, and that he was a Offspring of the Father of the Gods. A Poet had just repeated to him some Verses, in which he said that *Protesilaus*, instructed by the *Muses*, was a Match for *Apollo*, in all Productions of either Wit or Fancy. Another Poet of a more groveling Soul and greater Impudence, named him, in his Verse, the Author of all Liberal Arts, and Father of the People who owed their Happiness to him, whom he represented as having the *Cornucopia* at his Disposal.

*Protesilaus* listen'd to these Praises with a reserved, heedless, and disdainful Air, as a Man conscious that he deserv'd much greater, and who did too great an Honour in suffering himself to be extolled. One Parasite assumed the Liberty to approach his Ear, and whisper something ridiculous against that Order of Government which *Mentor* was endeavouring to establish. *Protesilaus* smiled; the whole Company laugh'd, though the greater Part could not then know what had been said; but the Idol immediately resuming his haughty and austere Air, every one relapsed into their former Awe and Silence. Many of the Quality watch'd for the Moment when *Protesilaus* might turn towards, and allow them Audience. They seem'd to be under some Confusion and Difficulty, as they had Favours to ask him. Their suppliant Posture supplied the Defect of Words; for they appeared with as much Humility as a tender Mother at the Foot of the Altar, imploring of the Gods the Recovery of her only Son. Every one seem'd fully satisfied with, to \* compassionate his Fa-

tigues

\* *Atendrir*, signifies to be moved with a compas-

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figures, and to be wrapt in Admiration of *Protesilaus*, though there was not one there, who had not in his Heart an implacable Hatred to the swollen Bubble.

At this Instant *Hegesippus* enter'd the Hall, secured the Sword of *Protesilaus*, and acquainted him with the Command he had receiv'd from the King, to convoy him to the Isle of *Samos*. At these Words, all the Arrogance of the Favourite fell like a Rock, breaking from the Summit of a steepy Mountain. He threw himself at the Feet of *Hegesippus*, he wept, stammer'd, falter'd in his Speech, trembled, and embraced the Knees of a Man whom, an Hour before, he would not have deign'd to honour with a Look. All who had offer'd him their Incense, seeing him irretrievably ruined, changed their late Flatteries to most unmerciful Insults.

*Hegesippus* allow'd him not Time either to take a last Farewel of his Family, or to take his private Papers; all were siezed, and carried to the King. At the same Time *Timocrates* was secured. He was greatly astonish'd; as his Difference with *Protesilaus*, he thought, would skreen him from being involv'd in his Ruine. They set Sail in a Ship, which was ready for that Purpose.

They arrived at *Samos*, where *Hegesippus* left these two abandon'd Wretches; and to fill up the Measures of their Misfortunes, left them together. There they reproach'd each other with the utmost Rage their former Crimes, which had caused their Fall. There they despair of ever visiting *Salen-*

nate Tendernefs. Now he is here described in a Situation rather to move Envy than Pity; wherefore I have inserted what the Archbishop seems to me to have couch'd in the Meaning of the Verb *Attendrir*.



to more, condemn'd to live at a far Distance from their Wives and Families; I say not from their Friends, for they had none. They were convey'd to a Land unknown, in which their Labour was the sole Resource for a Subsistence. Men who had for so many Years wanton'd in Luxury and Pomp, were now, like two savage Brutes, ever ready to tear each other piece-meal.

In the Interim, *Hegesippus* enquired in what Part of the Island *Philocles* resided. He was told, that he dwelt at a pretty Distance from the Town, upon a Mountain, where a Cave supplied the Want of other Dwelling. Every one mention'd this Stranger with Admiration. Never, since he has been on this Island, said they, has he given Ground of Offence to any Individual. There is no one but is affected with his Patience, his Labour, and his *Æquanimity*. Though he has nothing, yet he always seems content; tho' he is here far from all Affairs, and has neither Estate nor Authority, he notwithstanding obliges People of Merit, and has a thousand Inventions to gratify his Neighbours.

*Hegesippus* went forward to the Cave, which he found empty and wide open; for the Poverty and Plainness of *Philocles*' Manner of Life made it needless for him to shut the Door when he went Abroad. A Matt of coarse Rushes served him for a Bed. He seldom made a Fire, for he eat nothing dress'd; in the Summer he subsisted on Fruits newly gather'd, and in Winter upon dried Figs and Dates. A Chrystal Fountain, which in falling from a Rock form'd a Sheet of Water, serv'd to quench his Thirst. His Grot contain'd nothing but his Tools for Sculpture, and some Books which he read at certain Hours, not to embellish

his

# Book XIV. of TELEMACHUS. 37

his Mind, or to satisfy his Curiosity, but to gain Instruction, and learn to be really good, while he refresh'd himself after his daily Toils. As for Sculpture, he employ'd himself in it only for bodily Exercise, to eschew Idleness, and to acquire the Necessaries of Life without needing the Assistance of any other Person.

At the Entrance of his Cave, *Hegesippus* admired the Works which *Philocles* had begun. He took Notice of a *Jupiter*, the Serenity of whose Countenance was replete with a Majesty so great, that he was easily distinguish'd as Father both of Gods and Men. On the other Side, *Mars* appear'd with a severe and threatening Fierceness; but the most affecting was a *Minerva*, encouraging the Liberal Arts; her Countenance was mild and lofty, her Shape tall and easy: she was in such an animated Attitude, that one would imagine she was on the Point of walking. *Hegesippus* having taken a Pleasure in viewing these Statues, left the Cave, and at a Distance espy'd *Philocles*, who, beneath a large Tree, was reading on the Turf. He drew near, and *Philocles*, who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not this, said he, *Hegesippus*, with whom I was so long intimate in *Crete*? But what Probability is there of his coming to an Isle so distant? Is it not his Shade, which after his Decease has left the dreery Banks of *Styx*?

While he was in these Doubts, *Hegesippus* had approach'd so near, that he could not help thoroughly knowing and embracing him. Is it then you, my dear, my ancient Friend? What Adventure, what Storm has cast you on these Coasts? Why have you left the *Cretan* Isle? Has any Misfortune, like that of mine, forced you from our Country?

*Hege-*

*Hegesippus* replied : It is no Misfortune ; the contrary, 'tis the Mercy of the Gods, which brought me hither. He then gave *Philocles* particular Detail of the tyrannical Administration of *Protesilaus*, of the Intrigues of *Timocrates* of the Misfortunes into which they had plunged *Idomeneus* ; of his Fall, of his Flight to the Italian Coasts ; of his founding *Salentum*, of the Arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus* ; of the wise Maxim with which the former had furnish'd their Sovereign's Mind ; and of the Disgrace of those two Traitors : and added, that he had brought them to *Samos*, to suffer that Banishment into which they had driven *Philocles*. He concluded with saying, that his Orders were to conduct him to *Salentum*, where the King, convinced of his Innocence, would entrust him with the Direction of his Affairs, and load him with his Favours.

You see, said *Philocles*, yond Cave, a proper Refuge for savage Beasts, than to serve as an Habitation for any Man ? I have therein experienced for so many Years, more Comfort and Tranquillity than in all the gilded Palaces of the *Cretan* Isle. Men cannot here deceive me, for I converse not with them ; my Ears are no longer assaulted by their envenom'd Flatteries, and I want not their Assistance ; my Hands, inured to Labour, provide with Ease the homely Diet necessary for me. I need no more, as you perceive, than a slight Stupa to cover me. As I have no Wants, as I enjoy an uninterrupted Peace, and a pleasing Freedom, in which the Wisdom, in my Books, teach me to make a right Use : What have I to seek among jealous, deceitful, fickle Men ? No, no, my dear *Hegesippus*, envy not my present Happiness ; *Protesilaus*

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*Ulysses* has betray'd himself in endeavouring to betray the King, and cut me off; but he has done me no Injury: on the contrary, he has done me the greatest possible Good. He has freed me from the Hurry and Servitude of Affairs; my beloved Solitude, and all the innocent Pleasures I enjoy, I owe to him. Return, *Hegesippus*, return to the King, and assist him to support the Wretchedness of State: Do you, near his Person, that which you would have me do; and since his Eyes, so long closed to Truth, are at length unseal'd by the wise Man whom you call *Mentor*, let him keep him about his Person. But as for my Particular, having been already wreck'd, it suits me not to quit the Port into which the Storm has happily cast me, to tempt again the Fury of the Winds. O! how greatly are Sovereign Princes to be pity'd! How worthy of Compassion are those who serve them! If they are abandon'd Men, how many suffer by them? and what Torments are reserv'd to punish them in gloomy *Tartarus*? If they are Men of Probity, what Difficulties have they to conquer? how many Snares to avoid? how many Ills to suffer? Once again, *Hegesippus*, leave me in my blissful Poverty.

While *Philocles*, with great Warmth, held this Discourse, *Hegesippus* eyed him with Astonishment; he had seen him heretofore, while he had the Administration of Affairs, in *Crete*, lean, feeble, and exhausted; for as he was naturally vehement and austere, his Toils prey'd upon him; he could not, without Indignation, see Vice escape its Punishment: He required a certain Exactness in Affairs, which is never found; wherefore his Employments were destructive to his Constitution, which was but weak. But at *Samos* *Hegesippus* found him



him plump and vigorous, notwithstanding his Year a blooming Youth, revived in his Countenance a sober tranquil and laborious Life had, in a manner, given him a new Constitution.

You are surpriz'd, said *Philocles* with a Smile to see me thus alter'd. This perfect Health, this florid Complexion, are owing to my Retirement. My Enemies have given me what I could never find in the Height of Fortune. Would you have me quit a solid, to hunt after an imaginary Good and plunge again into my former Misfortunes. Be not you more cruel than *Protesilaus*; at least do not envy me that Prosperity, which, by his Means, I now enjoy.

*Hegesippus* then represented, but to no Purpose, all that he thought might move him. Are you then, said he, insensible to the Pleasure of seeing once again your Friends, and your Relations, who languish for your Return, and who are transported with the bare Hope of embracing you again? But is it possible, that you, who fear the Immortal Gods, and delight in the Performance of your Duty, should count the Service of your King, and the assisting him in all the Good which he has propos'd to do, and the rendering such a Number of People happy, as Matters trifling, and of little or no Moment? Think you it is lawful to give your self up to an unsociable Philosophy, to prefer your self to all Mankind beside, and your own Ease to the Happiness of your Fellow-Citizens? Beside, this Obstinacy will be interpreted the Effects of your Resentment, which makes you refuse to see your Sovereign. If he once design'd you Injury, it proceeded from his not knowing your real Worth. It was not the true, the good, the just *Philocles* whom

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whom he intended to destroy, it was a Person of a Character quite different, whom he would have punish'd. But now that he knows you, now that he mistakes you not for other than you are, he feels all his former Friendship revive and fill again his Breast. He expects you; his Arms are already open'd to embrace you. He counts the Days, the Hours, impatient of your Return. Can you have a Heart so obdurate, as to be thus inexorable to your King and to your tenderest Friends?

*Philocles*, who recalling at the first *Hegesippus*, was sensible of Tenderness, in listening to this Discourse resum'd his Austerity. Like a Rock, combated in vain by surly Winds, and against which the dashing Waves groaning broke, *Philocles* remain'd immovable, and neither Prayers nor Arguments could find a Passage to his Heart: But at the Instant that *Hegesippus* began to despair of prevailing, *Philocles*, having consulted the Gods, discover'd by the Flight of Birds, the Entrails of Victims, and other Presages, that it was his Duty to return with *Hegesippus*.

He therefore persist'd no longer in his Refusal, and prepared for his Departure, though with Regret he left the desert Place, where he had pass'd so many Years of Life. Alas! said he, my delightful Cave, where every Night soft Sleep refresh'd me, weary'd with the Labours of the Day, must I then quit thee! Here the Destinies, in the Midst of Poverty, span my Thread of Life with Silk and Gold. Prostrate, he with Tears adored the *Naiad*, which so long had quench'd his Thirst with her Chrystalline Stream, and the other Nymphs inhabiting all the neighbouring Hills. *Eccho* heard, and in mourn-

mournful Sound, repeated to the rural Gods In  
Grief. over th

*Philocles*, after this, accompany'd *Hegefippus* press'd  
the City, to take Shipping. He imagined them e  
the profligate *Protesilaus*, cover'd with Shame veable  
and burning with Resentment, would avoid which  
Sight; but he was deceiv'd. Men of common Waves  
Morals are Strangers to all Modesty, and pro ing D  
to the most contemptible Meanness. *Philoc* could  
modestly conceal'd himself, that he might not again  
seen by that unhappy Wretch; he fear'd addi fied  
to his Load of Misery, in suffering him to witne pair,  
the Prosperity of an Enemy, rising upon on t  
Ruines. But *Protesilaus* sought *Philocles* w Gods,  
Earnestness. He would work upon his Com but th  
passion, and engage him to intercede with t vouch  
King for Permission to return to *Salentum*. *Ph* he wa  
*locles* was too candid to promise his Intere TH  
for his being recalled; for he better knew, th *Neptu*  
any other, how pernicious his Return mu *lentun*  
prove. He, however, convers'd mildly with him,  
spoke his Compassion for, endeavour'd to con imme  
fort, and exhorted him to appease the Gods by *Philo*  
Purity of Life, and thorough submissive Patien derne  
under his Afflictions. As he had heard the King him  
had confiscated all the unjust Acquisitions seem  
*Protesilaus*, he promis'd him two Things, bo esteer  
which he faithfully perform'd. One, that of a  
would take Care of his Wife and Children, l  
at *Salentum*, in nipping Poverty, expos'd to p  
plick Resentment: The other, that he would se  
*Protesilaus*, in this distant Isle, some Relief  
Money, to render his Misfortune more suppos  
able.

In the Intetim, a favourable Wind, whistling over the Sails \*, *Hegesippus*, who was impatient, press'd the Departure of *Philocles*. *Protesilaus* saw them embark. His Eyes † are fix'd and immoveable upon the Coast: They pursue the Ship, which, cutting it's Passage through the curling Waves, is driven by the Winds to still an encreasing Distance from the Shore. Even when he could no longer view the flying Ship, he paints again it's Image in his Mind. At length, confused and quite enraged, abandon'd to fell Despair, he rends the Hair from off his Head, rolls on the Sands, reproaches the Severity of the Gods, vainly calls on Death to give him Ease; but the cruel King of Terrors, deaf to his Prayers, vouchsafes not to free him from so many Ills, and he wanted Heart to free himself.

The Vessel in the mean while, favour'd by *Neptune* and the Wind, soon arriv'd at *Salentum*. The King had an Account carried him, of her having already enter'd the Haven: He immediatly hasten'd, attended by *Mentor*, to meet *Philocles*. *Idomeneus* embraced him with Tenderness, and spoke his Regret for having persecuted him with such Injustice. This was so far from seeming a Weakness in the King, that it was esteem'd, by all the *Salentines*, as the Effort of a noble Soul, which surmounts it's Errors, in

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\* Les Voiles s'enflent d'un Vent favorable: *The Sails swell'd with a favourable Gale*. This won't be allow'd in *English*; for in Harbour they are furled.

† Ses Yeux demeurent attachez & immobiles sur le Rivage; ils suivent le Vaisseau, qui fend les Ondes, & qui le Vent éloigne toujours: I need not say why I quote the *French*.

in acknowledging, with Courage to redress, the  
All wept through Joy, to see again this worthy  
Man who had an Affection for the People, and  
hear their Monarch express himself in Terms  
wise and gracious.

*Philocles* with a respectful Modesty, and without  
Impatience to withdraw from the Acclamations of  
the People, receiv'd the King's Caresses, and at-  
tended him to the Palace. There was very soon  
as mutual a Confidence between him and *Men-  
tor*, as if they had pass'd their Lives together,  
tho' they had ne'er before seen each other. The  
Reason's this: The Gods, which allow not Eyes  
to the Wicked, for distinguishing Men of Vir-  
tue, have given these latter, Means to find out  
those of their own Character. They who have  
a Love for Virtue cannot be together, and not  
united by that very Virtue, which is the Ob-  
ject of their respective Love. *Philocles* very  
soon entreated the King to suffer him retire to  
a solitary Place near *Salentum*, where he lived  
in the same Poverty as in the Isle of *Samos*.  
The King and *Mentor* almost daily visited him  
in this Desert, and it was here that they con-  
sult'd all Methods to strengthen the Laws, and  
to strike out a solid Form of Government, for  
the Happiness of the People.

The two principal Things examin'd, were the  
Education of Children, and the Course of Life  
to be observ'd in Times of Peace. With Regard  
to the Children, *Mentor* said, that it more nearly  
concern'd the Commonwealth than the respective  
Parents. They are the Children of the People,  
their Hope and Strength. It is too late to cor-  
rect them when they have contracted vicious Hab-  
bits, and 'tis doing little to exclude them from

Book XII  
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Employments, when they are found unworthy of them. It is much better to prevent, than to be obliged to punish the Evil. The King, added he, is the Father of all his People, but in particular of all the Youth, which is the Flower of the whole Nation. 'Tis from the Blossom, that we have the Fruit. Let not then the King disdain to keep an Eye over, and to cause others narrowly to inspect the Education given to the Youth. Let him be steady in the Injunction of a strict Conformity to the Laws of *Minos*, which ordain that Children should be nurtur'd in a Contempt of Pain and Death; that Reputation should consist in the eschewing Luxury and Wealth; that Injustice, Falshood, Ingratitude, and Effeminacy should be esteem'd the most infamous of Vices: That the Youth should, from their tenderest Years, be taught to sing the Praises of such Heroes, as, favour'd by the Gods, had perform'd generous Actions for their Country's Service, and manifested their Courage in the Field, to the End that the Harmony of Musick taking Possession of their Souls, might make their Manners both tractable and pure: that they should be taught Affection for their Friends, Fidelity to their Allies, Equity towards all Men, even the most implacable of their Enemies, and to stand less in Fear of Death and Torments, than of the least Reproach from their own Conscience. If Children early imbibe these excellent Maxims, and that they make their Way into the Heart with the soft Charms of Musick, few will be found who will not be inflam'd with the Love of Fame and Virtue.

*Mentor* subjoin'd, that the erecting publick Schools for inuring Youth to the most violent bodily Exercise; and for the avoiding Effeminacy and



and Idleness, which corrupted the finest Endowments of Nature, was a Matter of the highest Importance. He advised a great Variety of Games and Spectacles, to animate the People in general, but especially such as exercised the Body to make it sprightly, supple and robust, and would have Prizes given to excite a generous Emulation. But that which he most insisted on, for the cultivating civiliz'd Customs, was the early Marriage of the young People; that they should not be directed by their Parents Views of Interests, but left to chuse, for their Wives, such as were agreeable to them both in Mind and Body, and to whom they might bear a constant Affection.

But while they were thus considering the Means to preserve the Youth chaste, innocent, laborious, tractable and fond of Glory; *Philocles*, who had a Passion for War, thus address'd himself to *Mentor*. 'Twill be in vain to employ the Youth in all these Exercises, if you suffer them to be enfeebled by uninterrupted Peace, in which they can have no Experience, no Opportunity to prove their Courage. And thus you will insensibly weaken the State, for Courage will be enervated, and Pleasures will corrupt good Customs. They will become an easy Conquest to a more warlike People, and by endeavouring to avoid the Mischiefs, which attend on War, fall into a dreadful Slavery.

*Mentor* answer'd, the Evils of a War are still more excessive than you imagine. It drains a State, \* and brings it into Danger of Destruction even at the Time that the most glorious Victories are obtain'd. Let a War be enter'd upon, with

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\* This, and the Sequel is a Detail of those Evils, which the almost incessant Wars of *Lewis XIV.* brought upon the

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ever so great Advantages, there is no Certainty of its being concluded without being expos'd to a tragical Change of Fortune. Whatever is the Superiority of Forces, when a Battle is join'd, the least Mistake, a Panick, Dread, a very Trifle, may snatch the Victory out of your Hands, and transfer it to your Enemies. Nay, had you Victory chain'd to your Camp, you would destroy yourself in the Destruction of your Enemies. War un-peoples a Kingdom, leaves the Country almost uncultivated, and interrupts Trade; but what is yet much worse, the best Laws lose their Vigour, civiliz'd Customs become corrupt, the Youth no longer apply themselves to Learning; the urgent Necessities of a State oblige the pernicious Licence of the Troops to be over-look'd; Justice and civil Government, nay, every Thing suffers by the Confusion. A King who sheds the Blood of such a Number of Men, and is the Author of so great Misfortunes to acquire a little Glory, or to extend the Limits of his Dominion, is unworthy of that Glory he pursues, and merits well to lose that which he possesses, for desiring to usurp that which is not his Right.

But I will lay before you the Means to exercise the Courage of a Nation in Time of Peace. You have already heard the bodily Exercises which we propose establishing, together with the Prizes, which will stir up an Emulation; the Maxims of Virtue and Glory with which the Hearts of Children, almost from the very Cradle will be replenish'd, by singing the heroic Actions of

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the Kingdom of *France*, which, at the Time this Book was presented to the Duke of *Burgundy*, was reduced to the miserable Condition here described. *French Remark.*

of great Men. Add to these Means, that of a sober and laborious Life : But this is not all. When any State, in Alliance with your Nation, is engaged in War, send thither the Flower of your Youth, especially those who give Indications of a warlike Genius, and will be most likely to benefit by Experience. Thus will you preserve a glorious Character with your Allies, your Alliance will be courted : And the Loss of it will be justly fear'd. Without having a War in your own Country and at your own Expence, you will always have your Youth well disciplin'd and intrepid. Though at home you enjoy an uninterrupted Peace, you must nevertheless distinguish with great Honour such as have a Genius for the War : For the true Method to keep it at a Distance, and preserve a lasting Peace, is to cultivate the Exercise of Arms, and to do Honour to such excellent Men, as make them their Profession ; it is always to have Men who, in foreign Countries, have been train'd up in Arms, and are acquainted with the Strength, the Discipline, and the Method of conducting a War among the neighbouring States : It is, to be equally incapable of entering into a War, on the Motive of Ambition, or of fearing it through Effeminacy. Thus the being ever prepar'd to undertake it, in Case of Necessity, you attain to almost an Exemption from it.

As for your Allies, when on the Point of making War upon each other, it is your Policy to become the Mediator, by which you will acquire a much more certain, and a more solid Glory, than that of Conquerors. You will gain the Love and the Esteem of Strangers, who will all stand in Need of you : their Confidence in, will make you, reign over them, as your Authority does

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over your proper Subjects. You will be the Depositary of their Secrets, the Arbitrator of their Treaties, and the Master of their Hearts. Your Reputation will be extended into distant Regions; your Name, like an exquisite Perfume, will exhale from Clime to Clime, and reach the People inhabiting the farthest Limits of the Earth. In such a Situation, if, contrary to the Rules of Justice, you are assaulted by a neighbouring State, they will find you well disciplin'd, and in Readiness; but, what is more, beloved, and succour'd. All your Neighbours will take th' Alarm on your Account, persuaded that your Preservation is that of a publick Security. This is a Rampart much more to be relied on, than all the Walls of Cities and Citadels, the best provided. This is true Glory: But there are few Monarchs wise enough to seek it, or who do not rather deviate from it! They pursue a delusive Shade, and want of knowing it, leave true Honour far behind them.

*Mentor* having thus spoken, *Philocles* view'd him with Astonishment, and afterwards, turning his Eyes upon the King, was ravish'd to see with what Avidity he treasured up, within his Breast, the Words which issued, like a Stream of Wisdom, from the Lips of this grave Stranger.

*Minerva* thus, under the Form of *Mentor*, establish'd the most wholesom Laws, and the most useful Maxims of Government, in *Salentum*; less to render the State of *Idomeneus* flourishing, than to instruct *Telemachus*, at his Return, by an Example, which would

strike his Senses, how greatly a prudent Government contributes to render a Nation happy, and to give a good Monarch a Glory permanent.

*End of the Fourteenth Book.*



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THE  
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*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the FIFTEENTH.

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ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, in the Camp of the Allies, engages the Affection of Philoctetes, who was at first averse from him, on Account of Ulysses, his Father. This Companion of Hercules relates to the young Prince of Ithaca his Adventures, among which he introduces the Particulars of the Death of Hercules, by the poisonous Tunic  
C 2 which

*which the Centaur Nessus had given to Dejanira. He tells him how he obtain'd from that immortal Hero the fatal Arrows without which the City of Troy had been inexpugnable; how he was punish'd, for having betray'd the Secret entrusted to him, by all the Evils which he experienc'd in the Isle of Lemnos, and in what Manner Ulysses employ'd Nioptolemus to engage him going to the Siege of Troy, where he was recover'd from his Wounds by the Sons of Esculapius.*



**ELEMACHUS**, who signaliz'd his Courage in the Dangers of the War, on his quitting *Salentum*, made it his Study to win the Affections of those ancient Chiefs, whose Characters and Experience were arriv'd at the highest Pitch. *Nestor*, who had seen him at *Pylos*, and who ever had a Love for *Ulysses*, behaved to him, as if he had been his Son; gave him Instructions supported by Examples; related to him all the Accidents of his Youth, and all that he had observ'd, most remarkable, in the Heroes of the foregoing Age. The Memory of this wise old Prince, who had lived thrice the Age of Man, was like an History of ancient Times, cut in Marble, or engrav'd in Brass.

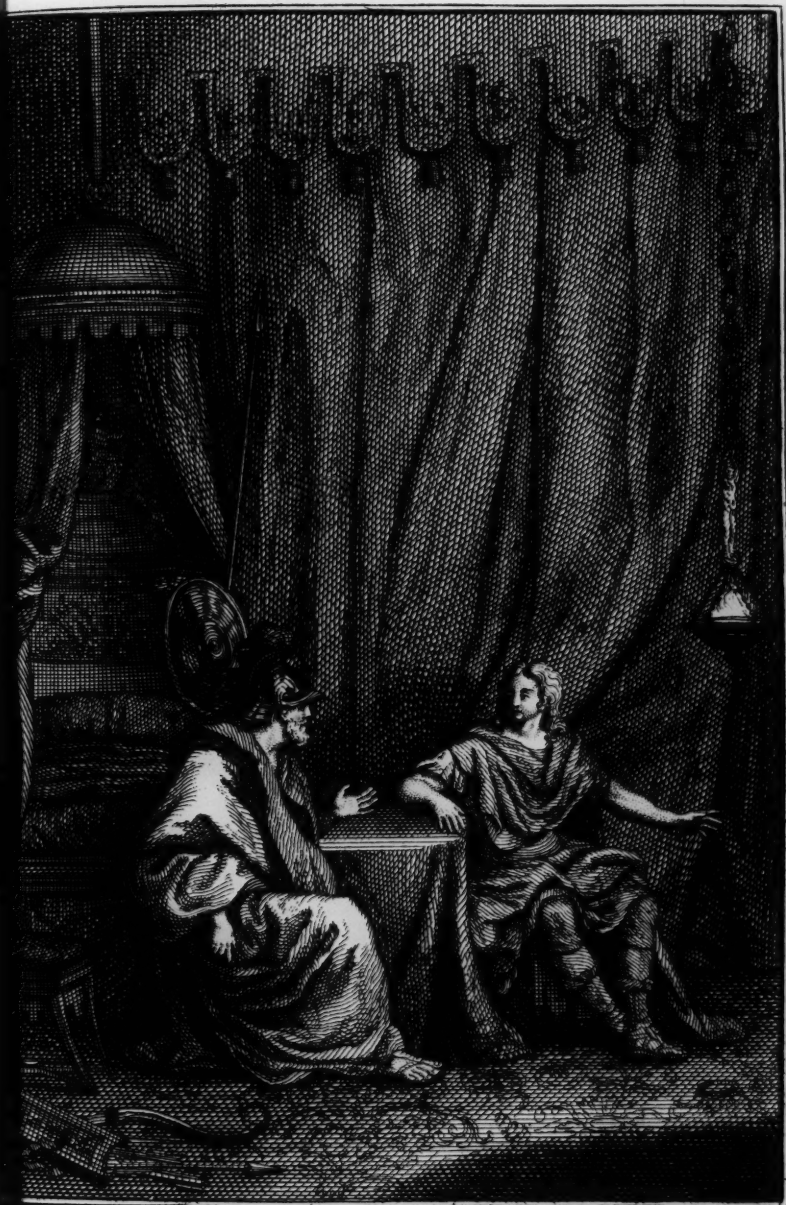
*Philoctetes*, at first, had not the same Inclination towards *Telemachus*, as had the good old *Nestor*. The Hatred he had so long nourish'd in his Heart, to the Father, made him averse from the Son, and

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NELEMAQUE gagne l'amitié de PHILOCTETE, qui lui raconte ses Aventures.

Liv. XV.

## Book X

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and he could not, without some Disgust, remark what the Gods seem'd to design in Favour of this Youth, to set him on a Level with those Heroes who had subverted *Troy*. But the Evenness of Temper in *Telemachus*, at length prevailed over the Resentment of *Philoctetes*; he could not refuse his Affection to such amiable Virtue and singular Modesty. He would often take this Prince aside, and say to him: My Son, (I no longer hesitate to call you so) I acknowledge that your Father and I have been long at Variance: and farther own, that after we had razed the lofty *Troy*, my Heart not even then was divested of all Resentment; and when I saw you, I found it painful to me to love the Virtue which adorn'd *Ulysses'* Son. I have often reproach'd my self for this Reluctance; but, in short, Virtue easy, unaffected, ingenuous, and modest, surmounts all Obstacles. After this *Philoctetes*, insensibly, enter'd upon giving him the Particulars of what had kindled in his Breast this Hatred to *Ulysses*.

I must, said he, go back to previous Times, to enter upon my Story: I follow'd *Hercules*\*, who  
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\* There is not the least Doubt of there having been many famous Men, who have borne this Name. *Diodorus Siculus* reckons up three: The *Ægyptian*, who set up the noted Pillars at *Cadiz*; the second, born in the Island of *Crete*, and instituted the *Olympick Games*; the third, Son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmene*, who was so greatly celebrated for his Labours. Others add a fourth, who was a *Phenician*. *Cicero* is of Opinion, in his Book *De Natura Deorum*, that there were fix of this Name: The first, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Lydice*, Daughter of *Pelops* and *Hippodamia*; the second, the *Ægyptian*, sprung from the *Nile*; the third was  
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freed the World from such a Number of Monsters; in Comparison with whom all other Heroes were but feeble Reeds, compared to sturdy Oaks,

one of the *Dactyls* of Mount *Ida*; the fourth, the Son of *Jupiter*, and *Asteria*, Daughter of *Cæus*, begotten on her under the Form of an Eagle; the fifth was the Indian *Belus*, and the sixth the Son of *Alcmena*. Some Grecian Authors reckon no less than forty and three of the Name of *Hercules*.

The Exploits of all the different Heroes of this Name are, by the *Greeks*, attributed to the *Theban Hercules*. The Poets and Historians, who have written his Life, mention such a Number of Voyages and Adventures, that he must have lived to the Age of a *Methuselah*, to have gone through them. He was Son of *Alcmena* by *Jupiter*, who deceiv'd her, by taking the Form of her Husband; and that Night he extended to the Length of three, others say of nine Nights. When *Hercules* was begot, *Alcmena* was three Months gone of a Son, by her Husband; but she was notwithstanding deliver'd of both that Child, named *Iphicles*, and *Hercules* at the same Time. This latter was educated by *Cæon* King of *Thebes*, and married his Daughter *Megara*, whom, together with the Children he had by her, *Hercules* slew, in a Fit of Madness, occasion'd by the jealous Resentment of *Juno*. Others say, that he only kill'd the Children, and gave *Megara* to *Iolaus*, a great Companion of his in his Travels. When he was in his Cradle, *Juno* sent two Serpents to destroy him, but he killed them both; and it was this which first made him known for the Son of *Jupiter*. The first of his Twelve Labours, which he undertook at the Command of *Juno*, was killing the *Nemean Lion*. He deliver'd *Arcadia* from the Birds of the Lake *Stymphalus*, which he frightned away with brazen Timbals, given him by *Minerva*. Comes confounded these Birds, *Stymphalides*, with the *Harpies*, tho' they were different. *Hercules* slew the *Hydra* of the Lake

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Oaks, or like the smallest Birds to the Eagle.  
His Misfortunes, and those I've suffer'd,  
sprang from a Passion which is the Source of  
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Lerna, near Argos. This Monster had a Number of  
Heads, and as fast as one was lopp'd, another, some  
say two, immediately supplied the Place; wherefore  
Iolaus the Son of *Yphicles*, who accompany'd this Hero,  
with a Torch fear'd the Wounds, which prevented the  
Evil. After this, he slew the wild Boar of *Eryman-*  
*thus*, which he brought upon his Shoulders to *Eury-*  
*sheus* King of *Mycenæ*, who was so terrified, that he  
fled at the Sight of the Monster, and hid himself; he  
slew the *Centaurs*, and also took a Stag on Foot; he  
cleans'd *Augea's* Stables; brought a Bull, by dragging  
it through the Sea from *Crete* to *Greece*; he took  
*Diomedes*, and gave him to be devoured by his own  
Horses, which he fed with human Flesh; after which  
he broke those very Horses: In his Voyage to *Spain*,  
he took *Geryon* and his Cattle. This *Geryon* had three  
Bodies. He went to Hell, and brought thence *Thes-*  
*eus* and *Pirithous*, together with the Dog *Cerberus*; he  
killed the Dragon that guarded the golden Fruit in the  
Garden of the *Hesperides*, which Fruit he brought a-  
way. He slew *Cacus*, who had stolen his Oxen. He  
slew *Antæus*, Son of the Earth, by squeezing his Breath  
out of his Body, lifting him from the Earth, from  
which this Giant, while he touch'd it, receiv'd fresh  
strength and Vigour. It was this *Antæus*, who founded  
*Tangiers*. He slew *Busiris*, a most cruel Tyrant of  
*Egypt*; he was the Son of *Neptune*, by *Lybia*, Daugh-  
ter of *Epaphus*; he used to sacrifice his Guests, and  
strangers; he attempted to carry off the Daughters of  
*Hesperus*, but they were rescued by *Hercules*. He de-  
vour'd *Prometheus*; he fought *Achelous*, for *Dejanira*  
Daughter of the *Calidonian* King. This *Achelous*, dur-  
ing the Combat, changed himself first into a Serpent,  
then into a Bull, whose Horns *Hercules* broke off, and  
gave one of them to *Plenty*, the Companion of *Fortune*;  
at

the most terrible Disasters. This was Love. *Hercules*, who had overcome so many Monsters, could not overcome this shameful Passion, and the re-  
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at length, finding himself overmatch'd, he changed himself into a River, which bears his Name, and divides *Oetolia* from *Acharnania*. He overcame *Hippolyte* Queen of the *Amazons*. He deliver'd *Hesione*, Daughter of *Laomedon* King of *Troy*, from a Sea-Monster; but her Father defrauding him of the promis'd Reward, which was a Set of Horses, he sack'd the City, and carry'd off *Hesione*, whom he gave to *Telaamon*; slew *Laomedon*, and gave the Crown to his Son. But all his Adventures, were they to be here mention'd, would be rather to write a History than to make a Note. These different Fables were not without Grounds; though it is a difficult Matter to discover them under such a Cloud of Fiction. *Hercules* was Cousin Germain of *Eurystheus* King of *Mycenæ*, who, jealous of the Reputation he acquired, put him upon several dangerous Expeditions, to get rid of him; for *Hercules* was, in Fact, the true Heir to the Crown of *Mycenæ*, and therefore *Eurystheus* apprehended being one Day dethron'd by him. Greece was at that Time over-run with Robbers, Lions, Boars, and other wild Beasts; and *Eurystheus*, who gave *Hercules* the Command of an Army, order'd him to clear the Country of these Nufances. At his first setting out, he probably killed some Serpents which infested the Country, and this might give Rise to the Fable of his killing two in his Cradle; his hunting and clearing the *Nemeæan* Forests of Lions, among which one, remarkably large, was slain by his own Hand, is mention'd as the first of his Twelve Labours; he wore the Skin of this Lion. *Hercules* freed *Arcadia* from a Band of Robbers and Free-booters, who plunder'd all Travellers, and were refuged in the Woods: These, our Hero entering with warlike Instruments, drove from their Places of Retreat with the Terror of his Cimbals,

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gentless *Cupid* made it a Matter of Diversion, to triumph over this invincible Conqueror. He could not, without a Blush, recall to Mind his having formerly sullied, by forgetting so far, his Glory, as to spin by *Omphale*\*, the Queen of *Lydia*, like the meanest and most effeminate of Men; so far was he led astray by the Violence of an inconsiderate Passion. An hundred times has he own'd to me, that this Part of his Life had tarnish'd his Virtue, and in a Manner effaced all the Glory of his Labours: Notwithstanding, O ye Gods! such is the Weakness, such the Inconstancy of Men; they presume entirely on their

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bals, &c. and thus destroy'd them, when they could not fly his Troops. Hence arose the Fable of the *Stymphalides* with Iron Beaks and Wings, which accord with the Helmets these Robbers wore, and the Darts they flung. The Lake of *Lerna* was infested with such a Number of Serpents, that they seem'd to multiply as they were destroy'd: *Hercules*, assisted by his Companions, thoroughly cleans'd it; and by firing the Reeds, and then draining the Lake, render'd the Place both inhabitable and fertile. These Serpents gave Ground to the Fiction of a Hydra. In a Word, this Hero did a great many essential Services, and the Poets made them the Basis of a Number of Fables, which occasions the Reality of many great Actions, said to be perform'd by him, to be called in Question.

\* *Hercules* was so deeply enamour'd with this Princess, (that after he had perform'd so great Exploits, as were those which are called the twelve *Herculian* Labours) that he changed his Lion's Skin for Woman's Attire; his Arrows and Club for a Distaff and Spindle, and span among her Attendants. *Hercules* had by this *Lydian* Queen *Agefilaus*, from whom descended *Craesus*.

own Strength, yet are they not capable of making any, the least Resistance. Alas! this renown'd *Hercules* was again taken in the Snares of Love, which he had so oft detested. He became enamour'd with *Dejanira*. He had indeed been truly happy, had he been constant to this Passion for a Woman whom he had made his Wife; but the Youth of *Iole* \*, on whose Face was depicted all the Graces, soon made his Heart her Prize. *Dejanira*, enflamed with Jealousy, remember'd the fatal *Tunic* which the Centaur † *Nessus* gave her, in expiring, as a Mean infallible to revive her Husband's Tenderneſs, whenever he seem'd to neglect her, and to transfer his Love to some other Object. This *Tunic*, which had imbibed the evenom'd Blood of the *Centaur*, contain'd the Poison of the Arrows, by which the Monster was transfix'd. You know that the Arrows of *Hercules*, which slew the treacherous *Centaur*, had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Lernian Hydra*, and that this Blood imparted so great a Venom to

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\* Daughter of *Eurytus*, King of *Oechalia*, who having refused her to *Hercules*, passionately in Love with her, he conquer'd his Country, carry'd off the Princess, and slew her Father; after which *Dejanira* sent him the fatal *Tunic*, by *Lychas*.

† This *Centaur* offer'd *Hercules* to carry his Wife *Dejanira* cross the River *Evenus*; when he had got her on the other Side, he endeavour'd to force her, upon which *Hercules* shot him with an Arrow poison'd with the Blood, or, as others say, the Gall of the *Hydra*; expiring, he gave his Vest, stain'd with his infected Gore, to *Dejanira*, which he told her had the Virtue above mention'd. The Effects of which, when put on by *Hercules*, are set down in the Story *Philoctetes* tells.



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the Arrows, that no Wounds they made were ever curable.

*Hercules* having put on the *Tunic*, felt the devouring Fire, which pierced even through the Marrow of his Bones. Mount *Oeta*\* and all the humble Vales rang with his dreadful Roar, and even the briny Deep seem'd to be moved. Not the most raging Bulls, roaring in their Fight, could have made a Noise so terrible. The unfortunate *Lychas*, who brought the fatal *Tunic* from *Dejanira*, presuming to approach him, he seiz'd, and whirl'd in Air, as Slingers do the Stone which they design to cast to a far distant Mark. Thus with his mighty Arm the Hero, in his transporting Pains, from the Mountain's Top hurl'd hapless *Lychas*, who, falling in the briny Waves, was instant changed into a solid Rock, which still retains his human Form, and lash'd incessantly by raging Billows, at a far Distance, 'wakes the wary Pilot's Fears.

I thought it imprudent, after the sad Catastrophe of *Lychas*, any longer to trust to *Hercules*, and turn'd my Thoughts in concealing my self in the deepest Caverns. I saw him, while with one Hand he, without any Effort, tore up the towering Firrs, and venerable Oaks, which had, for Ages, baffled the Rage of Storms and Winds; with the other vainly try to tear the fatal *Tunic* from his Back: As this he tore away, he also rent away his Skin and Flesh. It was cemented to his Back, and in a Manner incorporated with his Limbs. His Blood gush'd out, and streaming drench'd the Earth. At length his Fortitude o'ercame his Pains, and he cried

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\* A Hill in *Thessaly*, now called *Banina*.

cried out: Thou seest, my dearest *Philoctetes*, the Tortures which the Immortal Gods now make me suffer. 'Tis, I have offended them, and have transgress'd against Connubial Love. After having triumph'd over so many Enemies, I have meanly suffer'd the Love of Charms, forbidden, to triumph over *Hercules*. I die; but I am content to die, thus to appease the Gods. Alas! my dearest Friend! O! whither art thou fled? Excess of Pain has made me, I acknowledge, guilty of a Cruelty to unhappy *Lychas*, for which I am self-condemn'd; he knew not the Poison that he brought me, and he deserv'd not what I have made him suffer: But canst thou think me capable to bury in Oblivion that Friendship which I owe thee, and violently break thy Thread of Life? No, my Love for *Philoctetes* ne'er can end; 'tis he, 'tis *Philoctetes*, who in his Bosom shall receive my Soul, already on the Wing; 'tis he who shall collect my Ashes: Where art thou, then, my dearest *Philoctetes*? O *Philoctetes*! the only Comfort left me here below.

At these Words, I with eager Haste ran to him; he stretch'd out his Arms t'enfold me, but abstain'd from the too kind Embrace, fearing to communicate the Fire intense which prey'd upon himself. Alas! said he, I am deny'd even this Consolation. In saying this, he heap'd together all the Trees, which he had levell'd with the Ground, and on the Mountain's Top rais'd his Funeral Pile. This he tranquilly ascended, and spread the *Nemeæan* \* Lion's Skin, which on his Shoulders had so long been worn, while o'er the Earth he

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\* *Nemea*, a Wood near a Town of the same Name in *Peloponnesus*.

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rang'd, to root out Monsters, and succour the Distress'd ; and, leaning on his Club, commanded me to light th'erected Pile.

My Hands, though trembling and reluctant, could not refuse th'inhuman Office ; for Life was to him so calamitous, that it no longer was a Bounty from the Gods. Nay, I even fear'd that the Excess of Torture might transport him to perpetrate some Act unworthy of that Virtue, which had been the Admiration of all Mankind.

When he saw the Flame begin to prey upon the Pile, he cried aloud : 'Tis now, *Philoctetes*, that I experience the Sincerity of thy Friendship, as my Life's less dear to thee than is my Fame. May the Immortal Pow'rs reward thee. What I have on Earth most valuable, I bequeath to thee ; my Arrows, steep'd in the *Lernian Hydra's* Blood. Thou know'st, the Wounds they leave admit no Cure ; by these thou'lt be, as I have been, invincible ; and not a Man will dare engage with thee in Fight. Remember that I die a faithful Friend. Forget not how dear I have ever held thee. And if thou art indeed touch'd with my Sufferings, thou may'st administer to me this last Comfort, the Promise, that thou wilt ne'er reveal, to any Mortal, either my Death, or the Place where thou shalt have hid my Ashes. This I promised him ; and, Alas ! I sealed that Promise with an Oath, while my streaming Eyes bedew'd his Funeral Pile. Joy sparkled in his Eyes ; but, on a sudden, a rising Sheet of Flame encompass'd him about, stifled his Voice, and, in a manner, snatch'd him from my Sight. I had, however, through th'encircling Flames, a Glimpse, which shew'd his Countenance

tenance as calm as if he were crown'd with Flow'rs, and cover'd with Perfumes, in Height of Mirth, encompass'd by his Friends, at some chearful Feast.

All his earthly mortal Part was by the Fire very soon consumed; and nought remain'd of what, at his Birth, his Mother, the fair *Alcmena*, had imparted; but by the Will of *Jove*, he preserv'd that refin'd, that immortal Nature, that celestial Flame, the real Principal of Life, which he receiv'd from the great Father of th'Immortal Pow'rs: wherefore, with them, he took his Seat beneath the gilded Roofs of bright *Olympus*, and was own'd a God \*. Here the Deities gave him, for his Spouse, the lovely *Hebe* †, who replenish'd with *Nectar* the Bowl of mighty *Jove*, before that Honour was deferr'd to *Ganymede* ‡.

As to what regards my self, I experienced these Arrows, given me to exalt my Fame above that of other Heroes, a Source inexhaustible of Woe. Soon after the Kings, allied, took upon them to Revenge the injur'd *Menelaus*, on the treache-

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\* Il alla boire le Nectar; *He went to drink Nectar.*  
A French Idiom, answering to, *He was made a God.*

† *Hebe* was Daughter of *Juno*, unbegotten, for she conceiv'd by eating of Lettuces, at a Banquet to which *Apollo* had invited her. *Jupiter*, on Account of her Beauty, made her his Cup-bearer, but she lost that Post by an unlucky Accident; for waiting upon *Jove*, while he was at a Banquet with the *Ethiopians*, she unhappily fell, and in so indecent a Manner that she discover'd all her conceal'd Beauties, upon which she was dismiss'd, and *Ganymede* succeeded to her Office. The Poets make her the Goddess of Youth.

‡ Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*, who was taken up to Heaven by the Eagle of *Jupiter*, to be his Cup-bearer.

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ous *Paris*, who had borne away the beauteous *Helen*, and to subvert the Empire of King *Priam*. These gather'd from the Oracle of *Phœbus*, that without the Arrows of *Hercules*, the Hope to see an happy Issue of this War was vain.

Your Father *Ulysses*, who had the greatest Penetration and Address in all the Councils, took upon him to induce me to accompany them to the *Trojan* Siege, and to bring with me those Arrows, which he judged in my Possession. *Hercules*, for a long Space, had disappear'd; no new Exploits of his, employ'd the busy Tongue of Fame, and Monsters, and flagitious Men began again t'appear, and with Impunity. The *Greeks* knew not what to conjecture of this Hero, some affirming that he was no more, and others maintaining that he was gone far as the *Frozen*\* *Bear*, to subdue the *Scythians*: But *Ulysses* insisted on his being dead, and undertook to make me acknowledge it. He found me, while I was yet inconsolable for the Death of great *Alcides*. It was with extreme Difficulty that he found Means to accost me; for I could not bear to be torn from the Desarts of Mount *Oeta*, on which I'd seen my Friend consumed. I was continually employ'd in forming the Image of this Hero in my Mind, and in pouring forth my Tears, nourish'd by the Sight of these too fatal Places; but sweet and powerful Persuasion hung on the Lips of wise *Ulysses*. He seem'd no less afflicted than I really was, he even wept, and had th'Address to gain insensibly my Heart and Confidence. He wrought  
me

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\* A Constellation near the Northern Pole, 'tis here called the *Frozen*, on Account of it's Distance from the Sun,



me up to a Concern for the *Grecian* Kings entering on a War, in a just Cause, which could not succeed without my Aid: however, he could not wrest from me the Secret of *Alcides*' Death, which I had sworn never to reveal. But he did not doubt the Hero's being dead, and urged me to discover the Place where I had conceal'd his Ashes.

Alas! I was struck with Horror at the Guilt of Perjury, by revealing what, to the Gods, I'd promis'd to conceal. I durst not violate, but I was weak enough to elude my Oath, and the Gods punish'd my Evasion. I, with my Foot, stamp'd on the Spot where I had hid the Ashes of *Alcides*. After this, I join'd the confederate Kings, who receiv'd me with no less Joy than they would even *Hercules* himself. In our Passage, at the Isle of *Lemnos*, I would let all the *Grecians* see the Virtue of my Arrows, and was preparing to shoot a Deer which struck into the Woods. Through Negligence the Arrow dropp'd from my Bow upon my Foot, and made a Wound, of which, to this Day, I feel the bad Effect. I instantly experienced the very Tortures *Hercules* had suffer'd. The Island, Night and Day, resounded with my Cries. A black corrupted Blood issued from my Wound, infected the Air, and diffused, throughout the *Grecian* Camp, a Stench sufficient to suffocate the strongest Men. The whole Army was shock'd with my Misery, and all concluded it a Punishment inflicted on me by the Equitable Gods.

*Ulysses*, who had engaged me in this War, was the first who deserted me. I have since been satisfi'd that this was owing to his preferring Victory, and the common Interests of *Greece*, to all the

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the Motives of particular Friendship or common Decency. Sacrifices could no longer be perform'd within the Camp, so greatly did the Aversion from my Wound, it's infectuous Stench, and my loud Cries, disquiet all the Army. While I found my self thus abandon'd of all the *Greeks*, by the Advice of *Ulysses*, this Politician seem'd to me replete with the utmost Inhumanity, and blackest Treason. Alas! I wanted Penetration, and saw not that it was but reasonable, that the wisest among Men should declare against me, as did the Gods whom I had incens'd.

I continued almost the whole Time of the *Trojan* Siege without Assistance, Hope or Consolation, abandon'd to excessive Torments, in a wild uninhabited Isle, where nothing could be heard but the Sound of Waves, which lash'd the Cliffs. In the Midst of this solitary Place I found an empty Cave, form'd in a Rock which to the Skies rear'd up two different Points, resembling Heads. From hence a limpid Stream gush'd forth. The Cave was a Receptacle for savage Beasts, to the Rage of which I was equally expos'd by Day or Night. I raked together some Leaves which serv'd me for a Bed. All the Estate now left me, was an ill-shapen wooden Cann, and some tatter'd Cloaths, which I employ'd both to cleanse and bind my Wound, that I might stanch the Blood. In this Place, deserted thus by Man, devoted to the Anger of the Gods, I pass'd my melancholy Days in shooting, with my Arrows, such Doves or other Fowl as hover'd round this Rock. When for my Support I had killed a Bird, I was forced, though with excessive Pain, to crawl upon the Earth, to gather up my Game. Thus my own Hands provided me Substistence.

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The *Greeks*, indeed, at their Departure, left me some Provisions; but they were soon exhausted. With Flints I kindled up a Fire. This Life, frightful as it was, had to me been greatly pleasant, as I was far remov'd from treacherous ungrateful Men, had I not been overwhelm'd with Pain, and had I not daily ruminated on my unhappy Fate. What! said I, seduce a Man from his Country, as the only one who could avenge the *Grecian* States, and afterwards to leave him, while he slept, in a deserted Island! For the *Greeks* departed when I was lock'd in Sleep. Judge you how great was my Surprize, what Tears I shed, when at 'waking I perceived the Fleet divide the foaming Waves. Alas! in searching e'ery Part of this frightful savage Isle, I could find nothing but an Encrease of Woe.

Nor Port, nor Commerce does this Isle afford, nor on it, willingly, does any land. None here are ever seen, but hapless Men, whom Tempests force on it's inhospitable Shores; and Conversation with Mankind can here be only hoped from dismal Wrecks. Nay even such who have landed here, durst not carry me from hence; they fear'd the Anger of th'Immortal Gods, and fear'd to irritate the *Greeks*. For ten long tedious Years I was in Prey to Shame, to Pain, to Hunger, and to a Wound, that minutely consum'd me; and even Hope it self entirely abandon'd me.

Once on a sudden returning to my Cave, having been in Search of Simples, to dress my Wound, I, at the Entrance, spied a handsom and a graceful Youth, but of a lofty Mien and an Heroick Form. In him, I thought I saw again the great *Achilles*; his Look, his Features, and his very Gait, were so much that Hero's. His Age alone

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ave me to know that it could not be he. I discover'd in his Countenance a Perplexity of Mind, mix'd with soft Compassion. He was moved in seeing how heavily and with what Pain I crawl'd; his Heart was melted by my piercing mournful Thricks, which imitating Ecchoes, from the Shores, return'd.

O Stranger! said I, at some Distance, what cruel Fate has brought thee to this desert Isle? I know again the *Grecian* Dress; that Dress which even yet I love. O how do I long to hear thy Voice, and to hear flowing from thy Lips that Tongue which in my Infancy I learn'd, and in which, during the many Years of Solitude I here have pass'd, could converse with none. Be not you start- ed to see so great a Wretch, whom you ought to view with Eyes of Pity.

Scarce had *Neoptolemus* \* said I am a *Greek*, but I cried out: O Word of Comfort, after so many Years of silent Grief, void of ev'ry Conso- lation! O my Son! what dreadful Destiny, what Storm, or rather what friendly Gale, has brought thee here, to end my Sufferings? He replied, I am a Native of the Isle of *Scyros* †; 'tis thither I return; I'm said to be *Achilles'* Son. Thou know'st the Whole.

These short Sentences did not satisfy my Curio- sity. I said: O Son of a Father whom I so dear- ly loved, O Charge beloved of *Lycomedes*, say then,

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\* The Name of *Pyrrhus*, Son of *Achilles*.

† *Scyros* is an Isle in the *Ægean* Sea, where *Achilles* lay conceal'd in Womens Cloaths, and where this *Ne- optolemus* was born of *Deidamia*, whom *Achilles* de- bowred. 'Tis one of the *Cyclades*, three Leagues North of *Negropont*.

then, How camest thou hither? and from whence do'st come? He answer'd, From the *Trojan* Siege. Thou were't not, said I, at the first Setting forward for that War. And thou, said he, where then were't thou? I well perceive, said I, thou know'st neither the Name of *Philoctetes*, nor his Misfortunes. Alas! Wretch that I am, my Persecutors insult me in my Misery! Greece is ignorant of my Sufferings; my Grievings encrease. The *Atrides* \* have reduced me to this State. May the great Gods reward them.

I then gave him an Account of the Manner I was deserted by the *Grecians*. When he had listen'd to my Complaints, he enter'd on his own. After, said he, the Death of *Achilles*, ——— I, immediately, interrupting, cried: How! is *Achilles* then no more? Forgive me, Son, if the Tears I owe thy Father break in upon thy Story. *Neoptolemus* reply'd, Your Interruption gives me Comfort; how endearing is it to me to see my Father wept by *Philoctetes*!

*Neoptolemus* resuming his Discourse, said: After the Decease of *Achilles*, *Ulysses* and *Phenix* came to conduct me to the Siege, as my Presence was, they said, essentially necessary for the Subversion of the *Trojan* City. I was easily induced to accompany them; for the Grief of *Achilles*' Death, and the Desire of succeeding to his Fame, in this celebrated War, were sufficient Motives. I arrived at *Sigeum* †, the Army gather'd about me, and each vow'd he saw again the great *Achilles*. But, Alas! he now was number'd with the Dead.

Young,

\* *Atrides*, the Sons of *Atreus*; *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*.

† A Promontory near *Troy*, now called Cape *Janizari*.



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Young, and unexperienced, as I was, I thought, they who were so lavish in my Praise, in nothing would delude my Hopes. I instantly, of the *Atrides* ask'd my Father's Arms. They inhumanely reply'd, What else remain'd of his that I should have; but for his Arms, they had been adjudged to the *Ithacian* King: I was instantly provok'd, I wept and storm'd. But *Ulysses*, without the least Emotion, thus accosted me: Young Man, thou shar'st not with us the Dangers of this tedious Siege; such Arms thou merit'st not; and thou assumest a Style too haughty. Never shall the Arms be thine. Thus unjustly plunder'd by *Ulysses*, I return again to *Scyros*, less incens'd against th'*Ithacian* than against the Sons of *Atreus*. May the Gods propitious be to all their Enemies! O, *Philoctetes*, I've declared the Whole.

I then asked *Neoptolemus*, why *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon* did not prevent th'Injustice? He answer'd: *Ajax* lives no more. Dead! said I, and *Ulysses* is permitted still to live! nay, he lives with Splendor in the Camp! I next inquired after *Antilochus*, Son of wise *Nestor*; and after *Patroclus*, so much belov'd by great *Achilles*. They're dead, said he. I immediately cried out: How! dead? Alas! what is't I hear? Thus inhuman War sweeps off the Good, and the Wicked spares. *Ulysses* is living still, and doubtless so's *Thersites* \*. Such is the Procedure of all the Gods; and shall we still go on to give them Praise!

While

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\* An ugly foul-mouth'd Rascal in the *Grecian* Army; *Ulysses* beat him well favour'dly for his Sauciness, which at last proved his Death; for *Achilles* killed him with a Blow of his Fist.

While I was thus irritated against your Father, *Neoptolemus* carry'd on his Deceit, by continuing in this melancholy Strain : Far distant from the *Grecian* Camp, where Injustice bears the Sway, and Probity is trampled under Foot, content I go to the wild Isle of *Scyros*. Adieu, I must begin ; may the Gods heal you.

I said, the Infant, O my Son ! by thy Father's Shade, by thy Mother, by all thou hold'st most dear on Earth, I conjure thee, leave me not here alone, o'erborne with all the Ills your Eyes now witness. I am sensible how great a Burthen to you I shall prove ; but 'twill be shameful to desert me. Stow me in the Head, or Stern ; nay even in the Well, where ever I may be the least Incumbrance : 'Tis the generous Soul alone who knows the Glory which from Humanity results. Leave me not in a desert Soil, where there is no Print of human Steps ; take me or to your own native Soil, or leave me in *Eubœa* \*, but little distant from *Oeta's* Hill, from *Trachin* †, or the pleasant Banks of the River *Sphercius* ‡ : Restore me to my Father. Alas, I fear he is no more ! I had sent to him to order

\* *Eubœa*, an Island over-against *Chios*, on the *European* Side, in the *Egean* Sea ; 'tis divided from *Achaia* by a narrow Sea. The *Turks* took it from the *Venetians* in 1470, and call it *Negropont*. 'Tis about 350 Miles in Circumference.

† *Trachin* : There are several Cities of this Name ; but that here design'd is in *Thessaly*, in the Country *Phthiotis*, where *Hercules* burnt himself.

‡ *Sphercius* : This River is also in *Thessaly* ; it rises out of Mount *Pindus*.

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Give me a Ship : He is or dead, or they have failed  
 who promis'd to deliver him my Message. Now  
 I say to you, my Son. Consider the precarious  
 State of worldly Things. He who enjoys Prosper-  
 ity should not dare to make an ill Use of it, and  
 should assist the Wretched.

This my Excess of Grief forced me to say to  
*Neoptolemus*. He promised to carry me away with  
 him. I then cried out again : O joyful Day ! O  
 amiable *Neoptolemus* ! worthy the Glory of thy  
 Father. My dear Companions of my Voyage,  
 suffer me to bid Adieu to this Mournful Resi-  
 dence. See where I have spent so many Years.  
 Think, what I have suffer'd ; no other could have  
 borne so much : But I was instructed by Necessi-  
 ty ; 'tis she who teaches Mortals what other-  
 wise they never could have known : They who  
 have never suffer'd, can nothing know. They  
 are equally Strangers to both Good and Evil.  
 They are ignorant of Men ; nay, of themselves.  
 Having said this, I grasp'd my Bow and fatal  
 Arrows.

*Neoptolemus* entreated me to suffer his kissing  
 these so celebrat'd Arms, hallow'd by th'invin-  
 cible *Alcides* : I answer'd, Thou command'st in all.  
 'Tis thou, my Son, who on this Day restorest me  
 Light ; my Country ; my Father bending beneath  
 the Weight of Years, my Friends, and *Philoctetes*  
 to himself. Thou may'st handle these Arms, and  
 boast that thou alone, among the *Greeks*, hast me-  
 rited that Honour. On this *Neoptolemus* enter'd  
 my Cave, to admire these *Herculean Arms*.

In the Interim, I was seiz'd with an excessive  
 Pain ; my Brain was quite confus'd by it, and I  
 knew not what I did. I called for a Sword, to  
 cut away my Foot. O desirable Death, I cried,  
 why

why com'st thou not? O Youth, this Instant give me to the Flames, as once I did the Son of *Jupiter*! O Earth, O Earth receive a dying Wretch, unable ever more to rise. From this Transport of Grief I fell suddenly, as usual into a dead Sleep; a strong Sweat began to give me Ease; and a black corrupted Blood issued from my Wound. While I slept, *Neoptolemus* might with Ease have carried off my Arms and left me in this Isle; but, he was the Son of *Achilles*, and by his Birth incapable of all mean Fraud.

When I awoke I perciev'd the Confusion he was in; he sigh'd, like one who is a Stranger to Diffimulation, and acts quite contrary to what his Conscience dictates. Will you then, said I, take Advantage of me, what's now in Question? You must, said he, go with me to the *Trojan* Siege. I instantly replied: Alas! my Son, what is it that you say? Restore my Bow, I am betray'd; rend not away my Life. Woe me, he makes no Answer, but views me with a settled Calmness. Nothing moves him. O ye Shores! O ye Promontaries of this Isle! O savage Brutes! O steepy Rocks! to you do I address my Complaints; for to you alone can I now complain; you are accustomed to my Groans: Must I, by *Achilles*' Son, be thus betray'd! 'tis he bears off the sacred Bow of great *Alcides*; 'tis he who will drag me to the *Grecian* Camp, to triumph o'er me. He is not sensible that 'tis over a Corpse, a Shade, a lifeless Image, that he exults. O had he assisted me e'er my Strength was lost! but even now it is by th' Advantage of Surprise. What Method shall I take? Restore, my Son, restore; be like your Father, nay, be like your self. What

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Answer do'st thou make? Alas, thou speak'st  
 not! O thou barren Rock! to thee, naked,  
 wretched, abandon'd, destitute of Food, I again  
 return; here in this Cave, alone, I'll die. Having  
 lost my Bow to destroy the Beasts of Prey, they'll  
 prey on me. It matters not. But you my Son,  
 your Countenance declares you not unjust; you  
 act but by Advice. Restore my Arms, and then  
 depart.

*Neoptolemus*, his Eyes replete with Tears, in low  
 Accents said: Would to the Gods I ne'er had left  
 the Isle of *Scyros*! In the mean while, I cried out:  
 Alas! what is't I see? Is it not *Ulysses*? Imme-  
 diately I heard his Voice; he answer'd, Yes, 'tis I.  
 If the gloomy Realms of grisly *Pluto* had open'd,  
 and to my Sight black *Tartarus* appear'd, a  
 Glimpse of which is dreadful to even the Immor-  
 tal Gods, I own, a greater Horror could not have  
 seiz'd me. Again I cried, I attest thee, O *Lem-  
 nus* Soil, O *Phæbus* dost thou behold and suffer  
 this! *Ulysses* answer'd calmly: 'Tis the Will of  
*Jove*, I execute. Dur'st thou, said I, name the  
 tremendous *Jove*? Seest thou this Youth, whose  
 Blood abhors Deceit, and who with Pain, reluc-  
 tant, does what thou compellest? 'Tis neither  
 to deceive nor harm you, that we come, reply'd  
*Ulysses*, 'tis to deliver, to cure; to give you  
 the Glory of subverting Troy, and to conduct  
 you to your native Soil again. 'Tis you, and not  
*Ulysses*, who is the Enemy of *Philoctetes*.

'Twas then, I said to your calm Sire, all that  
 my Rage could possibly suggest. Since you de-  
 serted me in this desert Isle, why do you not leave  
 me here in Peace? Go, seek Glory in the Field,  
 and search out every Pleasure: Enjoy thy good  
 Fortune with the Sons of *Atreus*; leave me my

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Wretched-



Wretchedness and Pain. Why, force me hence! I am become a Cypher, not to be reckon'd with the Living. How comes it you have changed your Sentiments, and think not now, as once you thought, that I cannot leave this Isle; that Miseries and the Infection of my Wound would disturb the Sacrifices? O *Ulysses*, Author of my Ills! may the Gods — But the Gods hear me not: On the contrary, they excite my Enemy. O my native Soil, which never more my hapless Eyes must see! O ye immortal Powers, if among you there are any yet who are just enough to take Compassion on me, punish *Ulysses*! and then I shall esteem my self as fully cured.

While I thus rav'd, your Father calmly view'd me with an Eye of Pity, like one who, far from being provok'd, bears and excuses the Disorder of an unhappy Wretch, sown'd by his Misfortune. I saw him like a Rock, which on a Mountain Top mocks the Fury of the Winds, and lets them spend their Rage, unmov'd. Thus your Father continuing silent, waited 'till I had vented all my Fury; for well he knew that Men are not gain'd to Reason by assailing of their Passions, 'till they begin to lose their Strength, by a Sort of Lassitude. At length he thus address'd me: O *Philoctetes*, what is become of your good Sense and Fortitude? 'Tis now the Time that you should recall them to your Aid. If you refuse to go with us, and to fulfil the great Designs of *Jupiter* for you, Adieu; you are unworthy to be the Deliverer of *Greece*, and the Subvertor of the haughty *Trojan*. Remain thou still at *Lemnos*: These Arms, which I bear off, will cloath me with that Glory which was decreed for you. Let us, *Neoptolemus*, be gone; 'tis in vain to argue with him. Compas-

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tion for a single Person ought not to make us abandon the common Welfare of all Greece.

I was by this wrought to a Degree of Rage, like the robb'd Lioness, that having lost her Young, makes the Forests ring with dreadful Roar. O Cave, never will I abandon thee! thou shalt be my Tomb! thou Residence of oppressing Woes! I have now nor Sustenance, nor Hope! O! for a Sword, to end my Grievs! O that rapacious Birds might bear me off! no more shall I infect them with my Shafts. O precious Bow! Bow consecrated by the Hands of the great Son of Jove! O belov'd *Alcides*! if thou hast yet any Remains of thy Affection left, see'st thou this calm-ly? Thy Bow no more is in thy faithful Friend's Possession, but in th'unhallow'd and deceitful Hands of base *Ulysses*. Ye Birds of Prey, ye savage Beasts, shun no more this Cave; my Hands no longer bear the deadly Arrows. Wretch that I am! I can no longer harm; come, make me your Prey. Or rather, may I fall crush'd by the red Bolts of unrelenting Jove.

Your Father having try'd all other Means to persuade me vain, judg'd it the best to give me back my Arms. He made a Sign to *Neoptolemus*, who instantaneously restored them. I then said, Worthy Son of *Achilles*, this Action speaks thy Birth; but suffer me to pierce my Enemy. I was going to let fly an Arrow at *Ulysses*; but *Neoptolemus* stopp'd my Hand, in saying, Your Rage disturbs your Reason, and blinds you to the Baseness of the Action you would perpetrate.

*Ulysses* was as little moved by my Arrows as by my Invectives. I found my self affected with this Patience and Intrepidity. I blush'd, that in the first Transports of my Anger I would have em-

ploy'd my Arms for his Destruction, who was the Mean of my having them again restored. But as my Resentment was not yet appeas'd; my owning the Possession of my Arms to a Man whom I so greatly hated, render'd me quite inconsolable. In the Interim, *Neoptolemus* thus address'd me: Know that the divine *Helenus*, Son of *Priam*, having, by th'Order and Inspiration of th'Immortal Gods, come forth from *Troy*, revealed to us what Fate decrees shall be. Unhappy *Troy*, said he, must fall, but not 'till she's assailed by him who keeps the Arrows of the great *Alcides*; neither can he be cured, but before the *Trojan* Walls, where *Æsculapius*' \* Sons shall heal his Wound.

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\* *Æsculapius* was the Son of *Apollo*, by the Nymph *Coronis*, and by him put under the Tuition of *Chiron*, to study Physick. His Mother, for her Infidelity, having an Intrigue with *Ischy's* Son of *Eletus*, *Apollo* shot with an Arrow. Others say, it was *Diana*, who thus revenged the Lubricity of her Brother's Mistress; others again say she died in Child-bed.

Another Account of the Birth of *Æsculapius* is as follows: *Phlegyas*, the Father of *Coronis* (as he was also of *Ixion*) King of the *Lapithæ*, the most warlike Prince of his Time, going into *Peloponnesus*, to take a View of the Country, though under the Colour of Travelling, took his Daughter with him, who, to conceal her Pregnancy from her Father, went to the Coasts of *Epidaurus*, where she was deliver'd of a Son, whom she expos'd on a Mountain, called *Tittbyon*, where he was suckled by a She-Goat, and protected by the Dog that tended the Flock. *Aristhenes*, the Goatherd missing his Dog, and one of his Number, went in Search of them; found the Child, and would have carried him away; but when he drew near to take him up, he saw him encompass'd with a splendid Light; which made him conjecture, there was something

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At this Instant I found my Heart divided, I was moved by the Candor and Justice of *Neoptolemus*, who had return'd my Bow; but I could not prevail on my self to live, on the Condition of yielding to *Ulysses*, and I continued wav'ring by an ill-judged Fear of Shame. These were my Thoughts: Shall I be seen with this *Ulysses*, and the *Atrides*? what Judgment must the World make of me?

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more than mortal, and return'd. Fame immediately proclaim'd, that a miraculous Child was born. *Æsculapius* was reared by a Nurse named *Trigona*, possibly the Goat-herd's Wife; and when capable of Instruction, he was put under the Care of *Chiron*, under whom he made so great a Progress, having an excellent Genius, that he surpass'd in the Knowledge of Physick all others, and was accounted both the Inventor and God of Medecine. In the famous Expedition of the Golden Fleece, *Æsculapius* accompanied *Jason* and *Hercules*, and was of singular Service to them, as a Physician. How great a Physician he was esteem'd, may be evinced by the following Fable of the *Greeks*: *Æsculapius* was so greatly skilled in Physick, that he not only cured the Sick, but rais'd the Dead; whereupon *Pluto* summon'd him to appear before the Tribunal of *Jupiter*, where he complain'd that the Empire of the Departed was considerably diminish'd, and that if some Course was not taken, there was great Danger that it would be dispeopled: Which Complaint so greatly irritated the Father of the Gods, that he slew *Æsculapius* with a Thunder bolt. This, they say, was what *Apollo* reveng'd by killing the *Cyclopes*, for which he was banish'd.

*Statius* says, that *Phlegyas*, finding his Daughter *Coronis* pregnant by *Apollo*, fired the Temple of the God at *Delphos*, for which he slew and sent him to Hell, where he sits with a great Stone over his Head, ever on the Point of falling.

While I was in this Suspense, on a sudden I heard a more than human Voice. I saw in a bright Cloud the great *Alcides*, encompass'd with Beams of Glory. I recollected easily his Features masculine, his Form robust, and his easy unaffected Gestures; but he discovered a Dignity and Majesty, which appear'd not with such Fullness when he subdued the Monsters of the Earth. He said to me: Thou seest, thou hear'st *Alcides*; I have left the high *Olympus*, to declare to thee the Oracles of *Jove*. Thou know'st the Toils by which I rose to Immortality. Thou must accompany *Achilles'* Son, to trace my Steps in the bright Paths of Glory. Thou shalt be heal'd; and with my Arrows thou shalt transfix the treacherous *Paris*, Author of so many Ills. After the Surrender of the City *Troy*, thou shalt send rich Spoils unto thy Father *Pæan*, upon Mount *Oeta*. There shall on my Tomb be placed, as Monuments of the Vict'ry to my Arrows due. And thou, O *Achilles'* Son, I declare to thee, without *Philotes* thou canst never conquer; nor without thee can *Philotes* triumph over *Troy*. Go then like two Lions, who jointly seek their Prey. I will send *Æsculapius* to the beleagu'rd Town, to heal my *Philotes*. But above all, O *Greeks*, reverence and cultivate the Worship of the Gods, all else is perishing, Religion only permanent.

Having heard these Words, I cried O happy Day, O charming Light of my Life, thou daign'st to appear after so many Years! I obey thee, and having revered these Retreats, instantly depart. Adieu dear Cave, adieu ye Nymphs of these humect'd Meads; I shall hear no more the fullen Noise of this Sea's Waves. Adieu thou Coast, where I so oft have born th'Inclemency of Air.  
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Adieu thou Promontary, where Eccho has so oft  
return'd my Groans: Adieu sweet Fountains, once  
so bitter to me. Adieu O *Lemnian* Soil, propi-  
tiously allow me to depart, since I thither go,  
whither I am called by the Immortal Powers and  
by my Friends.

Thus we loosed from *Lemnos*, and join'd the  
Camp besieging *Troy*. *Machaon* and *Podalirius*,  
by the divine Skill of their Father *Æsculapius*,  
healed my Wound, or at least, restored me to the  
Condition in which you see me. I have reco-  
ver'd all my Strength, have lost my Pain; but yet  
am somewhat lame. I overthrew *Paris*, like a  
Hind's timid Fawn, who by the Huntsman's shot  
with his keen Shaft; and *Troy* was soon bury'd in  
it's Ashes. The Rest you know. Notwithstand-  
ing, the Evils I had suffer'd left with me still, I  
know not what of Aversion for the wise *Ulysses*,  
which Resentment his Virtue could not o'ercome;  
but the Sight of a Son who resembles him so much,  
and whom I am compelled to love, excites within  
my Breast a Tenderness even for the Father.

*End of the Fifteenth Book.*





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the SIXTEENTH.

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ARGUMENT.

*TELEMACHUS has a Difference with Phalantus, on Account of some Prisoners whom they both claim'd. He fights with and overcomes Hippius, who, slighting him on Account of his Youth, haughtily takes these Prisoners for his Brother Phalantus; but Telemachus, far from arrogating any Honour to himself by*  
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Book XV

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*his Victory, in Secret mourns his Rashness and the Error he had committed, which he is desirous of repairing. At the same time Adrastus, King of the Daunians, inform'd that the confederate Kings were wholly taken up in composing the Dispute between Telemachus and Hippias, assails them at unawares, having seiz'd an Hundred of their Ships, to transport his Forces to the Camp of the Allies, he immediately sets it on Fire, begins the Attack on the Quarter of Phalantus, kills his Brother Hippias, and Phalantus himself is cover'd with Wounds.*

**W**HILE *Philoctetes* gave this Account of his Adventures, *Telemachus* remain'd as one absorb'd in Thought, and without Motion. His Eyes were fix'd on the great Man who spoke; all the different Passions which had actuated *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulysses*, *Neoptolemus*, were alternatively discover'd on the open Countenance of *Telemachus*, as they were gradually represented in the Contexture of this Narrative. Sometimes, e'er he was aware, he would cry out and interrupt the Story; sometimes he seem'd quite thoughtful, like one who maturely weighs the Sequel of Affairs. When *Philoctetes* describ'd the Confusion of *Neoptolemus*, incapable of Dissimulation, *Telemachus* seem'd equally embarras'd, and at that Instant he might have been mistaken for *Neoptolemus* himself.



The Army of the Allies march'd in good Order against *Adraftus*, King of the *Daunians*, who contemn'd the Gods, and whose whole Views were to deceive Mankind. *Telemachus* found an even Conduct among so many Monarchs, jealous of one another, subject to great Difficulties. It was necessary to prevent the Jealousy of any one in particular, and to gain the Love of all. He was naturally benevolent, and sincere; but little courteous. He gave himself no great Concern with what might be agreeable to others. He was not fond of Riches, but was averse to part with any Thing. Thus with a Heart truly noble and inclined to Beneficence, he appear'd neither obliging, nor sensible of Friendship, neither liberal nor grateful for the Services done him, nor attentive to the distinguishing true Merit. He was guided by his own Inclinations, without making the least Reflection. His Mother *Penelope*, notwithstanding the Endeavours of *Mentor*, had brought him up in an Arrogance and Pride, which tarnish'd his most amiable Qualities. He look'd upon himself as of a Nature different from other Men, whom he imagined the Gods had placed on Earth to be subservient to his Pleasure, to be his Servants, to prevent his Wishes, and to attribute all Things to him as to a Deity. The Happiness of serving him, he esteem'd a sufficient Recompence for those who served him. When his Inclinations were to be gratified, nothing was to be deem'd impossible, and the least Delay provok'd his violent Spirit.

Whoever had thus seen him, in his natural By-  
 as, would have judg'd him incapable of Affection  
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plaisance for himself, entirely proceeded from the continual Assaults he suffer'd from the Violence of his Passions. His Mother had, from his Cradle, indulged to his Inclinations, and he was a flagrant Example of the Misfortune of such as are born in an exalted Rank. The Severities of Fortune, which he experienced in his early Youth, were not sufficient to allay this Impetuosity and Arrogance. The being entirely destitute, abandon'd and exposed to so many Misfortunes, had in nothing, abated the Haughtiness of his Nature. It always rose again like the supple Palm, which incessantly raises itself, whatever Efforts are employ'd to bring it down.

While *Telemachus* was under the Eye of *Mentor*, these Defects were imperceptible, and diminish'd daily; like a fiery Steed, who bounding o'er th'extended Meads, is not to be stopp'd by steepy Rocks, by Torrents, or by Precipices, obedient only to the Voice and Hand of that one Man who is able to direct and tame him. *Telemachus*, full of a generous Ardour, could be restrain'd by *Mentor* only; but then a Look of his check'd him. In the Instant of his Impetuosity, he understood it's Meaning, and it recalled to his Mind, as instantly, ev'ry virtuous Sentiment. His Wisdom made his Countenance, in a Moment's Space, benign and calm. *Neptune* appeases not more suddenly the gloomy Storms, when with his Trident raised he threatens the mountain Waves.

When *Telemachus* was left to his own Conduct, all these suspended Passions, like a Torrent, stopp'd by Dams, retook their Course. He could not bear with the Arrogance of the *Lacedemonians*, or of *Phalantus*, who was their Leader.

This Colony, establish'd at *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young Men born during the *Trojan*

jan \* Siege, who never had any Education. Their illegitimate Birth, the Wantonness of their Mothers, and the Licentiousness in which they were brought up, had occasion'd their contracting I know not what of Ferocity and Savageness. They were more like a Band of Freebooters, than a Grecian Colony.

*Phalantus* took every Opportunity to thwart *Telemachus*; he often interrupted him in the Assemblies, and slighted his Advice as that of a raw young Man; he treated his Opinion as weak and effeminate, and made it the Subject of his Ridicule. He pointed out to the Chiefs of the Army the least Errors he fell into; he endeavour'd every where to sow a Jealousy, and to make the Haughtiness of *Telemachus* odious to all the Allies.

*Telemachus* having one Day taken some Prisoners from the *Daunians*, *Phalantus* laid Claim to them, alledging that it was he, at the Head of the *Lacedemonians*, had defeated that Party of the Enemy, and that *Telemachus*, seeing the *Daunians* already beaten and put to Flight, had no other Trouble on his Hands than that of giving them Quarter, and escorting them to the Camp. *Telemachus* maintain'd on the contrary, that it was he who had prevented the Defeat of *Phalantus*, and had gain'd the Advantage over the *Daunians*. They both went to the Assembly of the confederate Kings, to support their respective Pretensions. *Telemachus* was transported to such a Degree by his Passion, that he menaced *Phalantus*; and they had fought on the Spot, had they not been prevented.

*Phalantus*

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\* The *Spartans*, walled by a long War with the *Athenians*, gave their Virgins Leave to have a Commerce with such Men as they would chuse; and from these sprang the Race which founded *Tarentum* under the Leading of *Phalantus*.

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*Phalantus* had a Brother, named *Hippias*, famed throughout the Army for his Courage, Strength, and Dexterity. The *Tarentins* \* would say that *Pollux* † excelled him not in the Combat of the *Cæstus*, and *Castor* did not surpass him in the Mienage of a Horse. He near approach'd the Size and Strength of *Hercules*. All the Army fear'd him, for he was rather more quarrelsome and brutal than he was strong and brave.

*Hippias* remarking the Haughtiness with which *Telemachus* had threaten'd his Brother, went hastily, without waiting the Judgment of the Assembly,

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\* *Tarentum* a City in *Magna Græcia*, now called *Taranto*. It took it's Name from *Tarent* a Son of *Neptune*, and was inhabited by the *Spartans*.

† *Pollux*, *Castor*, two Brothers. The Fable of their Birth is thus: *Jupiter* enamour'd with *Leda*, Wife of *Tyndarus* King of *Sparta*, finding her one Day on the Banks of the River *Eurotas*, prevail'd on *Venus* to take the Form of an Eagle, while he assumed that of a Swan, which being pursued by the Eagle, fled for Shelter to the Arms of *Leda*; she conceiv'd, though before with Child, and at the End of nine Months was deliver'd of two Eggs, one of which disclosed *Pollux*, and the fatal Beauty *Helen*; the other, *Castor* and *Clytemnestra*. The two former were reputed the Children of *Jupiter*; the two latter acknowledg'd *Tyndarus* for their Father. *Castor* and *Pollux* were two of the most famous of the *Argonauts*, and greatly distinguish'd by both their Bravery and Piety. When *Castor* was slain in a Combat, between these two Brothers, on one Side, and *Lynceus* and *Idas* on the other; *Pollux*, who was immortal, petition'd *Jupiter* to either give him Death, or suffer him to divide his Immortality with his Brother. This latter was granted. Thus when one of them was in this World, the other retired to the Shades. The Ground of this is, that they are the Sign *Gemini*; and as one of these Stars appears, the other is under the Horizon.



bly, to secure and send away the Prisoners to *Tarentum*. *Telemachus*, who had private Intimation of this, went out trembling with Rage, like a foaming Boar, who seeks the Huntsman from whom he had his Wound. He rov'd through all the Camp, searching with eager Eyes his Enemy, and shaking the Dart with which he resolv'd to lance him. At length he found him, and at his Sight the Fury of *Telemachus* redoubled.

He was no longer the prudent *Ithacian* Prince, taught by *Minerva's* self, under *Mentor's* Form. He was frantick, or rather a furious Lion. He immediately cried to *Hippias*, Stay thou most deprav'd of all Mankind! Stay! we shall now see if thou art able to carry off the Spoils of those whom I have conquer'd. Thou shalt never lead them to *Tarentum*: Go, descend, this Instant, to the dread Banks of gloomy *Styx*. He spoke and hurl'd his Dart; but with too great a Rage to take right Aim. The Dart touch'd not *Hippias*. *Telemachus* immediately betook him to his Sword. The Hilt was Gold, and it was a Present made him by *Laertes*, at leaving *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Affection. *Laertes* \*, in his Youth, had with great Fame employ'd this Sword, which with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirotes* had been tinctur'd, in a sharp War, from which *Laertes* return'd a Conqueror.

Scarce had *Telemachus* unsheath'd his Sword, but *Hippias*, designing to take Advantage of his Strength, clos'd in to wrench the Weapon from the Hand of great *Ulysses's* Son. The Sword broke between them, they liez'd and closely lock'd each other,

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\* *Laertes* Son of *Arcefus*, and Father of *Ulysses*. This *Arcefus* was Son of *Jupiter*.

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other, appearing like two fierce savage Beasts, each mutually endeavouring to rend his Enemy. The Fire sparkled in their Eyes, they cowered down, extended their Bodies, they bow'd, they rose again, and with Violence rush'd on, each thirsting after Blood. They were close engag'd Foot to Foot, Arm to Arm, their intertwining Bodies appear'd to Sight but one; but *Hippias* being more advanced in Years, must seemingly have proved an Over-match for *Telemachus*, whose tender Youth was not so nervous. *Telemachus*, out of Breath, felt his Knees began to fail; *Hippias* finding him stagger, redoubled his Efforts; the Son of *Ulysses* touch'd upon the Verge of Fate, and was on the Point of suffering the Punishment of his Temerity and Passion, had not *Minerva*, who at a Distance protected and suffer'd him, to fall into this Extremity of Danger, for his Instruction, determin'd the Victory in his Favour.

She quitted not the Palace of *Salentum*, but sent the speedy *Iris* Ambassadress of the Immortal Gods. She flew, and with a nimble Wing cut through the Space immense of liquid Air, leaving behind her a glaring Track of Light, which with a thousand Colours beautify'd the Clouds. She lighted not 'till she had reach'd the Boundaries of that Sea, near which th'innumerable Army of the Allies encamp'd. She, at a Distance, saw the Contest, the Warmth, the Efforts of the two engaged. She shudder'd at the Danger of young *Telemachus*. She approach'd, wrap'd in a lucid Cloud of subtle Vapours, which she had condens'd, at the Instant *Hippias* collecting his whole Strength, thought himself assured of Victory. She cover'd with the immortal *Ægis*, entrusted to her by *Minerva*, the youthful Pupil of  
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that wise Deity. Instant, *Telemachus*, whose Strength was now exhausted, began to feel fresh Vigour. In Proportion as the *Ithacian* Prince gather'd new Force, *Hippias* was confus'd; he felt I know not what divine, which astonished at once, and bore him down. *Telemachus* urged him hard, and attack'd him in different Positions; he stagger'd him, and left him not a Moment to recover: at length he threw him to the Ground, and fell upon him. A tow'ring Oak of *Ida's* Mountain, which has stood a thousand Wounds from the inflicting Ax, makes not, in it's Fall, a Noise more dreadful. The Earth groan'd, and trembled, all around.

*Telemachus* in recovering Strength found again his Mind enlighten'd by Wisdom. Hardly was *Hippias* fallen under him, when the Son of great *Ulysses* perceiv'd the Fault he had committed, in thus assailing the Brother of a confederate King, to whose Assistance he himself was come. He, with Confusion, called to Mind the prudent Counsels of sage *Mentor*: he was asham'd of his Victory, and was sensible that he had merited to be subdued. In the Interim *Phalantus*, with Rage transported, ran to the Assistance of his Brother, and had transfix'd *Telemachus* with the Dart he grasp'd, had he not fear'd the Piercing *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* kept under on the dusty Plain. The Son of *Ulysses* might with Ease have deprived his Enemy of Life; but his Anger was appeas'd, and his whole Thoughts were bent on repairing the Error he had committed, by giving an Instance of his Moderation. He arose, saying, O *Hippias*, I am satisfy'd with having taught you never to despise my Youth. Live; I admire both your Strength and Courage. 'Tis to the Gods I owe my

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my Preservation; submit you to their Pow'r, and let us hereafter think of nothing but fighting in Conjunction against the *Daunians*.

While *Telemachus* spoke *Hippias* arose, cover'd with Blood and Dust, full of Rage, and o'erspread with Shame. *Phalantus* durst not deprive the Man of Life, who had so generously spared his Brother's. He was in Suspence, and not himself. All the confederate Kings ran to them; they led *Telemachus* one Way, *Phalantus* and *Hippias* they led another; the Pride of the latter being greatly humbled, he durst not raise his Eyes. The Army could not sufficiently express their Astonishment, to see that *Telemachus* in an unripe Age, when Men have not attain'd to their complete Strength, had been able to overthrow *Hippias*, resembling in his Size and Vigour the Earth-born \* Giants, who once attempted to drive th'Immortal Pow'rs from *Olympus*' Height.

But

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\* *Saturn* cut off the Genitals of his Father *Cælum*, and from the Blood of the Wound sprang the Giants, and these undertook the Siege of Heaven, to dethrone *Jupiter*, and to this End piled Mount *Ossa* on Mount *Pelion*. *Jupiter* terrified at the Sight of these Enemies, called all the Gods to his Assistance; and as the Goddess *Styx* was the first who came, bringing with her her Children Victory, Power, Æmulation, and Strength, *Jupiter* was so highly obliged, that he ordain'd the Oath made by her Name should be inviolable. *Jupiter* was in the utmost Apprehension, on Account of a Tradition which taught him, that none of the Gods could take the Life of a Giant, who would be invincible, if the immortal Powers were not assisted by some Mortal; wherefore he took *Hercules* to assist him, who with his Arrows often overthrew *Alcyoneus*; but this Giant, like *Antæus*, rose stronger by every Fall; wherefore  
*Pallas*,

But the Son of *Ulysses*, far from reaping any Satisfaction by this Conquest, while others could not admire him enough, withdrew to his Tent, cover'd with Shame, and to himself quite insupportable, for the Fault committed. He bewail'd his Heat, convinced how unreasonable, how unjust he was in these Sallys of his Rage. He discover'd I know not what of Weakness, Vanity and Meanness, in this excessive Haughtiness. He was sensible that true Greatness consisted alone in Moderation, Modesty, Justice and Humanity. He was fully convinced of this ; but after having so oft relaps'd, he durst not even hope he could amend. He made War upon himself, and he was heard to roar like an enraged Lion.

Two Days he shut himself up in his Tent alone, and could not resolve to enter into any Company, inflicting Penance on himself. Alas, he cried, shall I dare to meet again the Eyes of *Mentor*?

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*Pallas*, clasping him round the Middle, carry'd him beyond the Orbit of the Moon, where he expired ; some say that *Hercules* killed him. In the Interim *Porphyrio*, who, with *Alcyoneus*, were the two most celebrated of the Giants, engaged with *Hercules* and *Juno*. *Jupiter*, to facilitate the Victory, inspired the Giant with a violent Passion for *Juno*, and he was upon the Point of forcing her, when *Hercules* with his Arrows, and *Jupiter* with his Thunder-bolts slew him.

*Ephialtes* and his Brother *Orus*, Sons of *Neptune*, begotten on *Iphimedia*, Wife of the Giant *Alocus*, whom the Sea-God ravish'd, were two formidable Giants, and attack'd *Mars* ; but *Apollo* shot out the left Eye, and *Hercules* the right of *Ephialtes*, that he was oblig'd to retire from the Battle. These Brothers grew nine Fingers Length every Month. *Erritus*, who assaulted *Hercules*, was killed with the Arm of a Tree, at the Time that

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Am I *Ulysses'* Son? his, the wisest and the most patient of all the Race of Men? Am I come hither to sow Diffension, and introduce Confusion in the Army of the confederate Monarchs? Is it theirs or the *Daunians* Blood I ought to shed? I have been rash. I knew not even how to lance my Dart. I have expos'd my self, with unequal Strength, in fighting *Hippias*. I ought alone to have expected Death, and the Scandal of being conquer'd; but where had been the Misfortune? I should exist no longer. No longer be the rash *Telemachus*, that young Extravagant, on whom all good Advice is lost, and Shame had ended with my Life. Alas! could I but at length hope that I should no more be guilty of what causes my present Grief, I should indeed be truly happy! but, possibly, e'er the Close of Day, I shall or commit or at least attempt the very Fault, which I now so heartily detest. O fatal Victory! O

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that *Hecate*, or rather *Vulcan*, laid *Chytius* sprawling with a red hot Bar of Iron. *Enceladus*, who was of the greatest Stature of all the Giants, finding the Gods victorious, took to Flight; but *Minerva* stopp'd him by throwing *Sicily* in his Way; *Jupiter* threw Mount *Ætna* upon him. *Polybotes* was pursued by *Neptune*, who, flying cross the Sea, came to the Isle of *Cos*; the God tearing a Part of this Island, overwhelm'd him with it; the Part rent off form'd the Island *Nisyros*. *Minerva* having vanquish'd *Pallas* the Giant, skinn'd him, and wore this Spoil as an Armour. *Mercury*, arm'd with *Pluto's* Head-piece, killed the Giant *Hyppolitus*; and *Diana* the Giant *Gratton*. The *Deities* slew *Agrius* and *Tbaon*. At length *Typhon* arose, and proved more formidable to the Gods than all the other Giants together; but, he being overcome, Peace was restored in Heaven.



intolerable Applause, cruel Reproaches of my Folly !

While he was thus alone and inconsolable, *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* came to visit him. *Nestor* with Design to expostulate on the Injury that he had done ; but soon observing the young Man's piercing Grief, he changed his grave Remonstrances to Words of Tenderness, to alleviate his deep Despair.

This Quarrel had stopp'd the Progress of the confederate Princes, who could not advance towards the Enemy 'till they had reconciled *Telemachus* with *Hippias* and *Phalantus*. They hourly apprehended the Troops of *Tarentum* falling upon the Hundred *Cretan* Youths, whom *Telemachus* commanded in the present War ; all was in Confusion by his Fault, and he, who saw the many instant Mischiefs and future Dangers, which took Rise from him, gave himself up to a deep Melancholy. All the Princes were in an extreme Perplexity, and durst not march the Army, lest, in the Route, the *Cretans* under *Telemachus*, and the *Tarentines* commanded by *Phalantus*, should come to Blows. It was no small Trouble to prevent their fighting even in the Camp, where they were narrowly observ'd. *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* incessantly went between the Tents of *Telemachus* and the implacable *Phalantus*, who breath'd nothing but Revenge. The insinuating Eloquence of *Nestor*, and the Authority of *Philoctetes*, were not of Avail to moderate this savage Breast, which was beside enflamed by the furious Instigations of his Brother *Hippias*. Th' *Ithacian* Prince was much more tractable, but o'erwhelm'd with Grief, too great for Mitigation.

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While the Princes were in this Trouble, all the Troops were in a Consternation; the whole Camp seem'd like a distracted Family, newly deprived of a Father, who was the Support of his Relations, and comfortable Hope of his young Offspring.

In this Disorder and Consternation of the Army, there was on a sudden heard a terrifying Noise of Chariots, Arms, Neighing of Horses, Cries of Men, some like those of Victors, animated for Slaughter; some again like those who fled, were wounded, or were dying. A Deluge of Dust form'd a thick Cloud, which obscured the Sky, and cover'd all the Camp. This Dust was mingled soon with a thick suffocating Smoke, which darken'd all the Air. A sudden Noise was heard, like that of *Ætna*, vomiting from it's fiery Entrails Sheets of Flame, while *Vulcan*, and his *Cyclopes*, the Thunders forge, for the great Father of th'Immortal Gods. Terror seiz'd upon the Hearts of all.

*Adrastus*, vigilant and indefatigable, had surpriz'd th'Allies. He had concealed his own, and had an Intimation of their March. He us'd incredible Expedition to encompass a Mountain, almost inaccessible, all the Passes of which had been secured by the Allies. As they had seiz'd these Defiles, they thought themselves in full Security, and imagin'd themselves by Means of these Passes, which they occupy'd, able to fall upon the Enemy on the other Side the Mountain, when they had receiv'd some Reinforcements, for which they waited.

*Adrastus*, who sow'd his Money by Hands full, to discover the Secrets of his Enemies, had gain'd Intelligence of their Resolution; for *Nestor* and *Phi-*

*Philoctetes*, two Chiefs, who in other Respects were Men of Prudence and Experience, were not sufficiently secret in their Enterprises. *Nestor*, in his declining Age, took too great a Pleasure in relating such Things as might acquire Applause. *Philoctetes* was naturally less loquacious, but he was warm; and the least Thing that excited this Warmth made him discover what he had resolved should not be known. Artful Men had found the Key of his Breast, and could thence draw out his most important Secrets: You need only provoke him, and then, passionate and divested of Reason, he laid himself open in his Menaces, and vaunted the certain Means of compassing his Designs. The least Doubt shewn of these Means, he hastily and inconsiderately told them; and the weightiest Secret broke forth from the most inward Recesses of his Heart. Like a Vessel of great Price, but crack'd, which loses the most precious Liquors. The Heart of this great Chieftain could contain nothing.

The Traitors, who had been corrupted by the Gold of *Adrastus*, failed not to take Advantage of the Weakness of these two Monarchs. They incessantly sooth'd *Nestor* with their empty Praises; they recalled to Mind his former Victories, admired his Foresight, and were never tired with applauding him. On the other Hand, they laid perpetual Snares for the violent Temper of *Philoctetes*. They never spoke to him but of Difficulties, of Disappointments, of Dangers, Inconveniencies, and irreparable Oversights. As soon as his hasty Temper was enflamed, his Prudence deserted him, and he became another Sort of Man.

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*Telemachus* have men respect to his Misfor from his I the Preter conceal hi even had commonly; he which he unaffected Sentimen with Safe Things, enter on ner of A trable, na knew ne necessary timents. He entr portion' their Fri *Telem* tions of divulge *Nestor*, though due At Old Ag tude ha and sca fects: Trunk never

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*Telemachus*, notwithstanding the Defects we have mention'd, was much more prudent with respect to Secrecy. He had been inured to it by his Misfortunes, and the Necessity he had been in from his Infancy, to conceal his Thoughts from the Pretenders to his Mother. He had the Art to conceal his Secret, and yet avoid a Falſity. He even had nothing of that reſerv'd myſterious Air, commonly observable in your Men of Taciturnity; he did not appear burthen'd with a Secret which he was to keep; he always appear'd eaſy, unaffected, ſincere, as he who ever ſpeaks his real Sentiments. In ſpeaking of what he might divulge with Safety, he knew exactly when to ſtop at thoſe Things, which might give the leaſt Suſpicion, or enter on his Secrets; and this without any Manner of Affectation. Thus was his Heart impenetrable, nay inacceſſible. His moſt intimate Friends knew no more from him than what he thought neceſſary to diſcover to them, to have their Sentiments. With *Mentor* only he was unreſerved. He entrusted other Friends, but in Degrees proportion'd to the Experience he had made both of their Friendſhip and of their Prudence.

*Telemachus* had often obſerv'd, that the Reſolutions of the Council had been a little too much divulged among the Soldiers; of this he inform'd *Nefor*, and *Philoctetes*: but theſe two Princes, though of ſo great Experience, did not give a due Attention to this wholeſome Intimation. Old Age is altogether inflexible; a long Habitue has in a manner bound it down in Chains, and ſcarce has it any Remedy left for it's Defects: Like Trees, whoſe rough and knotted Trunks, harden'd by a long Train of Years, never can again grow ſtraite. Men, at a certain

tain Age, can never take a Bent contrary to particular and inveterate Customs, which have grown old with them, and are rooted even in the very Marrow of their Bones. They are often sensible of this, but it is too late, they sigh in vain; for Youth is the only Age in which a Man has a despotick Power o'er himself for his Amendment.

There was a certain *Dolopian* \* in the Army, named *Eurimachus*, an insinuating Sycophant, who had the Art to conform himself to all the different Tempers and Passions of the Princes. He was ingenious and indefatigable in contriving new Methods to amuse them. Nothing, according to his Manner of Talk, was ever difficult; if his Opinion was asked, he guess'd at what would be most agreeable. He was a Buffoon, satyrical on Men of weak Capacities; but a Spaniel with those of whom he stood in Awe; expert in dressing out Applause in so refin'd a manner that it might be heard by the most Discreet. With the Grave he was reserved, and with the Sprightly gay. He took all Shapes with great Facility. Men of Honour and Sincerity who never varied, but always kept within the Rules of Vertue, could never be so agreeable to Princes who are subject to their Passions. *Eurimachus* was not ignorant of the Trade of War, and had a Genius for the Cabinet. He was a Knight errant, who had devoted himself to *Nestor*, and gain'd his Confidence. He worm'd out of the very Bottom of his Heart, somewhat addicted to Vanity, and susceptible of Applause, whatever he was desirous to know.

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\* A People of *Theffaly*.

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Tho' *Philoctetes* put no Trust in this Syco-phant, yet his cholerick and impatient Temper gave him the same Advantage as did the Confidence of *Nestor*. *Eurimachus*'s Business was to contradict; by provoking him, and he discover'd all he wanted. *Adrastus* had bribed this Man with large Sums, to inform of him of all the Designs of the Allies. The King of the *Daunians* had in their Army a Number of Deserters, whose Business it was, one after another, to run from the confederate Camp, and return to his; and when any Thing of Importance was to be imparted to *Adrastus*, *Eurimachus* sent away one of these Deserters. This Fraud could not be easily discover'd, as the Deserters never carried Letters. If they were taken, nothing could be found to bring *Eurimachus* under the least Suspicion.

In the mean Time *Adrastus* defeated all the Designs of the Confederates. Scarcely was a Resolution agreed to in the Council, but the *Daunian* took the very Methods necessary to render it successless. *Telemachus* was indefatigable to discover the Cause of this, and to endeavour to excite the Diffidence of *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*; but his Care was fruitless. They were blinded.

It was resolv'd in Council, to wait the Arrival of a strong Reinforcement, which was expected, and an hundred Vessels were sent away privately in the Night, to transport these Forces, with greater Expedition, from a rugged Coast, where they were to rendezvous, to the Place, where the Army was encamp'd. In the Interim, they look'd upon themselves entirely secure, as their Troops were possess'd of the Passes of a neighbouring Mountain, which is one of the Sides, almost inaccessible, of the *Apenine* Hills. The Army was

encamp'd on the Banks of the River *Galesus* \*, not far distant from the Sea. This delightful Country abounded with Forage, and whatever was necessary for the Support of the Army. *Adrastus* lay on the other Side the Mountain, and they look'd upon his passing it as impracticable ; but as he well knew that the Allies were yet but weak, that a strong Reinforcement was to join them, that the Ships waited for the Troops that were to arrive, that the Quarrel between *Telemachus* and *Phalantus* had sown Division in their Army, he expeditiously, taking a large Circumference, marching Night and Day, gain'd the Sea-coasts, and pass'd through Ways which were always thought to be absolutely impassable. Thus Resolution and indefatigable Labour surmount the greatest Obstacles ; thus, scarcely any thing is impossible to such who have the Courage to attempt, and Patience to endure, and thus, they who are lulled in Security, by counting Difficulties impossible, deserve to be surpriz'd and overpowered.

*Adrastus*, by Break of Day, surpriz'd the hundred Ships belonging to the Allies. As these Vessels were but poorly guarded, and that no Danger was apprehended, he, without Resistance, siez'd and made Use of them, with incredible Expedition, to transport his Forces to the Mouth of *Galesus* ; after which he, with extreme Diligence, steer'd up (stemming the Tide of) the River. They who were in the advanced Posts of the Camp, near the Banks, imagined that these Vessels brought the Reinforcements they expected. Immediately they saluted them with joyful and loud Cheers. *Adrastus*

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\* A River in *Calabria*, that runs into the Bay of *Tarentum*.

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*tus* and his Forces landed before the Allies could know their Mistake : The *Daunians* fell upon the Allies, who had no Suspicion of Danger ; they found them in an open Camp, without Order, Arms, or any Commander.

The Side of the Camp which he first attack'd, was that of the *Tarentines*, commanded by *Phalantus*. The *Daunians* entered it with such Resolution, that the *Lacedemonian* Youth, being surpriz'd, could make no Resistance. While they were seeking their Arms, and in the Confusion a Hindrance to one another, *Adraftus* set Fire to the Camp. Immediately the Flames of the Tents rose to the distant Clouds ; the Noise of the Fire resembled that of a Torrent, which deluges the Country round, and in it's rapid Course sweeps along large Oaks with their extended Roots, Harvests, Barns, Stalls, Herds and Flocks. The Wind impetuously drove the Flame from Tent to Tent, and, in an Instant, all the Camp entire resembled an ancient Forest, which a kindling Spark enflames.

*Phalantus* who nearer than the Rest, perceiv'd, could not prevent, the Danger. He saw his Troops must necessarily perish in the Conflagration, if they did not precipitately quit the Camp. But then again, he saw the Hazard of such a confus'd Retreat in Presence of a conquering Enemy. He began to draw out the *Lacedemonian* Youth half arm'd ; but *Adraftus* allow'd them not the Time even to breathe. On the one Hand, a Band of able Archers, with a Cloud of Arrows, gall'd the Forces of *Phalantus* ; while, on the other, his Slingers hurl'd a Shower of large sized Stones : *Adraftus* himself, Sword in Hand, heading a select Band of the most intrepid *Daunians*, guided

by the Flames, pursued the flying Troops. He hew'd in Pieces, with the sanguinary Steel, all who had escaped the Fire's devouring Rage. He waded on in Blood, insatiable of Slaughter. Lions and Tygers, when they in pieces rend the Shepherds with their bleating Flocks, equal not this Monarch's Fury. The Troops of *Phalantus* gave way, their Courage fail'd ; pale Death, led by an infernal Fury with snaky Locks, froze the Purple Liquid in their trembling Veins ; their Limbs benumb'd were chill'd, and their faltering Knees deprived them even of Hopes of Flight.

*Phalantus*, to whom Despair and Shame furnish'd some Remains of Strength and Resolution, with Eyes and Hands uplifted, implored the Immortal Gods. He saw his Brother *Hippias*, stretch'd at his Feet by the thundering Arm of fierce *Adrastus*, roll in the Dust, while the black Gore gush'd, like a Rivulet, from the deep Wound which had transfix'd his Side ; his Eyes were clos'd to Day, and his Soul enraged issued with his whole Mass of Blood, with which *Phalantus*' self was stain'd, who, unable to assist him, was envelopp'd with a Croud of Enemies eagerly pressing to his Destruction ; a thousand Shafts found Passage through his Shield ; his whole Body was, almost, one Wound : he could not rally his flying Troops ; the Gods beheld him, but with Eyes quite void of Pity.

*End of the Sixteenth Book.*

T H E



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the SEVENTEENTH.

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ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS having put on his divine Armour, flies to the Assistance of Phalantus. He at first overthrows Iphicles, the Son of Adrastus, repels the conquering Enemy, and had gained a complete Victory, if an intervening Storm had not put an End to the Battle. After this, Telemachus causes the



*Wounded to be carry'd off, takes Care of them, and, in particular, of Phalantus. He attends, as chief Mourner, at the Obsequies of his Brother Hippias, whose Ashes he carries to him, having gather'd them in a golden Urn.*



**J**UPITER, encompass'd by the Celestial Deities, beheld from *Olympus'* Height this Slaughter of the Confederates; at the same Time he search'd the irreverfable Decrees of Fate, and saw what Chiefs would, on that Day, have their Thread of Life cut by the Shears of *Atropos*. All the Gods were intent on discovering by his Countenance the Will of *Jove*. The Father both of Gods and Men said, in a mild and majestick Voice, You see to what Extremities the confederate Army is reduced. You see *Adraftus* bear down all his Foes; but how deceitful is the Prospect! The Glory, the Prosperity of wicked Men is short in their Duration. The impious *Adraftus*, hateful for his Improbability, shall not obtain a Victory complete. This Misfortune has befallen the Allies, to teach them to amend their Errors, and with more Caution to conceal their Views. Here *Pallas* designs fresh Honours for young *Telemachus*, who is her sole Delight. The Thunderer spoke: And all the Gods, in a profound Silence, continued to behold the Battle.

In the Interim, *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* were inform'd, that Part of the Camp was already burn'd, and that the Flames, driven by the Winds, continued

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*MACQUE accompagne la Pompe funebre d'HIPPIAS avec toutes les marques d'un Deuil sincere*

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nued their Progress; that the Troops were in Disorder, and that *Phalantus* could no longer make Head against the Violence of the Enemy. Scarce had they hear'd this melancholy Account e're they flew to Arms, assembled the Commanders, and gave Orders to, that Moment, abandon the Camp, that they might avoid the Flames.

*Telemachus*, inconsolable and dejected, forgot his Grief. He took his Arms, the invaluable Present of the wise *Minerva*, who appearing under the Form of *Mentor*, feign'd the having receiv'd them from an excellent Workman of *Salentum*, though she had got them made by *Vulcan*, in the smoaky Caverns of Mount *Ætna*.

They were polish'd like a Miroir, and resplendent as the Sun. On these appear'd *Pallas*, and the Ruler of the Seas, contesting who should impose the Name to a rising City. *Neptune*, with his Trident, struck the Earth, and, instant, a fiery Courser started out to Sight. Flame issued from his Eyes, and from his Mouth he cast the ardent Foam; his Main wav'd in the sporting Breeze, his nimble and his nervous Leggs he plyed with such Agility and Strength, that instead of walking he bounded by the Vigour of his Reins, with a Velocity which left no Traces of his Steps. One might have thought he heard this Courser neigh.

On the other Side, *Minerva* presented the Inhabitants, of this new City, with the Olive; a Fruit of that Tree which she herself had planted. The Branch, on which this Fruit was pendent, an Emblem was of gentle Peace, and Plenty, preferable to the Disorders of a War, represented by the fiery Steed. The Goddess triumph'd by these plain,

these useful Gifts, and lofty *Athens* \* bore *Minerva*'s Name.

Beside, *Minerva* was represented assembling around her the Liberal Arts, described by tender Infants graced with Wings, seeking her Protection, as frighten'd by the savage Rage of *Mars*, which lays all waste; as bleating Lambs, seeing the famish'd Wolf, that with gaping and voracious Jaws rushes forward to devour them, fly to their Dams for Refuge. *Minerva*, with a disdainful irritated Countenance, confounds, by the Excellency of her Works, the presumptuous Folly of *Arachne* †, who durst contend with her the Honour of the Loom. Th'unhappy *Lydian* Maid was seen, with Limbs extenuated and disfigured, into a Spider changed.

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\* A very famous City and University in Greece, situated on the Sea-coast. They tell us that *Neptune* and *Minerva* contended which of the two should give a Name to the Town, and agreed, that which of them produced the most useful Present to Mortals, should impose the Name. *Neptune* produced a Horse; *Minerva* the Olive Tree, which was adjudg'd by one casting Voice to be of more Advantage to Men; and she called the City *Athens*, from her own Name: 'Twas first built by *Cecrops*, and called *Cecropia*, now *Setines*. This *Cecrops* first enacted Marriages, built Altars, set up Images, and offer'd Sacrifices, among the *Greeks*. He lived about the Time of *Moses*.

† *Arachne* Daughter of *Idmon* the Soothsayer, Son of *Apollo* and *Asteria*. She was esteem'd the Inventrix of Spinning, and is said to have challeng'd *Minerva* to weave with her; the Goddess seeing her Work inimitable, threw a Shuttle at her Head, others say, broke her Work; which she took so much to Heart, that she hanged herself, and was by *Minerva* changed into a Spider. She was of *Lydia*.

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Next appear'd again to View the same *Minerva*, who in the Giants War counsell'd e'en *Jove* himself, and animated the other Deities amazed. She was also figur'd with her *Ægis*, and her Lance, upon the Banks of *Xanthus* \*, and of *Simois* †, guiding *Ulysses*, while he reanimated the flying Grecian Troops, and withstood th' Assaults of the bravest Trojan Chiefs, and *Hector's* ‡ self. And lastly introducing this favourite Hero into the famed *Machine* ||, which in a single Night was to subvert the Empire of old *Priam*.

On another Part, this Buckler represented *Ceres* § in the fertile Fields of *Enna*, placed in the Midst of the *Sicilian* Isle. There was the Goddess drawing together th' Inhabitants dispers'd, seeking by the Chace their Sustenance, or gathering such wild Fruits as fell from Trees. She taught these unpolish'd Men the Art to render tractable the Earth, and from her fruitful Bosom to extract their Food. She presented them the Plough, to which she yolk'd the lab'ring Ox; the Ground was seen to open in deep Furrows by the Iron Share, and afterwards the golden Harvest covering o'er the fruitful Plains. The Reaper, with his Hook, cut down

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\* *Xanthus* or *Scamander*, a River in *Troas*, which rises in Mount *Ida*, and discharges it self into the *Hellepont*.

† *Simois* a River in the less *Phrygia*, whose Source is also in Mount *Ida*.

‡ *Hector*, the Son of King *Priamus*, the bravest among the *Trojans*, and the most formidable to the *Grecians*; he was slain by *Achilles*.

|| *Machine*: This was the Wooden Horse.

§ *Ceres*, the Goddess of Tillage, was the Daughter of *Saturn*, and Mother of *Plutus* the God of Riches. She was Queen of *Sicily*, and taught Agriculture to the Greeks, and for this Reason accounted the Goddess of Husbandry.

the gratefull Product of the labour'd Soil, which amply recompenced him all his Pains. Iron, destin'd elsewhere for total Devastation, seem'd here alone employ'd to be the Harbinger of Plenty, and to give Birth to ev'ry Pleasure. The Nymphs, with Flowers crown'd, in Beavies danced o'er a lovely Mead, upon a River's Bank, and near a verdant Grove. *Pan* inspired his Flute; the Fauns and wanton Satyrs, in a Corner, frolick'd; *Bacchus* also was there seen, his Head with Ivy crown'd, on his Thyrsus leaning with one Hand, and in the other holding a Vine adorn'd with Branches, laden with Clusters of the luscious Grape. His Beauty was effeminate, yet had something I know not what of grand, of amorous and languid. He was represented as he appear'd to the unhappy *Ariadne*, when he found her solitary, deserted and weigh'd down with Grief, upon a Coast unknown.

On every Hand were seen Numbers of People; ancient Men, who carried their First Fruit-offerings to the Temple; young Men, fatigued with Labours of the Day, returning to their impatient Wives, who go forth to meet them, leading by the Hand their tender Babes, whom, as they go, they fondle. Shepherds also were there seen, some of whom appear'd as if they sang, while others to the tuneful Reed led on the Dance. Every Thing spoke Peace, Plenty, Pleasure; all appear'd gay and happy: Even in the Pastures, Wolves sported among the bleating Flocks; the Lion and the Tyger, having divested their Ferocity, mingled peaceably with tender Lambs; a little Shepherd, with his Crook, drove them in Company together. This lovely Image recalled all the Blessings of the Golden Age.

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*Telemachus* having buckled on these Arms divine, instead of taking his own Shield, grasp'd the terrible *Ægis*, which *Minerva* sent him by *Iris*, the speedy Messenger of the Immortal Gods. She convey'd away his Shield, unperceiv'd, and gave him in it's Stead this *Ægis*, which strikes with Terror e'en the Gods themselves.

Thus arm'd, he left in haste the Camp, t'avoid th'approaching Flames; with a loud Voice he call'd on all the Chiefs, and his Voice gave new Courage to the dismay'd Allies; a divine Brightness sparkled in the Eyes of this young Warrior; he appear'd in every Thing ever calm, easy, and compos'd, and as intent in giving Orders, as a prudent Man, advanced in Years, is in the Regularity of his Family, and th'Instruction of his Children: but in Execution warm and rapid; like an impetuous River, which not only roll's precipitately on it's frothing Waves; but bears, in it's Course, along, the largest Vessels, which on it's Bosom float.

*Philoctetes*, *Nestor*, and the principal of the *Mandurians*, and other Nations, were sensible of an unspeakable Authority in *Ulysses'* Son, to which every thing must yield. The Experience of the Aged fail'd them. The Commanders were depriv'd of Prudence and of Counsel; even Jealousy, so natural to Men, was in their Hearts extinct. All were silent, all admired *Telemachus*, all were ready to obey him, even before they were aware, as if it were a customary Thing. He went forward and ascended a little Hill, whence he consider'd the Situation of the Enemy. In an Instant he concluded, that they should be expeditious to surprize them in the Confusion into which the Burning of the confederate Camp had thrown them. He, with Speed, took a Circuit, follow'd by the most experienced Chiefs. He attack'd the

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*Daunians* in the Rear, at the Time they imagined the confederate Army enveloped in the Flames, which consum'd the Camp.

This Surprise put them in Disorder, they fell under the Arm of *Telemachus*, as Leaves in the latter Days of *August* fall in the Forests, when the strong Northern Wind, ushering in the Winter's Cold, makes the ancient Trunks groan with it's Blasts, and strongly shakes each Branch. The Earth was cover'd with Men overthrown by the *Ithacian*. With his Dart he pierced the Heart of *Iphicles*, the youngest of *Adrastus*' Sons, who had the Courage to encounter him, intent to save his Father's Life, whom *Telemachus* had almost surprized.

The Son of *Ulysses*, and *Iphicles*, were both beautiful, vigorous, expert, and brave; of the same Stature, the same Sweetness of Temper, the same Age, and both tenderly belov'd by their respective Parents; but *Iphicles* was like an opening Flower of the Field, destined to the Mower's Scythe. After him, this Pupil of *Minerva* slew *Euphorion*, the most celebrated of all the *Lydians* who from *Etruria* came. At length, his thirsty Blade he bury'd in *Cleomenes*, who, lately marry'd, had promis'd to his Bride rich and hostile Spoils, but who was never to behold her more.

*Adrastus* seeing the Death of his beloved Son, of several of his Captains, and that the Victory was ravish'd from his Hands, trembled with Rage. *Phalantus*, well nigh, prostrate at his Feet, resembled a Victim that's half slain, which eluding the sacred Blade flies from the Altar. A Moment's longer Space, and *Adrastus* had triumph'd o'er the *Lacedemonian* Chief.

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*Phalantus*, bath'd in his own and in the Soldiers Blood, hearing the Voice of the *Ithacian* Prince, hasting to his Relief, receiv'd new Life; and the thick Mist was dissipated, which had begun to overcast his Eyes. The *Daunians*, who perceiv'd this unforeseen Assault, quitted *Phalantus*, that they might repel an Enemy more dangerous. *Adrastus* resembled a Tyger, from which the Shepherds, gather'd in a Body, rescue the Prey from his devouring Jaws. *Telemachus* sought him in the Throng, designing at once to end the War, by delivering the Confederates from a Foe implacable; but *Jove* would not allow *Ulysses'* Son t'obtain a Victory so instant and so easy. *Minerva's* self would have him suffer yet farther Ills, that he might learn to reign.

The impious *Adrastus* was therefore by the Father of the Gods preserv'd, that *Telemachus* might have a Time t'acquire greater Virtue, greater Glory. A Cloud obscure, which *Jove* had gather'd in the Air, saved the *Daunian* Troops; a dreadful Thunder spoke the Will of the Immortal Gods. One would have thought that the eternal Roofs of high *Olympus* were falling on the Heads of helpless Mortals. The Lightnings rent from Pole to Pole the Clouds; and at the Instant the Eyes were dazzled with their penetrating Gleams, a dreadful Darkness of profoundest Night survened. A heavy Show'r of Rain in the same Moment fell, and contributed to separate the Armies.

*Adrastus* took Advantage of the Succour from the immortal Gods, but was insensible to their Pow'r, and by this Ingratitude well merited to be reserv'd for a more severe Vengeance. He used great Expedition to make his Forces file off  
between



between the Camp half lain in Ashes, and a Morass which extended to the River. He made his Retreat with so much Art and Diligence, that it demonstrated a great Presence of Mind, and great Dexterity. The Allies, animated by *Telemachus*, would have pursued him; but he escaped them, by the Assistance of the Storm, as a swift-wing'd Bird escapes the Fowler's Nets.

The Confederates bent their whole Thoughts on returning to their Camp, and repairing the Damage done. Their Entrance gave them a Prospect of the greatest Miseries of War. The Sick and Wounded, wanting Strength to crawl from out their Tents, could not escape the Fire. They appear'd half burnt; their dying and their plaintive Cries piercing the very Vaults of Heaven. The Heart of *Telemachus* was touch'd so sensibly, that he could not restrain his falling Tears, and siezed with Horror and Compassion, averted oft his Eyes. He could not without shuddering view these Bodies, which as yet drawing in the vital Air, were destin'd to a lingering agonizing Death. They look'd like the Flesh of Victims on the Altars, burn'd, diffusing all around their Savour.

Alas, cried *Telemachus*, these are the Evils which attend on War. What inconsiderate Rage impells unhappy Mortals! How few are the Days allotted them on Earth! How miserable are they! Why hasten Men that Death which is, already, so very near at Hand! Why superadd to the Afflictions which the Gods have mingled with our short Life, such hideous Desolation! Men are all Brethren, yet do they destroy each other! The furious Beasts have yet less Cruelty than they. Lions war not on Lions, nor Tygers on their Species; they attack but such as are of a different Kind. Men  
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## Book XVII. of TELEMACHUS. III

alone, in Spight of Reason, do what the irrational Beasts have never done. But moreover, wherefore these Wars? Does not the Globe afford Earth enough to allot to every Man even more than he can cultivate? What prodigious Tracts of Land do now lie waste? More than can be peopled by the whole Race of Man. Shall then vain Glory, the empty Title of a Conqueror, which a Prince is anxious to acquire, light up the Flames of War in extended Nations! Thus one Man, whom the Resentment of the Gods have placed on Earth, shall inhumanly make Victims of such a Number of his Species to his own Vanity. All must perish, all must swim in Blood; consuming Flames must prey on all; and what escapes the thirsty Steel and Fire, must not escape from the more cruel Famine; that a single Man, who, wanton, sports with Mankind, may find his Glory, may find his Satisfaction in the unlimited Destruction! How monstrous is this Glory! Can we too much detest, can we too much despise Men who are thus forgetful of Humanity?

No; no; far from being demi-Gods, they are not even Men; and ought to be laden with the Curses of all Ages, instead of being, as they hope, admired. O how careful ought Kings to be what Wars they undertake! They ought to be just; nay, they ought to be necessary for the publick Good. The People's Blood ought to be shed alone for the Preservation of the very People, when in the utmost Danger; but flattering Counsels, false Ideas of Glory, groundless Jealousies, unjust Avidity, cloak'd with plausible Pretences: In short, imperceptible Interests, generally lead Monarchs into Wars, which, without Necessity, plunge them into Misfortunes, and are as injurious to  
their

their Subjects, as to their Enemies. Such were the Reflections of *Telemachus*.

He did not only thus lament the Miseries of War, but endeavour'd also to mitigate them, by going in Person, from Tent to Tent, to assist the sick and dying Men, to whom he distributed both Money and Medicines: he comforted and encouraged them by his friendly Discourses, and sent to visit such, as he himself could not.

Among the *Cretans* he commanded, were two ancient Men, named *Traumaphiles* and *Nosophogos*. The former had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had learn'd the divine Art of healing Wounds, from the Sons of *Æsculapius*; he pour'd into the deepest, and most canker'd, a fragrant Liquid, which eat away the dead and corrupted Flesh, and, without Incision, speedily, brought up such as was not only more firm, but also of a better Colour than the former.

*Nosophogos* had never seen the Sons of *Æsculapius*; he had, by the Procurement of *Merion* \*, a sacred and mysterious Book, which *Æsculapius* had given to his Children. Beside, *Nosophogos* was favour'd of the Gods. He had compos'd Hymns, in Honour of the Offspring of *Latona*; and daily he offer'd a white and spotless Lamb to *Apollo*, by whom he was oft inspired.

Scarcely had he view'd a Patient but he could discover by his Eyes, his Colour, the Constitution of his Body, and by his Respiration, what was the Ground of his Distemper. One while he administer'd Sudorifics, and demonstrated by the

Event

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\* He was a brave and an experienced Officer, a *Cretan*, Charioteer to *Idomeneus*, and Admiral of that Fleet which he sail'd with to the *Trojan* Siege.

Event of Sweats how greatly Transpiration encourag'd or check'd, disconcerts, or re-establishes the Human Body; sometimes, in lingering Distempers, he would give certain Potions, which gradually fortified the noble Parts, and by Sweetning of the Blood rejuvenated. He affirm'd, that Men standing so oft in Need of Medicines, proceeded from a Defect of Virtue and Fortitude.

'Tis a Shame, said he, that Men have so many Ailments; for good Customs are productive of Health: Intemperance, added he, changes into deadly Poison the very Aliments design'd for the Preservation of our Lives. Immoderate Pleasures shorten more the Days of Man, than Medicine can prolong them; the Poor are much seldomer afflicted with Sicknes, thro' Want of Nourishment, than are the Opulent by using it to Excess. The Viands, which are too inviting to the Palate, and stimulate the Appetite to eat more than necessary, are poisonous instead of nourishing. Medicines are themselves real Evils, which Nature makes Use of; but which ought not to be taken, except in great Extremity. The most excellent Medicine, ever innoxious, and ever used with Success, is Sobriety, Moderation in Pleasures, Calmness of Mind, and bodily Exercise, which are productive of a sweet temperate Blood, and which dissipate all superfluous Humors. Thus the wise *Nojophogos* was less conspicuous by his Remedies, than by that Regimen he prescribed to prevent Ailments, and render his Medicines efficacious.

These two Men *Telemachus* sent to attend the Sick of the Army. They recover'd many by their Remedies, but cured many more by the Care they took to have them duly look'd after; for they were



were attentive to their being kept clean, to prevent, by this Cleanliness, a bad Air, and also to make them observe an exact sober Regimen in their Convalescence.

All the Soldiers, sensibly affected with his Assistance, praised the Gods for having sent *Telemachus* to the Army of the Allies. He is not, said they, a Man; he is unquestionably some beneficent Deity under a human Form: But if he is a Mortal, he resembles more the Gods than Men. He lives but to be the Author of Good to others, and is more amiable for his Goodness and Sweetness of Temper, than even for his Valour. O that we were happy enough to have him for our Sovereign! but the Gods reserve him for some more fortunate People, whom they favour, and among whom they design to renew the Golden Age.

*Telemachus*, while, by way of Precaution against the Stratagems of *Adrastus*, visited every Night the different Quarters of the Army, heard these Praises, which could not be suspected of Adulation, as may those which Sycophants often lavish in the Presence of Princes, from an Imagination that they have neither Modesty nor Penetration\*, that excessive Praise is alone sufficient to engross their Favour. The Son of *Ulysses* could relish nothing which was not consonant with Truth; he could not bear other Applause than that which was secretly and at a Distance given him, and such as he had really merited; to these he was not insensible. He felt that pure that tranquil Satisfaction, which the Gods have annex'd to Virtue only, and which the Unjust having never experienced, neither can

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\* *Delicateſſe.* See *Trevoux*.



conceive, nor think credible. But he did not give himself up to this Pleasure; for, in the Instant, all the Errors he had committed rush'd upon his Thoughts in Crouds. He did not forget his natural Arrogance and great Indifference for all Mankind; he had an inward Shame for being born with so little Tenderness, and having appear'd so void of all Humanity. All Praise given him, as he thought he had not merited it, he attributed to the wise *Minerva*.

It is thou, said he, O great Deity, who hast provided for me *Mentor*, both to instruct me and to correct my untoward Nature. It is thou who hast endow'd me with Sense to make Advantage of my Errors, and to be upon my Guard against myself. It is thou who curb'st my impetuous Passion; it is thou who mak'st me find a Pleasure in comforting the Distress'd: Without thy Aid, I should be, deservedly, the Object of Man's Hate: Without thy Assistance, I should be guilty of irreparable Faults; I should be like a Child, who, ignorant of it's Weakness, leaves it's Mother, and falls at the first Step it makes.

*Nestor* and *Philoctetes* were astonish'd to see *Telemachus* become so tractable, so attentive to oblige Mankind; so officious, so ready to give Succour, and so industrious to prevent their Wants. They knew not what to think. He appear'd to them quite changed from what he was: But that which most surpriz'd them, was the Care he took for the Obsequies of *Hippias*. He went himself to bring off his bloody mangled Corpse, cover'd with a Heap of Dead. He shed over him Tears, which flow'd from a soft Compassion: O heroick Shade, said he, thou knowest now how greatly I esteem'd thy Worth! thy Haughtiness, 'tis true, pro-

provok'd me; but thy Defects sprang from thy Youth too vehement. I, by Experience, know how much our Age stands in Need of Pardon. We should have been, in Time, sincerely one. I was my self greatly in the Wrong. O ye Gods! why did you deprive me of him, before I had constrain'd him to esteem me!

*Telemachus*, afterwards, caus'd the Body to be wash'd with fragrant Liquors; and then a Funeral Pile was, by his Orders, rais'd. The lofty Pines, groaning beneath the Axes heavy Stroaks, fell rolling from the lofty Mountain's Top. The knotty Oaks, those ancient Offsprings of the Earth, which seem'd to threat the Clouds; the Poplars and the Elms, whose verdant Heads were deck'd with thick set Leaves; Beaches, which were the Honour of the Forest, fell on *Galeus'* Banks: 'Twas there rose orderly a Pile, which bore the Semblance of a regular Structure. The Flame began t'appear, and Clouds of circling Smoak rose up to Heav'n.

The *Lacedemonians* with slow and mournful March advanced, trailing their Pikes revers'd, and Eyes down-cast; a penetrating Grief was perceptible in those fierce Countenances, and their Tears in great Abundance flow'd. Next follow'd *Phereides*, less borne down by his Weight of Years, than by his Grief in surviving *Hippias*, whom he had from his Youth train'd up. To Heaven he lifted up his aged Hands, and Tears had filled his sunken Eyes. Since *Hippias'* Loss, he abstain'd from all Nourishment, and balmy Slumbers, had not the Pow'r to weigh his Eye-leads down, or for a Moment's Space suppress the Tortures of his Mind; with trembling Steps he proceded on, following the Croud, unknowing whither. Not a Word

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## Book XVII. of TELEMACHUS. 117

Word drop'd from his Lips; his Heart by Sorrow  
 was too much compress'd, his Silence was th' Effect  
 of Trouble and Despair; but when he saw the  
 Pile on Fire, he on a sudden grew outrageous,  
 crying :

O *Hippias*, *Hippias*! for ever art thou ravish'd  
 from my Sight! *Hippias* is no more, and yet I  
 live! O my dear *Hippias*! 'twas cruel I, 'twas  
 merciless I, who taught thee with Contempt to  
 look on Death. I hoped thy Hand would have  
 clos'd my Eyes, and that my latest Breath thou  
 woud'st receive. O cruel Gods! did ye then prolong  
 my Life to make me see the Death of *Hippias*?  
 O my dear Child, whom I had train'd and who  
 had cost me so great Care! never shall I see thee  
 more; but I shall see thy mournful Mother, who  
 reproaching me with thy untimely End, will die  
 beneath the Load of Grief: I shall see thy ten-  
 der Spouse, beating her Breasts, rending her Hair,  
 and I shall be th'unhappy Cause. O dearest  
 Shade! summon me to the sad Banks of *Styx*!  
 the Light is hateful to me; 'tis thee alone, my  
*Hippias*, I wish to see again. *Hippias*! *Hippias*!  
 O my beloved *Hippias*! I live but to do this the  
 last Duty to thy Ashes.

In the Interim, the Body of young *Hippias* was  
 seen stretch'd at it's Length, carry'd on a Bier,  
 adorn'd with Purple, Gold and Silver. Death,  
 which had clos'd his Eyes, could not entirely ef-  
 face his Beauty, the Graces still faintly appear'd  
 on his pale Visage; around his Neck, whiter  
 than Snow, reclin'd upon one Shoulder, waved  
 his long black Locks, more lovely than those of  
*Atys*\* or of *Ganymede*, but soon were to be reduced  
 to

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\* A Youth with whom *Cybele* was enamour'd.

to Ashes. In his Side was seen the deep fix'd Wound, whence issued forth the Purple Stream, and sent him to the Kingdom of the gloomy *Pluto*.

*Telemachus*, griev'd and dejected, follow'd near the Corpse, which with Flow'rs he strew'd. When at the Pile arriv'd, the Son of *Ulysses* could not see, without fresh Tears, the Flame prey upon the Silks \* which enwrapt the Body. Adieu, said he, brave *Hippias*! for I dare not call thee Friend. Be thou, O Shade, appeas'd! Thou, who hast merited so great a Fame, did I not love thee, I should envy thy happy Lot. Thou art deliver'd from those Miseries, in which we still remain; and thou hast quitted them by the most glorious Way. Alas! how happy should I be, could I make thy End! May the River *Styx* allow thee Passage! May the *Elysian* Fields be open to thee! May every Age preserve thy Fame! and, may thy Ashes rest in Peace.

Scarce had he spoke these Words, intermix'd with Sighs, but the whole Army rais'd a Cry. They were moved with Tendernefs for *Hippias*, whose great Exploits they then repeated; and Grief, for his Death, recalling all his good Qualities to their Thoughts, made them forget his Failings, which proceeded from the Heat of Youth and a bad Education: But they were more affected by the tender Concern of young *Telemachus*. Is that, said they, the young haughty *Greek*, so arrogant, scornful, and intractable? Behold him now become gentle, humane, affectionate: Doubtless, *Minerva*, who so greatly loved his Father, also loves the Son, and has bestow'd on him the most precious Gifts the Gods can give to Men, in imparting to him Wisdom, and with it a Heart susceptible of Friendship. The

\* See *Richelet. Pannus, textum*. Woollen Cloth, or Silks.

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The Body being consumed by the Flames, the *Ithacian* Prince himself sprinkled the yet smoaking Ashes with odoriferous Liquors; after which he placed them in a golden Urn, crown'd with Flow'rs, and carried it to *Phalantus*, who was stretch'd out, cover'd with Wounds, and in his extreme Weakness faintly perceiv'd, but little distant from him, the gloomy Gates of the Infernal Regions.

*Traumophilus* and *Nesophogos*, sent by *Ulysses'* Son, had given him all the Assistance of their Art, and by Degrees recalled his fleeting Soul. New Spirits reanimated him insensibly. A mild yet penetrating Virtue, a Balm of Life, insinuated it self from Vein even to the Bottom of his Heart. A pleasing Warmth snatch'd him from the frozen Hands of Death. In this Instant, recovering from his Swoon, he became a Prey to Grief, he began to feel the Loss of his Brother, of which he could not 'till then be sensible. Alas! said he, why so much Care to retain my Life? Would it not be more eligible for me to die, and follow my dearest *Hippias*? I saw him fall, but little distant from me. O *Hippias*, the Comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dearest Brother, thou art no more! Must I then never see thee, hear thee, or again embrace thee? never communicate to thee my Grievs, or comfort thee in thine? O ye Gods, Enemies to Man! *Hippias* is for ever lost to me. But can this be? Do I not dream? No; 'tis, alas! but too true. O *Hippias*, I have lost thee! I saw thee close thine Eyes in Death, and I must still live as long as 'tis needful to revenge thee. I will sacrifice to thy Shade the fierce *Adrastus*, tinctured with thy Blood.

While



While *Phalantus* thus lamented, the two divine Physicians endeavour'd to mitigate his Grief, lest it might augment his Pains, and prevent the Efficacy of their Medicines. On a sudden he perceiv'd *Telemachus*, who approach'd him. His Heart was immediately assaulted by two contrary Passions; he still resented what had passed between *Hippias* and the *Ithacian* Prince; and Grief for his Brother's Death made that Resentment stronger: On the other Hand, he could not but be sensible that the Preservation of his Life was owing to *Telemachus*, who, when he was bath'd in Blood, and half dead, had deliver'd him from *Adrastus*' Hands. But when he saw the golden Urn, which enclos'd the loved Ashes of his Brother *Hippias*, he pour'd forth a Torrent of salt Tears; he immediately embraced *Telemachus*, but had not Power to speak: At length, with a faint Voice, interrupted by his Sighs, he said:

Worthy Son of *Ulysses*! thy Virtue compells my Love. It is to you I owe this Remnant of Life, which is now departing; but I am indebted to you for somewhat that I hold more dear. 'Twas you prevented the Body of my Brother being the Prey of Vultures; had it not been for you, his Shade, deprived of Funeral \*  
Rites,

\* It was a Tenet of the *Heathens*, that the Shades of such Bodies as had not been buried, were not permitted to pass the River *Acheron*; but were compelled to wander upon it's Banks an Hundred Years, before allow'd to enter the Boat of *Charon*: As the Poet sings:

*Nec Ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta  
Transportare prius, quam Sedibus Ossa quierunt.  
Centum errant Annos, volitantque hæc Littora circum.*

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Rites, must have unhappily wander'd on the *Stygian Banks*, and ever been repell'd by the inexorable *Charon* \*. Must I then owe so much to the very Man whom so much I've hated? O ye Gods, do you reward him, and free me from this miserable Life! Do you, O *Telemachus*, perform

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for

\* The *Ferryman of Hell*. *Diodorus* observes, that the Notion of such a God arises from the *Aegyptian* Word, *Charon*, which signifies a *Ferryman*. It may not be displeasing or unprofitable to the female, and to the young Reader, to give the Sentiments of the Ancients, with regard to the State of departed Souls; a Part of their Theology, with regard to Future Retributions, approaching the nearest to Revealed Religion; but so clogg'd with ridiculous absurd Fables, that, *Juvenal* tells us, Boys gave it no Credit. This Belief, of a Future State, the *Greeks* received from the *Aegyptians*. Take the Sum of what *Diodorus Siculus* says on this Head:

The Punishment of the Wicked in *Tartarus*, and the Reward of the Good, by the uninterrupted Tranquility they enjoy in the *Elysian Fields*, were evidently taken, as were other Ideas of the like Nature, from the Funerals of the *Aegyptians*: and the Practice of that People corresponds with the *Grecian* Notions of Hell. They bury their Dead in the pleasant Plains, about the Lake of *Acherusia*, whence flows the River *Acheron*; and to do this, they cross the Lake: And therefore, when they interr a Corpse, they first give Notice to the Judges of the Day pitch'd upon for the Ceremony, and next to the Relations and Friends of the Deceas'd. This Indication is made by naming the dead Person, and saying that such a Day he is to pass the Lake. On this, forty Judges meet and place themselves on a Tribunal raised in a semi-circular Form, on the Bank of the Lake. Workmen, employ'd to that End, build a small Vessel, which they place on the Lake, and is managed by one Man, whom the *Aegyptians* call *Charon*, or *Ferryman*. It is said, that  
Orpheus,

for me those last Offices, which you have perform'd for *Hippias*, that your Fame may be complete.

At these Words, *Phalantus* was exhausted and depress'd by an Excess of Grief. *Telemachus* was near, but durst not speak to him, 'till he had recover'd

*Orpheus*, coming into *Ægypt*, having seen this Ceremony, made it the Foundation of the fabulous Hell of the *Grecians*, (he certainly gave them the first Notion of a Future State) by adding such other Particulars which he had observ'd practis'd, and of which we shall take Notice. Before the Coffin is placed in the above Boat, every one is admitted to accuse the Deceas'd; if any one convicts him of having lived wickedly, the Judges pass Sentence upon him, that he shall be deny'd Burial; but if the Accuser does not make good his Charge, he is subject to severe Punishment. If no one accuses the Deceas'd, or if his Accuser is convicted of Calumny, all the dead Man's Relations lay aside their Mourning, and are lavish in his Praise, beginning with an Elogium on his Education, and so gradually run through celebrating the different Stages of his Life. They extol his Justice, his Courage, but especially his Piety, and implore the Infernal Gods, to admit him to the Residence of the Blessed. This Oration is applauded by the Company, present, who join their Encomiums of the Dead, and congratulate him that he is to enjoy eternal Peace and Glory.

The *Ægyptians* embalm'd the dead Bodies of their Ancestors, (in very old Times) and kept them in their Houses, that by the Sight of their Corps their Virtues might be recalled to Mind, and imitated by their Successors. They, afterwards, preserv'd the Bodies of such of them as had been deny'd Burial, either on Account of their Crimes, or on Account of their dying in Debt, 'till they could either clear their Characters, by a Proof that they had been aspers'd, or that some of their Descendants had paid off the Debts which had prevented their

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cover'd his Strength. *Phalantus* soon recovering from his fainting Fits, took the Urn from *Telemachus*, kiss'd it often, bath'd it with his Tears, and said : O precious, O belov'd Remains! when will mine be enclos'd with you in this same Urn? O Shade of *Hippias*, I follow

F 2

thee

their being allow'd a Burial; and then they had honourable Funerals: Nay, they have often deliver'd these Corps to their Creditors, as a Security; and if they did not redeem them, they were esteem'd infamous, and themselves deny'd a Grave.

The following is the Prayer, which the *Ægyptian* Priests made, in the Name of the Deceas'd, and gave to his Relations: "O Sun! thou supreme Deity, and thou God of Heaven, by whom Men exist, vouchsafe, this Day, to receive me into your sacred Pavilions. I have exerted my self, that my Life might be such as you expected. My Veneration for the Gods knew no Bounds; I was taught to know them in my Infancy, and I never was failing in my Duty to those from whom I receiv'd my Birth, or in Affection for the Breasts that gave me Suck. My Hands are unpolluted with Blood; a Trust committed to me, I always esteem'd sacred: And no one accusing me, is it not a Proof of my Innocence? However, if I have personally and in Secret been incautiously guilty of Error, in Excess of Meats or Drinks; they are these Bowels, that are guilty." The Relations then expos'd the Bowels to View, and immediately cast them into the Lake.

These Customs of the *Ægyptians* we have here inserted, that the Reader may remark how evidently they have been the Basis of several Opinions among the *Grecian* Philosophers, and Poets. *Plato* was of Opinion, that when the Soul was separated from the Body it went to a Place, called the *Holy*, where it underwent a Trial, by a severe Scrutiny into the Life pass'd:

thee to *Pluto's* Realms ! *Telemachus* will revenge us both.

However, *Phalantus's* Pains daily abated, by the Care of those two Men, who were possess'd of the *Æsculapian* Science. *Telemachus* was constantly with them and their Patient, to make them more attentive

pass'd : If that was found to be consonant with the Rules of Reason, it was conducted to a Place more elevated, where it enjoy'd an eternal Round of Pleasure, and was associated with the Gods. The Souls of the Wicked were cast into an Abyss of palpable Darkness, and given up to Tortures. He has given a Description of Hell, of the *Elysian Fields*, of the Infernal Rivers, Judges and Furies ; little different from that given by *Homer*, whose Ideas he copy'd. *Socrates* had the same Way of Thinking with *Plato*. He distinguish'd three different Places for the Souls of the Departed : One for such as had neither eminent Merits, nor great Vices ; and these he placed near *Acherusia*, where, being purged by the Waters of the Lake, they went to receive the Rewards of what little Virtue they had practis'd. Those of the Wicked hover'd round their Tombs, and were tormented in various Manners ; and after a Time, having drunk of the Waters of Oblivion, they were cloath'd with new Bodies, which held a Rank in this World proportionable to what Good they had done ; and the Souls of the Upright went directly to the *Elysian Fields*. Indeed, the Opinion of *Pythagoras* is not deriv'd from the *Ægyptian* Customs ; but as it is from that Nation he learn'd and taught it, though long before *Orpheus* and *Homer* took Notice of it in their Works, and had received it also from the *Ægyptians*, I shall here insert it : He believed, or at least it was a Doctrine which he propagated, that the Soul, quitting this Body, was conducted by *Mercury* to a very subtle Air, which was the *Elysian Fields*, and which *Virgil* calls *Aerios Campos*, where the Souls of

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attentive to the hast'ning his Recovery ; and all the Army stood in greater Admiration of this Benevolence to his Enemy, than of the Prudence and Bravery he had shewn, by saving, in the Battle, the Army of the Confederates. At the same time, *Telemachus* gave Proofs that he was indefatigable

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Philosophers became like unto the Gods, while those of wicked Men were tormented by Furies, without Intermission ; but that both the one and the other, after a certain Space, which he calls the Term of Purification, were cloath'd in new Bodies. It was this Philosopher, who first taught the Transmigration of Souls, in *Europe*. Thus the *Aegyptians* were the first from whom the *Greeks* imbibed the Notion of the Immortality of the Soul, future Retributions, and the *Metempsychosis* or Eternal Transmigration, which is still held by some *Chinese* : For their Priests taught the People, that the Soul, as it did not die, went to a subterranean Place, like the Hell of the *Grecian* Poets, called *Amenides* ; and this Place, they suppos'd, was in the Center of the Earth, and the Rendezvous of all departed Souls, whence they return'd again to actuate new Bodies. First those of terrestrial Animals, next those of Fish and Sea-Monsters, then those of Birds ; and having thus circulated for the Space of Three Thousand Years, from one Body to another, they animated the Bodies of Men, and at their Death took again the same Round.

The *Greek* Poets have pretty near the same Sentiments with the Philosophers, with Regard to a Future State ; though most of them have their particular Ideas, owing to their respective Fancies, to which, authoriz'd by Poetical Licence, they gave a Loose even on Religious Subjects. They all agree in the Souls future Existence, either in the *Elysian Fields*, or in *Tartarus* ; but they differ with respect to the Situation of these two Places. Some place the *Elysian Fields* in the middle Region of the Air, others in the Moon, and some, among

in the severest Toils of War. He slept but little, and his Sleep was often interrupted, either by the Advices brought him, at all Hours of the Night, as well as Day, or by examining all the Quarters of the Camp, which he never visited twice together, at the same Hour, that he might the easier surprize  
such

among them, in the Sun, or in the Center of the Earth, near *Tartarus*. The most common Opinion is, that they were in one of the Islands distinguish'd by the Epithet of *fortunate*; but as 'tis a Doubt whether they were known by the Ancients, 'tis suppos'd that they placed the *Elysian Fields* in *Betica*, now called *Andalusia*, in *Spain*; and that the River *Tartessus* in that Province was the *Tartarus* of the Poets. *Homer* fixes the Seats of the Dead among the Northern *Cimmerians*, according to *Strabo*, who says: That People could not be unknown to the Grecian Poet, as about the Time of his Birth they made an Irruption into *Ionian*; by a Poetical Licence he transferr'd them to the Coasts of *Italy*. But were they not the *Cimmerians* of *Italy*, among whom *Homer* places the Residence of the Dead, for they inhabited a Valley between *Baia* and *Cumæ*, where the Sun never shines, as it's Rays are intercepted by the Mountains which encompass it? These People dwelt in Caves under Ground; and this Place was fancy'd the Descent to Hell. Beside, here is the Lake *Avernus*, near the Grotto of the *Cumæan Sybil*. Farther, *Ulysses*, quitting *Circe*, arrives there in one Day. And here, according to *Pliny*, was a City called *Cimeria*. But to quit the different Sentiments of the Poets, as to the Situation of these Places, we shall observe that the Poets make three constituent Parts of Man, his Body, his Shade or Phantom, and his Soul; and this they have from the *Egyptians*, who imagined the Soul was the Cloathing of the Mind, as the Body was that of the Soul; and that, after the Separation of the Soul and Body, there was a second Separation of the Mind or Under-  
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such as were wanting in their Vigilance. He often return'd to his Tent cover'd with Sweat and Dust. His Sustenance was mean; he eat like the common Soldiers, to set them an Example of Sobriety and Patience. The Provisions of the Army failing in this Encampment, he thought it necessary to check the Murmurs of the Soldiers, by

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derstanding and the Soul; and that the Cloathing of the Understanding, which was a subtle Matter, descended to Hell, and the Understanding or spiritual Part went to Heaven. Thus only the Shade or Image of the earthly Body went to the Infernal Regions, as *Dido* is made to say:

*Et nunc magna mei sub Terras ibit Imago.*

Which *Imago* was the Cloathing of the Understanding.

The Poets do not agree as to the Time that the Shade shall remain in the Dominions of *Pluto*. *Virgil* gives us his Sentiment, that it was a Thousand Years. See the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*. But as to such as were condemn'd to be tortured, they were eternally fix'd in Hell; as the same Poet tells us, with regard to *Theseus*; and this is the Opinion of all other Poets, with relation to *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, the *Titans*, and all other Criminals: But *Pythagoras* and his Disciples release them from their Torments after a Thousand Years.

As to such as were neither in *Tartarus*, nor the *Elysian Fields*, nor the great Forests which lay before those two Places, as were *Dido*, *Deiphobus*, &c. after a certain Time of Punishment and Purgation, they were admitted to the *Elysian Fields*. As to a particular Description of Hell, according to the Poets, you may find it in Mr. *Pope's Homer*, whose *Ideas*, with some little Difference, the others have follow'd; only observe, that *Pindar* supposes that Virtue and Vice were alike practis'd in Hell, where he seems to fix the happy Shades for ever in the *Elysian Fields*: Though *Virgil* and the other Poets bring them thence after the Expiration of a certain Term,

which

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sharing voluntarily their Inconveniences. He, far from being weaken'd by a Life so toilsom, gather'd Strength, and was daily more inured. He began to lose those soft Graces, which we may term the Blossoms of the earliest Youth; his Complexion took a browner and a more manly Hue, and his Limbs grew more robust, and much more nervous.

which is commonly accounted a Thousand Years, and then they drank of the Water *Lethe*. To conclude: The *Greeks* had their *Charon* from the *Ægyptians* Ferryman, their Infernal Lake from the Lake of *Acherusia*, the Passage Money from that the *Ægyptians* paid for the Passage of the Dead. *Homer* says, the Entrance into Hell was on the Shores of the Ocean; and he himself gives that Name to the Nile *Ὠκεανὸς*. The Poet's Notion of the Gates of the Sun is from *Heliopolis*, or the City of the Sun. The beautiful Plains where the Souls of the Just are placed, are the pleasant Fields about the Lake *Acherusia*, near *Memphis*. The Infernal Judges, *Eacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamanthus*, they had from the *Ægyptian* Judges already mention'd, who strictly inquired into the past Life of the Deceas'd. See farther Mr. *Fourmont Banier le Clerc*.

*End of the Seventeenth Book.*

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THE  
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*TELEMACHUS,*  
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BOOK the EIGHTEENTH.

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ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS *fully persuaded, by several Dreams, that his Father Ulysses was no longer living, puts in Execution his Design of seeking him in the Realms of Pluto. He privately withdraws from the Camp, attended by two Cretans, as far as a Temple near the famed Acherontian Cavern; he*

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plunges into it, and makes his Way through the Obscurity to the Banks of Styx, and Charon receives him into his Bark. He goes to Pluto, whom he finds willing to permit his seeking Ulysses: He crosses Tartarus, where he sees the Torments inflicted on such as had been guilty of Ingratitude, Perjury, or Hypocrisy; but especially those suffer'd by wicked Monarchs.



THE Forces of *Adrastus* having been considerably enfeebled, by the late Battle, he retreated to the other Side of Mount *Aulon* \*, to waite different Reinforcements, and endeavour once more to surprize the Enemy; like a hungry Lion, who having been driven back from the Sheepfolds, returns into the gloomy Forests, and entering his Den, there whets his Teeth and Claws, waiting a favourable Opportunity to rend in pieces all the bleating Flock.

*Telemachus* having taken Care to establish an exact Discipline throughout the Camp, bent his whole Thoughts on the perfecting a Design he had conceiv'd, and which he had imparted to none of the principal Commanders. He had been for some time disquieted, every Night, with Dreams, which presented to his Thoughts the Image of *Ulysses*. This endearing *Phantom*, constantly return'd towards the Expiration of the Night, e'er *Aurora* had appeared to drive from Heaven, with her re-  
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\* A Hill in *Calabria*, now *Caulo*, with a Town on the Top.

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newing Light, the uncertain Stars, and chase from Earth soft Sleep with it's Attendants airy Dreams. One while he fancy'd that he saw *Ulysses*, without Covering, in one of the *Fortunate Isles*, on the Banks of a River, in a Mead adorn'd with Flow'rs, and encompass'd with Nymphs, who cast him Garments for his Cloathing : At another time, he thought he heard him haranguing in a Palace, shining, throughout, with Gold and Ivory ; where Men, whose Heads were crown'd with Flow'rs, listen'd to his Words with Pleasure and Astonishment. Often *Ulysses* would, in an Instant, appear to him as at a Feast in which Mirth reign'd amidst the greatest Delicacies, and in which was heard the harmonious Concert of a Voice and Lyre excelling in it's Sweetness even that of *Phæbus*, and the soft Chantings of the harmonious *Nine*.

*Telemachus*, at his Awaking, was ever afflicted with these pleasing Dreams, and would cry out : O my Father, my dearest Father *Ulysses* ! the most frightful Images would prove more soothing to thy Son. These Images of Happiness inform me, thou'rt already gone to the blessed Residence of happy Souls, whose Virtues the Immortal Gods reward with endless Rest. Methinks I see th' *Elysian Fields*. How cruel is it to be bereft of Hope ? Alas, my dear Father ! must I then never, never see thee more ? Is it deny'd me ever to enfold in strict Embrace him to whom I was so dear, and whom I've sought with so much Toil ? Must I never hear thy Words, which with such Wisdom flow'd ? Must never I kiss those Hands, those dear Hands, those Hands victorious, which prostrated so many Foes ? Alas ! will they never take Vengeance on the Extravagant Pretenders to *Penelope*, and shall *Ithaca* never emerge from out her Ruine ?

O ye

O ye Gods! Enemies of *Ulysses*, 'tis you who send these fatal Dreams, to banish from my Heart ev'ry Gleam of Hope. This is to rend away my Life with Violence; for in this Uncertainty I cannot live. Alas! what is't I say? No, I am but too well assured, my Father is no more; I will instant seek his Shade even in the Infernal Realms. *Theseus*\* could descend to those gloomy

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\* I have already mention'd the fabulous Part of this Hero's Story, who I have said, was the Son of *Ægeus*, the ninth King of *Athens*, by *Ethra*, whom he had privately married in his Return to *Athens*; from the Oracle at *Delphos*, and left with Child with her Father. Before he parted from her, he placed his Sword and Shoes under a Stone, and order'd her, in Case she was deliver'd of a male Child, to keep him with her, 'till he could lift this Stone, which Order she observ'd; and when her Son *Theseus* had attain'd Strength sufficient she led him to the Place, and he taking up the Sword, resolv'd to go and make himself known to his Father. His Grandfather did all he could to dissuade him from this Design; but the Reasons he gave, which were the Dangers he was liable to, and the Cruelty of Robbers whom he must unavoidably meet with in his Journey, rather strengthen'd him in, than deterr'd him from the Resolution he had taken, being emulous of the Glory *Hercules*, his near Relation, had acquired, whose Exploits, which he had often heard, he esteem'd a Reproach to himself who had perform'd nothing by which his Name might be mention'd with Honour. He set out, and, in his Way, perform'd many great Actions, which may be read in the Account *Plutarch* has given of him, and in the Compilation of *Marcius*. He arrived, and was owned by his Father; which was so great a Disappointment to the Expectations of the Sons of *Pallas* Brother of *Ægeus*, that they could not get the better of their Rage: but dividing themselves into two separate Parties, resolv'd his Destruction;

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gloomy Regions; that impious *Theseus*, who would have offer'd Violence to the Infernal Deities, and I have filial Piety for Guide. *Hercules* descended thither. I am not indeed that Hero; but it is great to dare to imitate *Alcides*. *Orpheus*, by a Detail of his Misfortunes, could move the Heart of  
*Pluto*,

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struction; but *Theseus* having Notice of their Designs, so well took his Measures, that he entirely defeated one of these Parties, and put the other to Flight. After this, he set out for *Crete*. It is not improper to acquaint the Reader with the Cause of the cruel Tribute exacted by *Minos*, from the *Athenians*.

The *Athenæan* Games, at *Athens*, drew thither all the neighbouring Youth of Distinction; among the Rest, *Minos* sent his Son *Androgeos*, who, excelling all in his Address, Activity and Courage, gained the Esteem of the *Pallantides*, Nephews of *Ægeus*, who were often plotting against their Uncle, and he was ever jealous and upon his Guard against his Nephews, for he had not at that Time acknowledg'd his Son *Theseus*. *Androgeos* and the *Pallantides* becoming very intimate, *Ægeus* apprehended the latter, by the Assistance of the *Cretans*, might dethrone him; and this Jealousy made him cause the *Cretan* Prince to be assassinated. The melancholy Account of his Son's Death being brought to *Minos*, he resolv'd to take severe Revenge, and equipping a Fleet with the utmost Expedition, fell upon *Attica*, before any Preparation could be made to give him a Reception. *Nisa* was the first Town that felt the Effects of his Resentment, which was betray'd to him by *Scylla*, Daughter of *Nisus*. After this, he besieg'd *Athens*, which was in the utmost Distress, on Account of a Famine. The *Athenians* sent to consult the Oracle, and receiv'd for Answer, That the Gods would not put an End to their Affliction, 'till they had given Satisfaction to *Minos*; wherefore they sent him Ambassadors, in a supplicatory Way, and he rais'd the Siege on Condition, that every seven, some say nine  
Years,

*Pluto*, said to be inexorable, and obtain'd from him the Return of his *Euridice* to Earth. *Orpheus* was less an Object of Compassion than am I, as my Loss is greater. Who can bring a young Beauty, who had an Hundred Equals, in Competition with the wife *Ulysses*, admired by ev'ry *Greek*? It is resolv'd, let

Years, they should send him seven Youths of each Sex. *Minos* having instituted Funeral Games in Memory of *Androgeos*, these *Athenian* Captives were given as Prizes to the Conquerors. We are told that *Pasiphae*, Consort of *Minos*, carry'd on an Intrigue with *Taurus*, Admiral of *Minos* his Fleet, and that a Son, which was the Issue of this criminal Amour, did great Mischief from the Mountains whither he was banish'd by the King, who sent the *Athenian* male Captives to encounter him. That *Theseus* did not go to *Crete* by Lot, as the other Youths did; but made it his Choice, and undertook to destroy this publick Enemy, on Condition the Tribute should be abolish'd: that he slew him, armed by *Ariadne*, who was become enamour'd of the young Hero; that he carried her away with him together with her Sister *Phædra*, and that she was stolen from him in the Isle of *Naxos*, by the Priest of *Apollo*; which Loss affected him with so much Grief, that he forgot to change the mourning Flag he wore when he sailed for *Crete*; which his Father seeing, from thence concluded he was slain, and threw himself into the Sea.

From the Amour of *Pasiphae* and *Taurus*, by whom, during the Sicknefs of *Minos*, she had Twins, one resembling her, and the other very like her Paramour, sprang the Poets Fable of the *Minotaur*, half Bull, half Man; and from *Dedalus*, being their Confident, and his House their Place of Meeting, arose the Labyrinth built by him, in which the *Minotaur* was enclos'd. But to return,

*Theseus* finding his Father dead on his Return to *Athens*, having freed his Country from the Tribute, assiduously applied

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let us then die, if so it is decreed : Why should Death be terrible, since we greatly suffer while in Life. O *Pluto* ! O *Proserpine* ! I shall soon experience if you are as void of Pity, as you are said to be. O my Father ! after having vainly measured over Land and Sea, to find you out, I will now seek you

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applied himself to perfect what he had long meditated : the Reducing all the Inhabitants of *Attica* into one Body and City, hitherto dispers'd in several Hamlets. He found great Opposition to this Scheme, especially from the Wealthy, whom he could no otherwise gain over than by promising them a Form of popular Government, in which he reserv'd to himself no more than the Power of War and Peace, and the Protection of the Laws, to see them duly observ'd. He began by levelling the Halls in which Justice was administer'd in every respective Hamlet, each having one of these publick Edifices ; suppress'd the Magistrates who presid'd in them, and rais'd one Pile for the Administration of, publick Justice to all, impos'd the Name of *Athens* on his new Town, and instead of the *Athenæan* substituted the *Panathenæan* Festivals. The former were celebrated by every particular Hamlet ; but these, as the Word it self shews, were for the whole Body of the People. After having gone this Length, he consulted the Oracle, after what manner this united People were to be govern'd ? and receiv'd for Answer : That his Government must by no Means be despotick ; wherefore, at his Return to *Athens*, he preferr'd a popular to a monarchical Form, with the Reservations to himself above mention'd. This Form of Government, entirely new in *Greece*, drew to *Athens* a great Concourse of Strangers, whom, for Fear of Confusion, he divided into three Bodies : The first was of Nobles, the second of Handicrafts, the third of Husbandmen ; and gave to each Class it's particular Privileges. Having thus united in one Body all the People of *Attica*, he introduced the Worship of *Pitho*, Goddess of Eloquence, and that of *Venus* ;

you among the gloomy Mansions of the Dead. If the Gods deny to bless me with you here on Earth, enlighten'd by *Apollo's* Rays, possibly they may at least allow me to behold thy Shade within the Realms of Night.

*Telemachus,*

*Venus*; and that he might have no Disputes with his Neighbours, he settled with them the Limits of their respective Territories. As Religion is the strongest Band to keep in Union People of different Interests, he revived the *Isthmian* Games, celebrated in *Greece* every fifth Year, in Honour of *Neptune*. These Games, instituted by *Sisyphus* King of *Corinth*, at the Apotheosis of *Meliceretes* (Son of *Athamas* and *Ino*, a Sea-God, by the Greeks named *Palæmon*, by the *Latins*, *Portunus*,) had been long neglected. *Theseus* made this Alteration: They were formerly celebrated by Night, and he enjoin'd their Celebration in the Day-time, with great Magnificence. As *Hercules* and *Theseus* had clear'd the Roads of those Rapparees, who used to infest them, and cruelly murder'd such as fell into their Hands, in going formerly to celebrate these Games; on their Revival, (as there was no longer any Danger to be apprehended by Travellers,) they drew a great Concourse of People to *Athens*.

*Theseus* was one of the Heroes in the War with the *Centaur*s, in which he accompany'd his Cousin *Hercules*, and his faithful Friend *Pirithous*. He was also in the Expedition of the Golden Fleece, at the *Calydonian* Chace, and in the War which follow'd it. He made War upon and slew *Creon*, King of *Thebes*; slew the Bull of *Marathon*, which had greatly ravaged the Plains of *Tetrapolis*. In a Word, he was present at all the most celebrated Expeditions of that Age of Heroes. He was enamour'd with *Helen* on the bare Report of her Beauty, and carry'd her off; to which End, accompany'd with his Friend *Pirithous*, the constant Companion of his Enterprizes, he went to *Sparta*, and having got

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*Helen* into drew *Lot* her; and himself to *Proserpine* his Moth View; b for *Pirithous* *Aidoneus*; at the *Re* Fable of *Pirithous* named *I*

In the the Town was there *Sparta*.

took her Son of *The* City, fou and obta *Helen*.

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*Telemachus*, in uttering these Words, water'd with his Tears his Bed ; immediately arose, and endeavour'd, by the Light's Assistance, to ease the piercing Grief occasion'd by these Dreams ; but it was a Shaft which had transfix'd his Heart, and which he carry'd with him. In this Anxiety he resolv'd on his Descent to Hell, by a celebrated Place, but little distant from the Camp : It was called

*Helen* into his Hand, his Friendship was such that he drew Lots with *Pirithous*, which of the two should have her ; and Chance determining in his Favour, he obliged himself to go with his Friend, and carry off for him *Proserpine*, the Wife of *Aidoneus*, and leaving *Helen* with his Mother *Ethra*, went with him to *Epirus* with this View ; but they proved unsuccessful in their Enterprize, for *Pirithous* was killed, or devoured by the Dogs of *Aidoneus* ; and *Theseus*, being taken Prisoner, was freed at the Request of *Hercules*. Hence arose the Poetical Fable of *Theseus* his Descent to Hell, and the Death of *Pirithous* by *Cerberus*. He had by *Helen* a Daughter named *Iphigenia*.

In the Absence of *Theseus*, *Castor* and *Pollux* took the Town of *Aphidnae*, recover'd their Sister *Helen*, who was there kept, and together with *Ethra* convey'd her to *Sparta*. *Ethra* thus became the Slave of *Helen*, who took her to *Troy*, when she went thither. *Demophoon*, Son of *Theseus* and *Phedra*, after the Subversion of that City, found her among the Slaves in the Grecian Camp, and obtain'd her of *Agamemnon*, by the Consent of *Helen*.

While *Theseus* was detain'd by *Aidoneus*, his Wife *Phedra* fell in Love with and sollicitated his Son *Hippolitus*, whom he had by the Amazon *Hippolite* ; but finding he was not to be seduced, she, at her Husband's Return, accused him of having endeavour'd to force her. *Theseus* too easily gave Credit to the Calumny ; which *Hippolitus* perceiving, and that he design'd his Destruction, he



led *Acherontia* \*, on Account of a frightful Cavern in it, that open'd a Passage to the Banks of *Acheron*, by which the Gods themselves all apprehend to swear. The Town was situated on the Summit of a Rock, like a Nest fix'd on the Top of a lofty Tree: At the Foot of this Rock was the Cavern, which fearful Mortals dreaded to approach. The Shepherds carefully averted thence their Flocks. The sulphureous Steam arising, by this Opening, from the *Stygian Marsh*, infected all the Air: around it grew nor Grass nor Flowers. The gentle

he escaped in his Chariot; but his Horses being frighten'd by some Seals which lay on the Sea-sands, ran away to the Mountains, tore the Chariot, and dash'd him, to Pieces. The Poets fable, That *Theseus*, finding his Son had escaped, pray'd to *Neptune*, to revenge him, who sent a Sea-monster which frighten'd the Horses of *Hippolitus*. This was not his only Misfortune; for the *Pallantides*, already mention'd, during his Absence, render'd him odious to his People, whose Insolence he could not redress; wherefore he privately sent his Children to *Eubæa*, and sailed to the Isle of *Scyros*, in the *Ægean Sea*, where he had some Possessions. *Lycomedes*, who was then King, apprehending Danger from a Prince of his Character, under Pretence of shewing him the Island, carry'd him to the Top of a Mountain, and taking his Opportunity, push'd him from off a Rock; and thus ended the Days of one of the greatest Heroes of Antiquity. Our Author in his next Book takes Notice of *Theseus* his too great Credulity, the Remembrance of which afflicts him in the *Elysian Fields*.

\* *Acherontia* a small City in *Apulia*, situated on a Mountain at the Extremity of *Italy*; at the Foot of this Mountain the River *Acheron* precipitates it self with such Violence, that the Poets have called this Place the Descent to Hell, by which they feign'd that *Hercules* descended, and dragg'd *Cerberus* up to Light.

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gentle Zephyrs never here were felt, or did the rising Beauties of the Spring, or the rich Gifts of Autumn glad the Eye. The parch'd up Earth pined, and nought it bore but leafless Shrubs, and the melancholy Cypress. Even, at a Distance, around this Cave, *Ceres* refused to the industrious Hinds her golden Crops. *Bacchus* seem'd in vain to promise his delightful Fruit ; instead of growing to Maturity, the Clusters of the Grapes were wither'd up. The mournful *Naiades* pour'd not forth a Chrystal Stream, ever were their Waters muddy and embitter'd. The winged Choiristers here never strain'd their warbling Throats, as in this barren Soil, with Bryars and Thorns o'erspread, no sheltering Grove arose ; wherefore they fled, to chant their Loves in Climes more favourable, The Croaking of the Raven, or the mournful Hootings of the Owl, alone were heard ; even the Herbage here was bitter, and the Flocks which grazed it felt not the grateful Gust which makes them wanton bound. The Bull here shun'd the Heifer, and the dejected Swain forgot his Bag-pipe, and his tuneful Reed.

From Time Time forth, from this Cavern's Mouth issued a black thick Smoke, which in a manner at Mid-day usher'd in a gloomy Night. 'Twas at these Times, that the neighb'ring People doubled their Sacrifices, t'appease th'Infernal Deities. But oft did these Immortal Pow'rs delight, by Contagion fatal, to sacrifice, as the only Victims, Men in the Bloom of Years and tenderest Youth.

'Twas here *Telemachus* resolv'd to seek the Path which led to *Pluto's* gloomy Seat. *Minerva* who incessantly watch'd o'er this Prince, and with her *Aegis* cover'd him, had render'd *Pluto* favourable

to

to him. *Jupiter* himself, at her Request, commanded *Hermes*, who daily to the Infernal Regions took his downward Flight, (there to deliver to old *Charon* a certain Number of the Dead) to bid the King of Shades admit into his Realms the young *Telemachus*.

The *Ithacian* Prince left, with Privacy, the Camp, during the Night. He was guided by the Brightness of the Moon, and invoked that powerful Deity, who, in the Heav'n, is that shining Planet of the Night, on Earth the chaste *Diana*, and the tremendous *Hecate* in Hell. This Goddess listen'd favourably to his Vows, as his Heart harbour'd no Impurity, and as he was led by tender filial Love.

Scarce had he drawn near the Cavern's Mouth, but he heard the subterranean Empire roar. Earth shook beneath his Steps, and Heav'n it self was arm'd with Lightnings and with Flames, which seem'd to fall to Earth. The youthful Son of *Ulysses* found his Heart affected, and a cold chilling Sweat cover'd his Body o'er. However, he was supported by his Courage; and lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, O powerful Gods! he cried, I accept these which I esteem happy Omens. Complete your Wills. He spoke, redoubled his Steps, and proceeded with an undaunted Resolution.

The thick Smoak, which render'd the Entry of the Cave fatal to all Animals, on their Approach, was on his drawing near in an Instant dissipated, and the envenom'd Stench for some small Time suspended. *Telemachus* enter'd unaccompany'd; for, what other Mortal dared to follow him? Two *Cretans*, who had attended him to a certain Distance from the Cave, and to whom he had imparted his Design, trembling and half dead, staid

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# Book XVIII. of TELEMACHUS. 141

in a Temple, far from the redoubted Cave, offering up their Vows, but despairing ever more to see *Telemachus*.

*Ulysses'* Son, in the Interim, with Sword in Hand, rush'd into the tremendous Darkness, and soon perceiv'd a dusky, feeble, glimmering Light, such as the Night admits on Earth. He observ'd the airy Shades which hover'd round him, and dispers'd them with his Sword. He afterwards perceiv'd the melancholy Banks of the *Paludofian*\* Flood, whose muddy slumbering Streams in perpetual Whirl-pools roll. On this Coast he saw innumerable Crouds of Dead, depriv'd of Funeral Rites, who in vain approach'd th'inexorable *Charon*. This Deity, whose eternal Age is ever severe and fowr, but full of Vigour, threaten'd, drove them off, and instantaneously received into his Bark the *Grecian* Youth. *Telemachus*, as he went on Board, heard the Groanings of a Shade disconsolate.

What is, said young *Telemachus*; your Grief? What were you while on Earth? I was, reply'd the Shade, *Nabopharzan*, Monarch of the stately *Babylon*: All Nations of the East trembled at the sole Terror of my Name. I compelled the *Babylonians* to pay me divine Honours, in a Temple rais'd of Marble, where I was represented by a golden Statue, before the which, both Day and Night, smok'd the most odoriferous Perfumes of *Æthiopia*. No one who dared to contradict me, escaped immediate Punishment. Every Day new Pleasures were invented, to render Life more delicious to me. I was young and  
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\* *Ensuite il voit les tristes Bords du Fleuve marécageux*; the marshy River. I fear, *Paludofian* will not be allow'd me. The Author cannot be taken in a literal Sense, and must allude to the River rising from a Morass.

vigorous. Alas! what Pleasures of the Throne have I left untasted? but a Woman, who possess'd my Heart, yet loved me not, by Poison, taught me that I was no God. I now am nothing. Yesterday my Ashes were enclosed in an Urn of Gold; the People wept, tore their Hair, and pretended to cast themselves into the Flames which devour'd my Pile, to accompany me in Death; they yet go and sigh at the Foot of the stately Monument which holds my Ashes, though not a Soul regrets my Loss: My Memory, even in my Family, is held in Detestation; and here, below, I already suffer a most grievous Treatment.

*Telemachus*, mov'd with this Spectacle, said: Were you really happy while you reign'd? Were you sensible of that pleasing Calm, which, if wanting, the Heart's oppress'd and heavy, in the Midst of all Delights? No; replied the *Babylonian*, I even know not what it is you mean. Your Sages boast this Calm, as the only Good; for my Part, I am a Stranger to it. My Heart was ever ruffled with new Desires, with Fear, with Hope. I endeavour'd to stupify my self in the Turbulency of my Passions, and I with Care indulged to my Senses this Intoxication, to render it perpetual. The least Interval of calm Reason would have prov'd too irksom. This was the Peace I knew; all other seems to me chimerical, a Dream, a Fable. This is the Good which I now regret.

While the *Babylonian* held this Discourse, he wept like a timid Wretch, enervated by his Prosperity, and unaccustom'd to support, with Fortitude, an adverse Fortune. Near him were some Slaves, who had been put to Death, to honour his Obsequies. *Mercury* had deliver'd them to-  
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gether with their Monarch, whom they had serv'd on Earth, and over whom they had now a Power absolute, into the Hands of *Charon*. These Shades of Slaves fear'd no more that of *Nabopharzan*: they held him in Chains, and treated him with the most shocking Indignity. Said one, Were we not Men like thee? how could'st thou be so very stupid, as to think thy self a God? Ought'st thou not to have reflected, that thou wer't deriv'd from Men? Another, to insult him, said: Thou certainly wast right in refusing to be thought a Man, as thou wer't a Monster, void of all Humanity. A third cried: Well, where are now thy Parasites? Wretch! thou hast now nothing left to give; thou art now divested of the Power to harm, and art become the Slave, even of thy Slaves. The Gods are slow in executing Justice, but then it is infallible.

At these cutting Words, *Nabopharzan* threw himself on his Face, and tore his Hair in his excessive Fury and Despair; but *Charon* said to the Slaves, Pull his Chain, and raise him, whether he will or not; he shall not be allow'd even the Comfort to conceal his Shame: No; all the Shades of *Styx* shall witness it, to justify the Gods, who so long permitted a Wretch so impious to reign on Earth. But, O *Babylonian*! this is but the Prelude of thy Woes: Prepare thy self for a severe Trial, before th'inflexible *Minos*, Judge of Hell.

While the dreadful *Charon* utter'd these Words, his Bark approach'd the Coast of *Pluto's* Empire. All the Shades flock'd together, to contemplate this living Mortal, who was on Board the Bark, encompass'd round with Shades; but the Moment *Telemachus* sat Foot on Shore, they fled, like Shadows of the Night, dissipated by the least Dawn

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of Day. *Charon* clearing up his Brow, and looking on the young *Greek* with Eyes much less severe than was his Custom, said : Mortal, favour'd by the Gods, since 'tis permitted thee to visit these Realms of Night, inaccessible to others drawing vital Air, go, whither thou art called by Fate. This Path leads to *Pluto's* dusky Palace, whom you will find seated on his royal Throne; he permits thee to enter into these Places, the Secrets of which must not be reveal'd by me.

*Telemachus*, immediately, with hasten'd Steps, advanced, and on all Sides perceiv'd, hovering around, Shades more in Number than are the Sands upon the Ocean's Coasts; the continual Agitation of this infinite Number of Shades, and the profound Silence reigning in the vast extended Tract, caused in him a Fear divine. On arriving at the dark Mansion of inexorable *Pluto*, the Hair of his Head stood erected, his Knees failed, his Voice falter'd; and 'twas with Difficulty he said, Thou see'st, tremendous Deity! the Son of the unfortunate *Ulysses*, who comes to ask thee if his Father has descended to thy Realms, or yet is wandering on the Face of Earth?

*Pluto* was seated on a Throne of Ebony, his Complexion was austere and pale; his Eyes sunk and sparkling, his Fore-head wrinkled and menacing. The Appearance of a living Mortal was baneful to him, as Light which hurts the Eyes of Animals used by Night alone to quit their Dens. *Proserpine*, on whom alone he kept his Eyes intent, and seem'd to somewhat mollify his Heart, sat by his Side. She was adorn'd with never fading Beauty; but she seem'd, with these her Charms divine, to have mingled in somewhat, unspeakable of her Consort's Harshness and Cruelty.

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At the Foot of the Throne, pale and voracious Death had ta'en his Place, with his sharp Scythe, to which new Edge incessantly he gave. Round this King of Terrors hover'd corroding Cares, cruel Suspicions; Revenge, dropping wet with Blood, and all o'er one Wound: Unjust Aversions; Avarice, which preys upon it self; Despair, whose Hands are it's own Executioners; furious Ambition, which lays all waste; Treachery, which will be fed with Blood, and cannot enjoy the Ills it does; Envy, which around her sheds her mortal Venom, and whose Impotence to harm gives Birth to Rage: Impiety, which for herself digs a bottomless Abyss, into which she plunges, bereft of Hope; hideous Spectres, Phantomes, the Representatives of Death, to terrify the Living; frightful Dreams\*, Wakings, not less tormenting than melancholy Visions. All these ill boding Images environ'd the haughty *Pluto*, and fill'd the Palace of his Residence. He answer'd *Telemachus* in a deep Voice, which made *Erebus* † to the Bottom bellow.

Young Mortal, Fate has made thee violate this Azyle sacred to the Shades. Follow thy glorious Destiny. I shall not tell thee where thy Father is. It is enough that thou hast Liberty to seek him. Since he was a King on Earth, you need but, on the one Hand, run o'er grim *Tartarus*, where wicked Monarchs meet their Punishments

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\* *Insomnies, insomnis.* We have no one Word for this, if that I've used is not allow'd.

† *Erebus* is here taken for Hell, as it often is by the Poets. 'Tis also the Name of an Infernal God, Father of Night, by *Chaos* and Darknes.

deserv'd; and on the other, the *Elysian Fields*, where the benevolent Princes find their sure Reward. But 'till thou hast past through *Tartarus*, thou canst not, from hence, enter the *Elysian Fields*. Hasten thither, and to quit my Empire.

At this Instant, *Telemachus* seem'd to fly thro' the vacant and immense Space; so anxious was he to learn if he should see his Father, and so willing to withdraw from the dreadful Presence of the Tyrant who awes the Living and the Dead. He soon perceiv'd himself near the dismal *Tartarus*\*; a thick black Smoke issued thence, the envenom'd Smell of which would mortal prove, were it diffus'd among the Living. This Smoke o'erspread a River of Fire, and crackling Sheets of Flame, the hideous Noise of which, like that of impetuous Torrents, precipitating their Waters from the Summits of the highest Rocks, and falling into Depths immense, prevented hearing any Thing distinct in those dismal Seats.

*Telemachus*, secretly encouraged by *Minerva*, enter'd, without Fear, this Gulph. He, the Moment, saw Crouds of Men, who had pass'd their Lives in the lowest Ranks of Subjects, punish'd for their Pursuit of Wealth, by Frauds, Treacheries, and Inhumanity. He remark'd a Number of impious Hypocrites, who, pretending Zeal for Religion, had made Use of it as a fine Pretence to satiate their Ambition, and to impose upon the Credulous. These Men who had made a Stale of even Virtue, the greatest of the Gifts divine, were punish'd as the most flagitious of the Race of Men. Children who had been Parenticides, Wives who

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\* The Place of Torment.

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had dipp'd their Hands in the Blood of their Husbands, Traitors who had betray'd their Country, having violated all Oaths, were less rigorously punish'd than were the Hypocrites. 'Twas thus decreed by the three infernal Judges, and for the following Reason: Because Hypocrites are not only as wicked as other Profligates, but they will, more over, pretend to Probity, and by their counterfeit Virtue make Men not dare to place a Confidence in that which is indeed real. The Gods whom they had mock'd, and whom they had expos'd to the Contempt of Mortals, take Pleasure in exerting their whole Power to exact full Vengeance on such gross Insults.

Next to these appear'd others, whom the Vulgar esteem but little guilty; but whom the divine Wrath prosecutes without Mercy: These are the Ungrateful, the Liars, the Sycophants, who have been lavish in extolling Vice; envious Censurers, who have endeavour'd to blast the most spotless Virtue: lastly, such as had rashly given their Sentiments of Things which they knew but superficially, and thus had hurt the Reputation of the Innocent.

But among all the various Sorts of Ingratitude, that towards the Immortal Gods, as of the blackest Die, was punish'd with the greatest Rigor. How! said *Minos*, shall a Man be esteem'd a Monster, who wants Gratitude towards a Father, or a Friend, who has assisted him, and glory in being ungrateful to the Gods, to whom he owes his Existence, and all the Blessings which he enjoys with Life! Is he not more indebted for his Birth to the divine Powers, than to his Parents from whom he sprang? The greater is the Lenity shewn these Crimes on Earth, the more are they the Objects in the infernal



fernal Realms, of Wrath implacable, which nought escapes.

*Telemachus*, seeing the three Judges on the Bench condemn a Man, ventured to ask what were his Crimes? The Convict immediately took upon him to reply, and said: Never have I been guilty of Injury to any, my sole Delight I placed in doing Good; I have been magnificent, liberal, just, and compassionate; with what can I be reproach'd? *Minos* answer'd: We, with regard to Men, reproach thee nought; thou didst not fail in any Point of Duty towards them, who in themselves are nothing: But owed'st thou not much more to the Immortal Gods, than thou didst to Men? Let us examine this Justice which thou boast'st: We will allow thy Virtue; but thou attributed'st all the Good thou did'st to that Virtue, to thine own Merits, not to the Gods, whose Gift it was: Thou would'st enjoy the Fruits of they own Virtue, wa'st all in all to thy self; thou wa'st thine own Deity: But the Gods, by whom all Things exist, and who made nothing but for themselves alone, cannot give up their Rights. Thou had'st forgot them, they will forget and give thee up to thy self, since for thy self thou would'st solely live, and not for them. Now seek, if thou canst find it there, in thine own Heart, thy Consolation. Thou art now for ever separated from Men, whom thou endeavour'd'st to please; thou art now with thy self alone, who were't alone the Object of thy Adoration. Learn, that there is no real Virtue destitute of reverential Awe and Love of those divine Pow'rs to whom all Things are due. Thy Mock-virtue, which had long dazzled the Eyes of Mortals, easy to be deceiv'd, will be now confounded. Men who judge of Vice and Virtue on-  
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ly as either clashes with or may promote their Good, are ignorant of Good and Evil. Here a Light divine repeals their superficial Judgment, often condemns what they admir'd, and justifies what they condemn'd.

The Philosopher, as one thunder-struck at these Words, was not able to support himself. That Self-complacency, which formerly made him contemplate his own Moderation, his Fortitude, and his generous Disposition, was changed into Despair. A View of his own Heart, Foe to all the Gods, became his Torment. He saw, and must, for ever, see himself. He now sees the Vanity of Men's Opinions, to obtain which, was the sole Scope of all his Actions. He finds a total Revolution of all within him, as if his Affections were all eradicated: no longer does he find himself the same he was, his Heart's unable to support him; his Conscience, whose Evidence was once so comfortable, revolts against, and cruelly reproaches him his Errors and illusive Virtues, which had not both for Principle and End, the Worship of the Deity. He is in Confusion, astonish'd, cover'd with Shame, given up to sharp Remorse and fell Despair. The Furies abstain from torturing him; it is enough for them that he is deliver'd to himself, and that his own Heart is the Avenger of the neglected Gods. He sought out the darkest Places, to shelter him from the other Dead, as he could not from himself abscond. He sought for Darknefs, but he found it not; a Light importunate attended on his Steps where'er he went; the penetrating Rays of Truth pursued in ev'ry Place, to avenge that Truth which he neglected once to follow. The former Objects of his Affection were now become the Objects of his

Hate, as they were the Source of all those Ills which must never end. These were his Thoughts: Fool that I was, I have then been ignorant both of Gods, of Men, and of my self. Alas! I have known nothing, since I never loved the only and the real Advantage. All my Steps have misled me, my Wisdom was Folly, my Virtue nothing more than blind and impious Pride. I was my self an Idol to my self.

At Length, *Telemachus* perceiv'd the Kings who were condemn'd for their Abuse of Power. On the one Hand, an avenging Fury placed before their Eyes a Miroir, which shew'd all the Deformity of their practis'd Vices. In that they saw, and could not avoid seeing, their stupid Vanity, thirsting after the most ridiculous Praises; their Cruelty towards Men, whose Happiness it was incumbent on them to procure; their Insensibility, with regard to Virtue; their Fear of hearing Truth, their Propensity to depraved Men and Sycophants, their Want of Application, their Delicacy, their Indolence, their ill-grounded Jealousies, their Pomp, their excessive Magnificence grounded on the Ruine of the People, their Ambition to purchase a little vain Glory with the Blood of the Subject: In a Word, their Cruelty in pursuing daily new Pleasures, amidst the Tears and heavy Pressures under which such a Number of unhappy Wretches labour'd. They continually saw themselves represented in this Miroir, in which they appear'd more monstrous than the *Chimera* \* slain by *Bellerophon*,

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\* A Mountain in *Lycia*, which vomits Fire. The Summit is full of Lions; the middle Part has good Pastures,

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*phon* \*, the *Lernian Hydra* destroy'd by *Hercules*, or even *Cerberus*, which from his triple and extended Jaws vomits black and venomous Gore, enough to poison all the Race of Mortals, that live on the Convexity of Earth.

At the same Time, a second Fury, insultingly, ran o'er all the Adulations of their Sycophants, the Incense offer'd them while living, and set before them another Miroir, where they saw themselves such as they were painted by the flattering Pencil. The Contrast of these different Figures proved the Punishment of their Vanity. It was observ'd, that the most flagitious of these Kings

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tures, and nourishes many Goats; at the Foot are a Number of Serpents. Which has given Ground to the Poets Invention of a Monster that vomits Fire, which has the Head of a Lyon, the Body of a Goat, and the Tail of a Dragon.

\* Son of *Glaucus* King of *Ephyra*, now called *Corinth*. *Sthenobæa*, the Consort of *Prætus* King of the *Argives*, became desperately in Love with him, made him acquainted with her Passion, and invited him to her Bed; but finding his Chastity insuperable, she, in Revenge for her Disappointment, accus'd him to the King her Husband with having attempted her Honour, and even of using Violence to perpetrate his criminal Design. The King, to revenge the Affront, sent *Bellerophon* to his Father-in-law, *Iobates*, into *Lycia*, with Letters, which required his being put to Death. *Iobates* not willing to do it himself, sent him with few Forces to make War on the *Solyi*, a People of *Lycia*, inhabiting the City *Solyma*; these he conquer'd. After having reduced this People, whom *Strabo* and *Pliny* place in *Pisidia*, a Country of *Asia* the Less in *Pamphylia*, by the Orders of *Iobates*, he turn'd his Arms againh the *Amazons* inhabiting the Country which lies between *Phrygia* and *Lycia*. On his Return,

were they, who in their Lives had receiv'd the most hyperbolical Praises; for wicked Princes are more fear'd than are the good, and they exact, void of all Shame, the most fulsom Praise from the Orators and Poets of their Time.

They are heard incessantly groaning in this palpable Darknes, where they find nought but Insults, and the Derision they are doom'd to suffer. They are surrounded by nothing but what refutes, contradicts and confounds them: whereas on Earth they sported with the Lives of Men, and pretended that every Thing was made to be subservient to their Will; in *Tartarus* they are given up to the capri-

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Return, having subdued these Heroines, he fell into an Ambuscade of *Lycians* jealous of the Glory he had acquired; but after an obstinate Fight he defeated the Traitors, and return'd victorious to the Court of *Iobates*, who gave him his Daughter with half his Kingdom; and he succeeded to the whole after the Death of *Iobates*, who left no male Issue. But he must have marry'd this Princess long before this Period; for he had a Son named *Isander* by her, who was killed in the Battle against the *Solymi*, which was very bloody, for they were a People noted for their Bravery. He had three Children by her, *Isander*, *Hippolochus* who succeeded him, and a Daughter *Laodamia*, Mother of *Sarpedon*, by *Jupiter*. This *Sarpedon* was slain at the Siege of *Troy* by *Patroclus*. The Loss of *Isander*, and the Death of his Daughter, so affected *Bellerophon*, that he left the Care of the State to *Hippolochus*, and avoided all Conversation with Men. His Fable says, that when he went against the *Chimera*, *Minerva* gave him the Horse *Pegasus*, which she herself had broke; and that afterwards, ambitious to mount, by Means of this wing'd Steed, to Heaven, a gad Bee stinging the Horse, and he threw the Hero, who was killed by the Fall.

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capricious Humors of certain Slaves, who, in their Turn, make them suffer a cruel Servitude. They obey with Grief, and have not the least Ray of Hope that ever their Slavery will become less rigid. They are subject to the Scourges of these Slaves, now their unmerciful Tyrants, as is the Anvil under the Hammers of the *Cyclopes*, when *Vulcan* urges them to labour in glowing Furnaces of *Ætna's* Mount.

There *Telemachus* beheld Countenances pale, hideous, and with Fear astonish'd. A dismal Melancholy preys on these Criminals, they detest themselves; and they are as little capable to shake off this Horror, as they are to divest them of their Nature. They need no other Punishment of their Crimes, than those Crimes themselves: they have them ever in their Sight, in all their full Enormity; they appear to them like horrid Spectres; they pursue those Wretches, who, to avoid them, seek a Death more powerful than that which separated their Souls and Bodies. In their Despair, they call, to succour them, a Death capable of extinguishing in them all Perception, all Reflection. They call to the Deeps to swallow them, that they may escape from the avenging Rays of Truth, which persecute them; but they are reserv'd to a Vengeance which distill's by Drops, and never will be drain'd: that Truth, which they fear'd to see, is now their Punishment. They see it, and their Eyes serve only to shew it, rising up against them. It's Presence penetrates, rends and tears them from themselves. 'Tis like the Bolt of *Jove*, which, without destroying aught of the outside Form, pierces to the very Entrails; and, like Metal in a glowing Furnace, the Soul is in a manner melted by this avenging Fire. It leaves no Consistence,

yet it consumes nothing; It dissolves even the first Principles of Life, yet admits not Death. The Soul is torn from it self, and can find neither Succour nor Repose even for a Moment's Space; it subsists only by the Rage conceiv'd against it's self, and by the entire Deprivation of Hope, which makes it furious.

Among these Objects, which made the Hair of *Telemachus* stand erected on his Head, he discover'd several of the ancient *Lydian* Kings, who were punish'd for having preferr'd their Pleasures and an effeminate Life to that Toil, which should be inseparable from Royalty, to ease the People.

These Monarchs reproach'd one another with their Stupidity: One said to him who had been his Son, Did I not often, both in my declining Years, and at my Death, exhort you to redress the Mischiefs I had done by my Neglect?

The Son replied, O wretched Father! 'tis you have caus'd my Loss. It was your Example that inspired me with Pride, with vain Glory, taught me to be luxurious and inhuman. Seeing you reign in such Indolence, environ'd with so many servile Flatterers, I was accusom'd to love all Adulation and my Pleasures. I thought the Rest of Mankind, with regard to Kings, were what Horses and Beasts of Burthen are with respect to Men; that is, Animals, valued according to the Use they are of, and to the Service they perform. This I believed, this you taught me to believe; and now I suffer such mighty Ills for having copied you. To these Words they added the most frightful Curses, and seem'd push'd on by Rage to tear each other piece-meal.

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## Book XVIII. of TELEMACHUS. 155

As an additional Torture, racking Suspicions, false Alarms, Diffidence, which revenge the Inhumanities of Monarchs for the suffering People, insatiable Thirst of Treasures, a false Glory ever tyrannical, and despicable Effeminacy which doubles every Ill, and never could afford a solid Pleasure, hover'd around these Sovereigns, like Owls in th'Obscurity of Night.

Several of these Monarchs were punish'd with great Severity, not for the Ills they had done, but for the Good which was incumbent on them to do, yet neglected. All the Crimes of which their Subjects had been guilty, by the Remissness of the Sovereign, in not exacting a due Obedience to the Laws, were imputed to the Kings, who ought to reign with no other View than to make the Laws reign by their Administration. To these Monarchs were also imputed all the Irregularities which spring from Ostentation, Luxury, or whatever other Extravagance, - reducing Men to Extremities, and tempting them to break through the Laws to acquire Wealth. But above all, those Kings were most severely punish'd, who instead of being tender and vigilant Pastors to their People, like voracious Wolves, were intent only on making Havock of the Flock.

But that which threw *Telemachus* into the greatest Consternation, was to find in the Abyss of Darkness a great Number of Monarchs, who on Earth had been reputed indifferent good Kings. These had been condemn'd to suffer the Pains of *Tartarus*, for having submitted to be govern'd by wicked and designing Men. - They were punish'd for Mischiefs they had permitted, under the Sanction of their Authority. More-  
over,

156 *The Adventures, &c.* Book XVIII.

over, the greater Part of these Kings were neither good nor wicked; such was their Imbecility. They never fear'd being ignorant of Truth; they had had no Relish for Virtue, and never took a Pleasure in being benevolent.

*End of the Eighteenth Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
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*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the NINETEENTH.

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ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS enters the Elysian Fields, where he is known by Arceſius, his Great-grand-father, who affures him that Ulyſſes is not only among the Living, but alſo that he ſhall again ſee that Hero in Ithaca, and ſucceed him in the Throne. Arceſius acquaints him with the happy Situation of juſt Men;



*Men; especially pious Kings, who, in their Days of Life, had render'd due Honours to the Gods, and caused the Happiness of the People submitted to their Government. He makes him observe that such Heroes who had excelled in the Trade of War alone, were many Degrees less happy in a Part of those blessed Abodes, separated from that of pious Monarchs. He gives Telemachus some Instructions; after which the Ithacian Prince hastens his Return to the Camp of the confederate Kings.*



**A**T the leaving this Place, *Telemachus* found himself reliev'd, as if his Breast had been deliver'd from the Weight of a Mountain. This Ease made him thoroughly sensible of their Wretchedness, who were shut up in those Realms of Darkness, without the least Hope of ever being freed. He was struck with Terror to see with how much greater Severity Kings were tormented, than were other Criminals. Is it possible, said he, that they are subjected to the Performance of so many Duties; that they are encompassed with so many Perils; have so many Snares to avoid; such Difficulties to encounter for the Discovery of Truth, to be on their Guard not only against other Men, but even against themselves! and at last to suffer such dreadful Torments, in these infernal Shades, after having been so greatly envied, so embarrassed and encounter'd by so many Obstacles in their short Span of Life! How stupid must  
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TELEMAQUE entre dans les CHAMPS ELISEES; ou il est reconnu par. Invis son Bicaul.

Liv. XLX.

## Book

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Book XIX. of TELEMACHUS. 159

he be, whose Ambition makes him wish to reign !  
Happy the Man who is contented with a private  
and a quiet State of Life, in which Virtue is at-  
tain'd with greater Ease !

These Reflexions threw him into great Anxie-  
ty, he shudder'd, and was affected with such Terror  
and Amazement, as made him in some Degree sen-  
sible of the Despair of those miserable Wretches,  
whom he had lately seen : But his Courage, gra-  
dually, return'd as he withdrew from that dismal  
Residence of Horror, Darknefs and Despair. He  
recovered his former Tranquility, and began to have  
a Glimpse of that pure and grateful Light, which  
is diffused through the bless'd Abodes of Heroes.

In this Place (separated from the rest of the Just)  
resided all the good Kings, who had ever reign'd  
o'er Men : For, as in *Tartarus*, wicked Princes  
suffer'd Torments, infinitely more severe, than  
Criminals in private Life ; so virtuous Sovereigns,  
enjoy'd a Happiness, which as far surpass'd, that  
of other Men, who had made Virtue the Object  
of their Love, while here on Earth.

*Telemachus* advanced towards these Monarchs,  
whom he found in fragrant Groves, seated on  
flow'ry ever springing Sods. A thousand Rivu-  
lets of chrystal Waters enliven'd these lovely  
Seats, and caus'd a most delightful Coolness. These  
Groves eccho'd to the warbling Harmony of in-  
numerable Birds. Here were, intermingled, seen  
the painted Flowers with which the Spring em-  
bellishes the Meads, and the rich Fruits of *Autumn*  
pendent from their Trees, the former rising  
from beneath their Steps. The Dog Star's raging  
Heat here ne'er was felt, and never durst the  
blighting Northern Winds blow here, and intro-  
duce the Winter's rigorous Cold. Blood-thirsty  
War;

War; cruel Envy, that bites with an envenom'd Tooth, and wreaths around her Head and Arms the Vip'rous Brood; Jealousies, Suspicions, Fears, and vain Desires never approach these blessed Abodes of Peace. The Day here never ends, and the Sable Veil of Night, is here unknown. A pure and pleasing Light diffuses itself around the Persons of these just Men; and with its Rays envelops them as with a Garment. This Light resembles not the gloomy One, with which the Eyes of wretched Mortals are enlightend, and is indeed but Darknesh. This is rather a celestial Glory. It penetrates, with greater Subtility, the most solid Bodies, than do the Solar Rays the purest Chrystal: Yet dazzles not, but on the contrary, fortifies the Sight, and introduces into the very Bottom of the Soul, an unspeakable Serenity. This is the sole Nourishment of these happy Men; it flows from, enters into, penetrates and incorporates with these Bless'd; as Aliments incorporate with us. They see, feel, and respire it. It excites within them an inexhaustible Source of Joy and Peace. They are plunged in this Abyss of ravishing Delights, like Fishes in the Sea. They wish for nothing: And in having nothing, they have every Thing; for the Relish of this pure Light, appeases the Cravings of the Soul. All their Desires are fully satisfied, and their Plenitude raises them above all, that vain and greedy Men pursue on Earth. All the Pleasures that encompass, are not regarded by, them. For their exalted Happines, which proceeds from within, leaves them no Sentiments for any of those Delights which they see without; but resemble the Gods, who satiated with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, would not vouchsafe to feed on the gross Viands which

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which might be set before them, at the most exquisite Table of mortal Men. Every Ill flies far from these tranquil blest'd Abodes. Death, Sickness, Poverty, Pain, Sorrow, Remorse, Fear; even Hope, which often is attended with Pains equal to those of Fear, Dissension, Distaste and Anger, can obtain no Admittance here.

The lofty *Thracian* Mountains, whose towering Heads, from the Creation of the World, cover'd with Snow and Ice, pierce through the nether Clouds, these Mountains whose Basis is founded in the Centre of the Earth, sooner might be rooted up and overthrown, than could the Minds of these just Men be ever ruffled. They alone pity those Miseries, with which th' Inhabitants of the World are overwhelm'd: But this Compassion is calm and pleasing, and makes no Alteration of their unchangeable Felicity. Eternal Youth; endless Happiness, and Glory quite divine, are in their Countenances visible: But their Joy has not the least Mixture of Trifling or Indecent. It is a calm, noble, and majestic Pleasure. It is a sublime Relish of Truth and Virtue, which wraps them in Delights extatic. They are ever in the same transporting Joy, felt by a tender Mother, on seeing her belov'd Son, whom she had given o'er for dead. But this Rapture, of short Duration with the Mother, never quits the Breasts of these blest'd Men, never, not for a Moment, is it languid. 'Tis ever new to them. They feel the Transports of Bacchanals, stripp'd of their Inconsiderateness and Confusion. They entertain one another on what they see, what they enjoy. They despise all soft Pleasures, and deplore the empty Greatness of their former Situation. They run, over with  
Pleasure,

Pleasure, that wretched, but short Term of Years, in which they were obliged to combat their own Passions, and withstand the Torrent of corrupted Men, to become good themselves. They admire the Assistance of the Gods, who lead them, as it were by the Hand, to the Paths of Virtue, through the Midst of such numerous Perils. Something ineffable of divine, incessantly flows through their Hearts, like a Torrent of the Divinity itself which unites with them. They see, they feel their Happiness, and know that it is eternal. They chant the Praises of the Gods, and these happy different Monarchs are, altogether, but one Voice; they have but one Thought, and one Heart. One and the same Bliss is like a Flux and Reflux in these united Souls.

In this divine Rapture, Ages glide away with greater Rapidity, than even Hours with Men; and notwithstanding thousand and thousand Ages do elapse, their Beatitude suffers no Diminution: 'Tis ever new, ever perfect. They reign all together, not on Thrones, which the Hands of Men can overthrow, but in themselves, with Power immutable; they no longer need to be formidable, by a Power borrow'd from a contemptible and wretched People: No longer do they wear those frivolous Diadems, whose Lustre conceals so many Fears, and black corroding Cares. The Gods themselves have crown'd them with their own Hands, with such, as nothing can ever blemish.

*Telemachus*, who sought his Father, and had hoped to find him in these enchanting Places, was so ravish'd with this Taste of Peace and Beatitude, that he wish'd he might here meet with *Ulysses*, and was sensibly afflicted that he himself

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was obliged, afterwards, to return to the Society of Mortals. It is here, said he, that real Life is enjoy'd. Ours is no more than Death. But he was astonish'd, at the having seen such a Number of Kings punish'd in *Tartarus*, and the meeting with so few happy in the *Elysian* Fields. From hence he gather'd that there are not many Sovereigns, who have Steadiness of Temper and Courage sufficient to withstand their own Power, and to reject the Flatteries of the Number of Men, who excite their Passions: Wherefore good Kings are but rarely seen; and the greater Number of Monarchs so wicked, that the Gods would not be just, having suffer'd them to make an ill Use of their Power, while they lived, if they did not punish them after Death.

*Telemachus* not seeing his Father *Ulysses*, among all these Kings, sought, at least, with his Eyes his Grandfire, the Divine \* *Laertes*. While he, in vain, look'd for him, a venerable Man, full of Majesty, came towards him. His advanced Age was nothing like that of Men who, on Earth, are borne down with Years. One could alone perceive that, before his Death, he had been old. It was a Mixture of all the Gravity of Age, with all the Charms of Youth: For every attracting Grace revives, even in those who were the most crazy Persons, the Instant that they are introduced into the *Elysian* Fields. This Man advanced, with some Eagerness, and look'd upon *Telemachus* with Indulgence, as a Person for whom he had a great Tenderness. *Telemachus*, who knew him not, was embarrass'd and in Suspence.

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\* He is so called as descended from *Jupiter*.

I forgive thee, O my dear Offspring, said he, thy not calling me to Mind. I am *Arceſius*, Father of *Laertes*: my Thread of Life was cut but a ſmall Time, before my Grandſon *Ulyſſes* departed for the Siege of *Troy*, while thou wer't yet an Infant in thy Nurſe's Arms. Even then I had conceiv'd great Hopes of thee; and they were not vain, ſince I ſee thee deſcended to *Pluto's* Realms, to ſeek thy Father, and that the Gods protect thee in this Enterprize. O happy Son! thou art cheriſh'd by the Gods, who deſign thee Glories equal to thy Sire's. Happy am I in ſeeing thee again! ſeek no longer *Ulyſſes* in theſe Seats; he ſtill lives; and is reſerv'd to raiſe again our Houſe in *Ithaca*. Even *Laertes*, though by a Weight of Years depreſs'd, ſtill draws the vital Air, and waits his Son's Return to cloſe his Eyes. Thus! do Men paſs away, like Flow'rs, which in the Morning blow, and in the Ev'ning are wither'd and trodden under Foot. The Generations of Men flow off, like to the Waters of a rapid Stream: Nothing can check the Courſe of Time, which drags along with it, what ſeems the moſt immoveable. Thou thyſelf, O my Son, thou thyſelf, my deareſt Child, who now enjoy'ſt a florid Youth ſo replete with Pleaſures, remember that this lovely Period is but a Flower, which will be wither'd, almoſt as ſoon as blown. Thou will't find the ſprightly Graces, and the tranquil Pleaſures which accompany thee, changed inſenſibly! Strength, Health and Joy, will vaniſh like a gay Dream; and thou will't have nought of theſe remaining, but a repining Memory. Languiſhing old Age, the Bane of Pleaſure, will ſucceed and plough thy Face in Wrinkles; bow thy Body; enfeeble all thy Members, and in thy Heart,

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Heart, drying up the Source of Joy, give thee a Disgust of the present, Apprehensions of the future, and make thee insensible to ev'ry Thing but Pain and Anguish. This Time appears to thee far off. Alas! thou art deceiv'd, my Son. It urges on with Speed, and is on the Point of reaching thee. That which approaches with such Rapidity, cannot be far distant from thee, and the present which flies away is already far removed, since it is vanish'd into nothing, the Moment in which we speak, and can never more draw near. Never therefore, O my Son, reckon on the present Time, but support thyself in the sharp and rugged Path of Virtue, by keeping in thine Eye the Time to come. Prepare for thyself, a Seat in these blissful Realms of Peace, by the Purity of thy Actions, and a Love of Justice. Thou wilt, in short, very soon see thy Father resume his Power in *Ithaca*. Thou art born to succeed him in the Throne: But alas! my Son, how deceitful is a regal State! while it is at a Distance view'd, nought appears to Sight, but Greatness, Splendor and Delight. But a nearer View discovers it full of Thorns. A private Person, may without Disgrace live in a calm Obscurity; but a Monarch cannot without Dishonour prefer an inactive tranquil Course of Life, to the toilsome Functions of his State. He owes himself to his Subjects, and he's not allow'd to live for himself. The least Oversight he is guilty of, is of infinite Consequence, as it is the Cause of the People's Misfortune, and sometimes for many Ages. It is incumbent on him to repress the Audacity of wicked Men; to support the Innocent, and to suppress Calumny. It is not enough for him, that he himself does no Injury;  
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he must do all the possible Good necessary for the publick Benefit. It is not enough that he himself acts uprightly, he must also prevent all the Ills which other Men would do, were they not restrained. Apprehend therefore, apprehend, my Son, so perilous a State of Life. Arm thyself with Resolution against thyself, against thine own Passions, and the Flatteries of others.

In uttering these Words, *Arcefius* seem'd animated with a divine Light, and shew'd *Telemachus* a Countenance greatly compassionating the Ills, which wait on Royalty. When said he, it is taken up, to sooth our own Ambition, it degenerates into monstrous Tyranny. When it is undertaken with Design to fulfil the requisite Duties, and to guide innumerable Men, as a Father does his Children, it is a grievous Servitude, which requires heroick Patience and Resolution. But then it is certain, that they who have reign'd with unfeign'd Virtue, here, enjoy all that the Power of the Gods can give to make their Happiness compleat.

While thus *Arcefius* spoke, his Words penetrated the Heart of young *Telemachus*: they were impress'd deep, as the Figures which an able Workman, with his Tool, engraves on Brass, which he designs shall last to late Posterity. This wise Discourse was like a subtle Flame; which pierced the very Bowels of the *Ithacian* Prince. He found himself sensibly touch'd, and enflamed. Something of divine inexpressible, seem'd to melt his Heart within him. That which he bore in the most inward Recesses of himself secretly consum'd him; he could neither contain, nor support it, neither could he resist an Impression so violent; it was a pleasing and a lively Sensation

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mixt with a Pain, acute enough to put an End to Life.

*Telemachus*, after this, began to recover himself; he remark'd in the Countenance of *Arcefius* a great Resemblance with *Laertes*; he even thought that he had a confus'd Remembrance of having seen in his Father *Ulysses* some Traces of the same Features, when he departed for the Siege of *Troy*.

This Remembrance melted him into Tenderness; pleasing Tears, mix'd with Joy, trickled from his Eyes. He wish'd to embrace a Person whom he held so dear; he often tried to enfold him, but this empty Shade fled his Caresses, as a deceitful Dream flies the Person who thinks to enjoy it. One while the parch'd Mouth of the sleeping Man, pursues a flying Water; at another, his Lips are in Motion to form Words, which his Tongue benumb'd has not Pow'r to utter. His Hands, eagerly stretch'd out, lay hold on nothing. Thus *Telemachus* is incapable to gratify his Affection. He sees, he hears, he speaks to, but cannot touch *Arcefius*. At Length he ask'd him, who were the Persons whom he saw around him?

Thou see'st, my Son, applied the wise old Prince, Men, who have been the Ornaments of their respective Ages; the Glory and the Happiness of Mankind. Thou see'st the small Number of Kings, who have been worthy of their exalted Dignity, and have faithfully perform'd the Function of Gods, while on Earth. The others whom you see pretty near, but separated from them, by yond little Cloud, enjoy a less Degree of Glory. They are indeed Heroes; but the Reward of their Bravery and military Expeditions cannot be compared to that of wise, just, and beneficent Monarchs.

Among

Among those Heroes thou seest *Theseus*, who has somewhat of melancholly in his Countenance. He has a deep Sense of the Misfortune of having given too easy Credit to a designing Wife; and he still grieves his having so unjustly required of *Neptune* the cruel Death of his Son *Hippolitus*. How happy had he been, if less precipitate and easy to be provok'd. Thou also seest *Achilles*, leaning on his Lance, by Reason of that Wound in his Heel, which the Coward *Paris* inflicted, and which prov'd his Death. Had he been as wise, just, and temperate as he was intrepid, the Gods would have blessed him with long Reign; but they took Pity on the *Phthiotes* and *Delopes* \*, over whom he must naturally have had the Sway, after the Demise of *Peleus*. They would not commit such a Number of People to the Mercy of a violent Man, sooner irritated than the most stormy Seas. The Destinies cut short his Thread of Life, and he was like a Flower which is scarcely blown, e'er by the keen Plough-share cut, it falls before the Day is closed in which it sprang. The Gods made Use of him, but as they do of Deluges and Storms, to punish the Wickedness of Men. They made *Achilles* an Instrument to overthrow the Walls of stately *Troy*; to revenge the Perjures of *Laomedon*, and the unjust Amour of *Paris*. After having thus made him subservient to their Vengeance, they were appeased, and not the Tears of *Thetis* could move them to allow this young Hero a longer Term of Life, as he was proper only to disturb Mankind, and subvert Towns and Kingdoms.

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\* A People of *Thessaly*, subject to *Peleus* the Father of *Achilles*.

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But seest thou that Other with the fierce Countenance? He is *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*, and Cousin of *Achilles*. You, doubtless, know the Glory he acquired in War. After the Death of *Achilles*, he insisted that Hero's Arms ought not to be given to any other than himself. Thy Father did not think he ought to yield him that Preference. The *Greeks* determin'd in Favour of *Ulysses*. *Ajax*, in Despair, slew himself; Resentment and Rage are still visible in his Countenance. Go not near him, my Son, for he will think you come to insult him in his Misfortune: and 'tis a Piece of Justice to give him our Pity. Do you not observe he sees us with Uneasiness, and that he rushes into that gloomy Grove, as we are odious to his Sight? Thou seest, on yond other Side, the *Trojan Hector*, who had been invincible, had not the Son of *Thetis* lived in the same Age. But behold, *Agamemnon* passes by; he yet bears the Mark of *Clitemnestra's* Treachery. O my Son! I shudder when I think on the Misfortunes of this Family of the impious *Tantalus*. The Enmity between the two Brothers, *Atreus*\* and *Thyestes*,

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\* *Pelops*, Son of *Tantalus* King of *Lydia*, being obliged by the War made upon him, by *Tros* King of *Phrygia*, to quit his Country, withdrew to *Greece*, married *Hippodamia*, Daughter of *Oenomaus* King of *Elis* and *Pisa*, and succeeding to the Throne gave his Name to that Peninsula, which has been ever since called *Peloponnesus*, or Isle of *Pelops*. This Prince had by her two Sons, noted for their mutual Hatred to each other; their Names *Atreus* and *Thyestes*. By the Instigation of their Mother, they murder'd their Brother *Chrysippus*, whom *Pelops* had by his Mistress *Astiochia*; for which Fact he banish'd both the Queen and her Sons. *Hippodamia* died, with Grief,

filled that House with Blood and Horror. Alas! how many Crimes are consequential of one alone! *Agamemnon* at the Head of his *Grecians*, returning from the Siege of *Troy*, had not the Time peaceably to enjoy the Glory he had acquir'd. Such is the Destiny of almost all Conquerors. All those Men, whom you see, were once formidable in War;

Grief, as some say, for having conspired the Death of her Father with *Pelops* and *Myrtillus*, and *Pelops* did not long survive her.

*Atreus* withdrew to the Court of *Eurystheus*, King of *Argos*, and married his Daughter *Ærope*, and, on the Death of his Father-in-law, slain in *Attica*, a little before the *Trojan War*, was declared King in his Stead. *Thyestes*, his Brother, who follow'd him, gained the Affections of his Sister-in-law, and had by her two, some say three, Children. *Atreus*, having discover'd this Intrigue, immediately drove his incestuous Brother from his Court; but thinking this a Revenge no way adequate to the Injury done him, under Pretence of a Reconciliation, he recalled *Thyestes*, and having murder'd the Children he had by *Ærope*, made a Repast of them for their Father. They tell us, that the Sun hid his Light, that he might not be Witness to a Banquet so inhuman. *Thyestes* was afterwards reveng'd by his Son *Egisthus*, who slew his Uncle *Atreus*. The Story is told two different ways: By one, we are inform'd that *Thyestes* consulting the Oracle, how he should revenge the Barbarity of his Brother? he received for Answer, that if he lay with his Daughter *Pelopea*, he should beget on her a Son, who would avenge him; and that his Thirst of Revenge being too prevalent for all other human Considerations, he committed a Crime shocking to Nature. By the other we are told, that he met his Daughter *Pelopea* in a Wood consecrated to *Minerva*, where, not knowing who she was, he ravish'd her; that she conceiv'd and was deliver'd of *Egisthus*, whom she expos'd. Some Time after

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War; but they were neither worthy to be beloved, nor virtuous, and therefore are they placed but in the second Abode of the *Elysian Fields*.

The Princes who are here, reign'd with Equity, and lov'd their People; they are the Friends of the Immortal Gods, while *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their Diffensions and Battles, here re-

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tain

ter the Death of *Ærope*, *Atreus* took his Niece *Pelopea* to Wife, and brought up *Egisthus*, with his two Sons *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*. These two having met their Uncle *Thyestes* at *Delphos*, brought him to their Father, who put him into Prison, and sent *Egisthus* to murder him: but *Thyestes* spying in his Hand the Sword which *Pelopea* snatch'd from his Side after he had forced her, when he was going out of the sacred Wood; he by that knew his Son. His Daughter happening to come in the Instant, and being convinced of the Incest, of which she was before ignorant, as she knew not her Father, killed herself with the very Sword, which *Egisthus* carry'd, reeking with the Blood of his Mother, to *Atreus*, and by that perswaded him that he had dispatch'd *Thyestes*; on which *Atreus* went to sacrifice by way of Thanksgiving for the Death of his Enemy; but during the Performance of the Ceremony *Egisthus* slew him, and deliver'd his Father from Prison. Thus *Thyestes* mounted the Throne, and drove out his two Nephews *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, who fled to *Polyphidus* King of *Sicyon*; he sent them to *Oeneus* King of *Oecalia*, and this generous Prince marry'd them to the Daughters of *Tyndarus*, *Clytemnestra* and *Helen*. With the Assistance of their Father-in-law, they resolv'd to revenge the Death of their Father *Atreus*, and press'd *Thyestes* so close, that he was oblig'd to take Sanctuary at the Altar of *Juno*. They spared his Life, but banish'd him to *Cytheria*. Thus *Agamemnon* ascended the Throne of *Argos*, which he transferr'd to *Mycenæ*; and *Menelaus*, his Brother, succeeding to *Tyndarus* his Father-in-law, became Sovereign

tain their Cares and natural Defects, at the same time vainly regret the Life they've lost, and grieve that they are no more than weak and empty Shades. These equitable Monarchs, who have been purify'd by a divine Light, which is their Nourishment, have nothing more to wish to make them happy. They view with Pity the Inquietudes of Mortals; and

of *Sparta*. Soon after *Agamemnon*, being obliged to take upon him the Command of the *Grecian* Forces design'd against *Troy*, was thoroughly reconciled to *Egisthus*, and not only pardon'd him the Death of his Father, but entrusted his Wife, *Clytemnestra*, and his three Children, *Orestes*, *Iphigenia* and *Electra*, to his Care; however, he set a certain Musician, who was his Confident, as a Spy over him. *Egisthus*, having gain'd the Affections of *Clytemnestra*, soon got rid of this troublesome, as too vigilant, Guardian, at a Hunting-match, and lived with *Clytemnestra* in a manner so publicly scandalous, that the melancholy Account reach'd *Agamemnon* towards the End of the *Trojan* Siege, and he resolv'd to revenge the Breach of Trust at his Return; but his Wife prevented him, by having both him and her Rival, *Cassandra*, murder'd on their Arrival. After having got rid of her Husband, she married *Egisthus*, and placed the Crown on his Head, which he kept Possession of Seven Years. Young *Orestes* had also been sacrificed to this infamous Intrigue, had not his Sister *Electra* privately convey'd him away to their Uncle *Strophius*, King of *Phocis*. This Monarch had married the Sister of *Agamemnon*. Here *Orestes* contracted a Friendship with his Cousin *Pylades*, Son of *Strophius*, which render'd them ever after inseparable.

When seven Years were relaps'd, *Orestes* resolv'd to revenge the Death of his Father; to which End he got together some few Soldiers, and, accompany'd by *Pylades*, enter'd secretly into *Mycenæ*, where he lay conceal'd at the House of his Sister *Electra*, whom, to prevent all

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and Affairs of the greatest Moment, which disquiet ambitious Men, appear to them like Childrens Sports. Their Souls are satiated with Truth and Virtue, which they draw from the very Source. They have nothing to suffer from themselves, no Desires, no Wants, no Fears. All is pass'd with them, except a never ending Joy.

Remark, my Son, that ancient Sovereign *Inachus* \*, Founder of the Kingdom of *Argos*. Thou seest his great Age is amiable and majestick, Flowers spring beneath his Steps, light as the Flight of Birds. He has a golden Lyre in his Hand, and in eternal Raptures chants the Wonders of the Gods. His Heart and Mouth exhale the most exquisite Perfumes. The Harmony of his Voice and Lyre might ravish the Ears of Men and Gods. He is thus rewarded for having loved the People whom he drew together within the Compass of his new rais'd Walls, and for whom he instituted Laws.

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Danger from her Quarter, *Egistbus* had marry'd to a Man of mean Birth. *Electra* immediately spread a Report, that *Orestes* was dead at *Phocis*; which was News so joyful to *Egistbus* and *Clytemnestra*, that they went to the Temple of *Apollo*, to return Thanks. *Orestes*, mingling in, enter'd with the Guards, whom he stepp'd, and with his own Hand slew *Egistbus* and his own Mother *Clytemnestra*, recovered the Throne of his Ancestors, on which he reign'd seventy Years, and died in the ninetieth of the Bite of a Serpent. He was but twenty Years of Age when he left his Uncle's Court.

\* He left *Phenicia*, and conducted a Colony into Greece, and founded his Kingdom about 1880 Years before Christ. The Country in which he settled has since taken the Name of *Peloponnesus*. The Greeks made him the Son of *Tethis* and the Ocean.

Among yond Mirtles, on the other Side, you may behold *Cecrops* \* the *Ægyptian*, the first who reign'd in *Athens*, a City consecrated to the Goddess of Wisdom, whose Name it bears. *Cecrops* introducing the wholesome Laws of *Ægypt*, which have been to *Greece* a Source of Learning and Morality, polish'd the rugged Nature of the *Attic* Towns, and united them in the Bands of Society. He was just, humane, and compassionate. He left the Publick in Affluence, but his own Family with a Competence only. He would not allow his Children

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\* He was originally of *Sais* in *Egypt*, whence he led a Colony to *Greece*. The People, among whom he settled, were wild and barbarous, living in Caves, and by Hunting; he civiliz'd them, taught them Navigation and Husbandry, and planted the Olive Tree, for which the Land he found extremely proper. This was about the Year 1582, before the *Christian Era*. Others say, about 330 Years before the Subversion of *Troy*, which was 1192 Years before *Jesus Christ*; consequently *Cecrops* left *Egypt* and went to *Greece* 1522 Years before our *Era*, if the latter Opinion is just. He married the Daughter of *Atëus*, and built twelve Cities, or rather Villages, which compos'd the Kingdom. Into these he introduced the Laws of his Country, and the Worship of the *Ægyptian* Gods, *Jupiter*, &c. but in particular of *Minerva*, greatly honour'd at *Sais*. He built her an Altar, and set up her Statue. The Poets feign him half Man, half Serpent; and his Name speaks a double Form. The Ground of this Invention was possibly from his governing two different People, the *Egyptians* whom he brought with him, a civiliz'd Colony, and the *Barbarians* whom he instructed; or from his establishing Matrimony, by which the two Sexes are united. The twelve Villages rais'd by *Cecrops Theseus*, we have before shewn, united in one City. The Country from *Cecrops* took the Name of *Cecropia*.

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Children to succeed to his Authority, as he judged others more worthy of it.

But I must also shew you in that little Valley *Eriethon*\*, who invented the Use of Silver Coin. He did it with an Eye to the rendering Trade among the *Grecian* Islands more commodious; but he foresaw the Inconveniency which was annex'd to this Invention. Apply yourselves, said he, to the People, to the multiplying, at home, your natural, which are indeed the real Treasures. Cultivate the Earth, that you may abound in Corn, in Wine, in Oil, and Fruits. Raise numberless Flocks and Herds, which may, with their Milk, afford you Sustenance, and with their Wool a Covering. Thus you will be in a Situation never to apprehend Poverty. An Encrease of Children will be an Augmentation of Wealth, provided you bring them up to Labour; for the Earth is inexhaustible, and it's Fertility augments in Proportion

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\* He is fabled to be the Son of *Vulcan* and the Earth, conceiv'd at the Time this God offer'd Violence to *Minerva*. He was born with the Leggs of a Serpent, wherefore *Minerva* cover'd him up in a Basket, and gave him to the Care of *Aglauros* a Daughter of *Cecrops*, with strict Charge not to uncover and look at him; but her Curiosity making her disobey this Command, *Minerva* in Revenge made her jealous of her Sister *Herse*, belov'd by *Mercury*, whom she endeavouring to hinder from going into her Sister's Apartment he struck her with his Wand, and changed her to a Rock. The Truth is, *Eriethonius* was born with bad and feeble Leggs, and expos'd in the Temple of *Vulcan*; which gave Rise to the Fable. He was the Inventor of Chariots; for which Reason he was placed among the Stars, and is call'd *Bootes*.



portion to the Number of Inhabitants, who take Care of it's Cultivation : It plentifully repays their Toil ; whereas it is sordid and unfruitful to those who cultivate it with Negligence. Apply yourselves therefore principally to these solid Riches, which will sufficiently supply your real Wants. As for Money, you ought to look upon it as below your Esteem, otherwise than as it is necessary either for unforeseen and foreign Wars, or for the trading in such Goods as are wanted, and are not to be had in your own Country. And indeed it is to be wish'd, that all Dealings for such Things as only entertain Luxury, Vanity and Indolence, were entirely lain aside.

This the wise *Eriethon* often repeated. I fear, my Children, I have made you a fatal Present in the Invention of Money. I foresee it will stir up Avarice, Ambition, and Ostentation ; that it will maintain a Number infinite of pernicious Arts, which tend alone to the enervating and corrupting of good Customs ; that it will give you a Disgust to a happy Simplicity of Manners, which is the Basis of our Tranquility, and all the Security of Life ; in a Word, that it will make you despise Husbandry, the Support \* of human Life, and Source of all real Benefits. But I attest the Gods, it was with a pure Heart that I communicated to you this Invention, which in itself is useful. In short, when *Eriethon* perceiv'd that Money, as he had foreseen, corrupted the People, he, through Grief, retired to a desert Mountain, where he lived in Poverty, remov'd from the Conversation  
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\* The *French* says, *le Fondement de la Vie humaine* ; the Basis, the Ground, the Support of human Life, &c.

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of Men, to a great Age, and never more intermeddled with the Government of Cities.

Some little Time after him, the famous *Triptolemus* \*, whom *Ceres* had instructed in the Art of cultivating and yearly covering the Earth with golden Harvests, appear'd in *Greece*: not that Men were, even then, ignorant of Corn and of the Manner, by sowing, to multiply it; but they knew not the Perfection of Tillage; and *Triptolemus*, sent by *Ceres*, came to introduce the Plough, and to offer the Gifts of that Goddess to all who had Resolution enough to overcome their natural Sloth, and to apply themselves to assiduous Labour. It was not long e'er *Triptolemus* taught the *Greeks* to render the Earth fertile, by laying open it's Bosom. And now the yellow Ears of Corn fall beneath the sharpen'd Hook of eager and indefatigable Reapers, and cover o'er the Fields. Even the fierce and savage Race of Men, who wander'd in the Forests of *Epirus* and *Oetolia*, in Search of Mast, and Acorns, for their Support, having learn'd to raise the grateful Seed, and live on Bread, softening their Manners; submitted to be ruled by Laws. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* sensible of the Pleasure found in being indebted to their sole Labour for their Affluence, and in gathering, in their own Fields, whatever was necessary to render Life commodious and even

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happy.

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\* Son of *Celeus* King of *Attica*; he wrote and dispers'd, in different Countries, Books of Husbandry; and introduced the Worship of *Ceres* in those Places through which he travelled. Hence the Poets feign, that he was nursed by that Goddess, who taught him Agriculture, and that he was carried on a flying Dragon, which was in Reality a Ship, the *Phenician* Word signifying both a Dragon and an armed Ship.

happy. This simple, this innocent, Affluence, the Consequence of Husbandry, called to their Minds *Eriethon's* sage Advice. They despised Money, and all artificial Wealth, which are indeed no other than Riches of th'Imagination, alluring Men to seek dangerous Pleasures, and averting them from Labour, productive of all real Treasures, and Innocence of Manners in a full Enjoyment of Liberty. They were then satisfied that a fertile and a well cultivated Field was in Reality a Treasure to a Family, prudent enough, to live with the Frugality of their Fathers. Well had it been for the *Greeks*, had they continued steadfast in Maxims so proper to render them powerful, free, happy, and worthy of being so, by their Adherence to solid Virtue! But, alas! they begin to admire false Riches, by Degrees, to neglect those which are real, and to degenerate from this admirable Simplicity. O my Son, you will, one Day, fill a Throne; do you then remember to revive Husbandry, give due Honour to this Knowledge, assist those who make it their Business. Suffer not your Subjects to live in Idleness, or to be employ'd in such Arts as nourish Effeminacy and Luxury. These two Men who lived with such Wisdom upon Earth, are here cherish'd by the Gods. Observe, my Son, that their Happiness as far surpasses that of *Achilles*, and of other Heroes, who have excelled in War, as a mild Spring is preferable to a severe Winter, or the Light of the Sun to that reflected by the Goddess of the Night.

While *Arcefius* held this Discourse, he perceiv'd that *Telemachus* had his Eyes constantly fix'd on the Side of a little Grove of Laurels, and on a Rivulet border'd with Violets, Roses, Lillys, and  
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other fragrant Flowers, whose vivid Colours resembled those of *Iris*, when she descends from Heaven to Earth, to declare to some Mortal the Commands of the Immortal Gods. The Prince of *Ithaca* discover'd and knew the great *Sesostris* \*, in this delightful Place. He was a thousand times more majestic, than ever he had appear'd when seated on the Throne of *Ægypt*; Rays of benign Light issued from his Eyes, dazzling those of young *Telemachus*. One would have thought, in seeing him, that he was intoxicated with Nectar, so greatly was he enraptured with the divine Spirit, beyond all human Comprehension, as a Reward of his former Virtues.

*Telemachus* said to *Arceſius*, I know again, O my Father! *Sesostris*, that wise King of *Ægypt*, whom I saw not long since. That is he, reply'd *Arceſius*; and in his Example you may perceive with what Magnificence the Gods reward beneficent Sovereigns. But know that all this Happiness is nothing to what the Gods design'd him, if too great Prosperity had not made him forget the Rules of Temperance and of Justice. His Passion to abate the Pride and Insolence of the *Tyrians*, push'd him on to make a Conquest of their Town, and this Conquest enflam'd him with the Desire of making others. He suffer'd himself to be seduced by the vain Glory of Conquerors; he subdued, or rather ravaged all *Asia*. At his Return to *Ægypt*, he found his Brother had usurp'd his Crown, and by an unjust Government had subverted the most wholesome Laws of the Country. Thus his great Acquisitions serv'd only to embroil his Kingdom:

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\* We have taken Notice of this Prince in the Second Book.

dom : But what render'd him still more inexcusable, he grew intoxicated with his own Glory. He harness'd to his Chariot the most illustrious of the Kings whom he had subdued. At length he was sensible of his Error, and blush'd at having acted with such Inhumanity. Such was the Fruit of his Victories. This is what Conquerors bring upon themselves, and upon their Countries, by endeavouring to usurp those of their Neighbours. This is what sunk the Character of a King who was otherwise so just and beneficent ; and this it is which has lessen'd the Glory the Gods had design'd him.

Do you not, my Son, see that other Sovereign, whose Wound is so glorious ? He was a King of *Caria*, named *Diocles* \*, who, in a Battle, devoted himself for his People. The Oracle, in the War between the *Carians* and *Lycians*, having declared that the Nation, whose King should be slain, should gain the Victory.

Remark that wise † Legislator, who having instituted such Laws as would make his People both good and happy, made them swear that they would not violate any of these Constitutions during his Absence ; after which he abdicated his Country, died

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\* Our Author here employs a fictitious Name, to avoid the Anachronism he must have been guilty of, had he introduced *Codrus*, the seventh and last King of *Athens*, to whom alone this Instance of Patriotism is really applicable. He gave himself up a Victim for his People, about 60 Years after the *Trojan War*. He lived about the Time of *Samuel* the Prophet.

† This alludes to the Story of *Solon*, the famous Legislator of the *Athenians*, whose Name our Author could not mention, as he was born above 500 Years after *Telemachus*.

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died an Exile, and poor, in a foreign Clime, to compel his People, by the above Method, to an eternal Observance of these wholesome Laws.

The other whom you see is *Eunefimus* \* King of the *Pylians*, and Ancestor of *Nestor*; when a Plague ravaged the Earth, and filled with Shades the Banks of *Acheron*, he implored the Gods that their Wrath might be appeased by his dying for so many thousand of innocent Persons. The Gods favourably heard his Prayer, and have here invested him with true Royalty, in Comparison of which all on Earth are but empty Shadows.

That ancient Prince, whom you see crown'd with Flowers, is the renown'd *Belus* †, who reign'd in *Ægypt*. He espoused *Anchynoes* Daughter of the God *Nilus*, who conceals the Source of his Streams, and enriches the Earth by his Inundations. He had two Sons: *Danaus* ‡, with whose Story you are acquainted; and *Ægyptus*, who left his Name to that delightful Kingdom. *Belus* esteem'd himself far more opulent in the Affluence he procured for his Subjects, and in the Love they bore him, than he would have been by all the Tributes he could have impos'd upon them. These Princes, whom you think dead, live, my Son; and that wretched Life which is undergone on Earth is alone Death. The Names are only changed.

May

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\* I take both the Name and Story to be Fiction.

† He was one of the first *Egyptian* Deities. There were several of this Name. This was called *Belus Prifcus*, to distinguish him from the Father of *Dido*; and from the Father of *Ninus*, who had a Temple in *Babylon*.

‡ Father of the *Danaides*, married to the fifty Sons of his Brother *Ægyptus*. The Story we have already mention'd.

182 *The Adventures, &c.* Book XIX.

May the Gods make thee virtuous enough to merit this happy Life, which can neither be disturb'd nor terminated. Haste thee hence. It is now Time thou should'st seek thy Father; but e'er thou find'st him, alas! what Streams of Blood wilt thou see shed! But how great Glory waites thee in the *Hesperian* Plains? Bear in Mind the Advice of the wise *Mentor*; if that you follow, thy Name will be famous among all Nations, and throughout all Ages.

He spoke, and immediately conducted *Telemachus* to the Ivory Gate, by which an Egress is allow'd from the gloomy Realms of *Pluto*. The *Ithacian* Prince, with Tears in his Eyes, left *Arcefius*, having no Power to embrace him; and, leaving these gloomy Regions, he hastened to the Camp of the Confederates, after having join'd again the two young *Cretans* who had accompany'd him pretty near to the Cavern, and who despair'd of ever seeing him again.

*End of the Nineteenth Book.*



THE



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the TWENTIETH.

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ARGUMENT.

*IN a Council of the Generals, Telemachus prevails on them, by his Arguments, not to surprize Venusia, left by both Parties as a Deposit in the Keeping of the Lucanians : He gives a Proof of his Wisdom in the Case of two Deserters, one of whom, named Acanthus, had undertaken to poison the Prince*  
of

of Ithaca; the other, whose Name was Diocorus, offer'd to bring to the Allies the Head of Adrastus. In the Battle, which was afterwards join'd, Telemachus, wherever he goes, in Search of Adrastus, makes a great Slaughter; on the other Hand, Adrastus, who also seeks the Ithacian Prince, meets with and kills Pisistratus, the Son of Nestor. Philoctetes arrives at that Instant, and, while he prepares to transfix Adrastus, is himself wounded, and oblig'd to withdraw from the Battle. Telemachus hasts to that Part, directed by the Outcries of the Allies, among whom Adrastus makes a bloody Slaughter. He engages his Enemy, and gives him his Life on certain Conditions, which he imposes. Adrastus, having regain'd his Feet, endeavours to surprize Telemachus, who, siezing him a second time, deprives him of Life.



N the mean while, the Chiefs of the Army met in Council, to deliberate on the Surprize of *Venusia*\*, a fortified Town, usurped by *Adrastus* on his Neighbours, the *Peucetian Apulians*; these were enter'd into the Alliance against him, to demand Justice for this Invasion.

To

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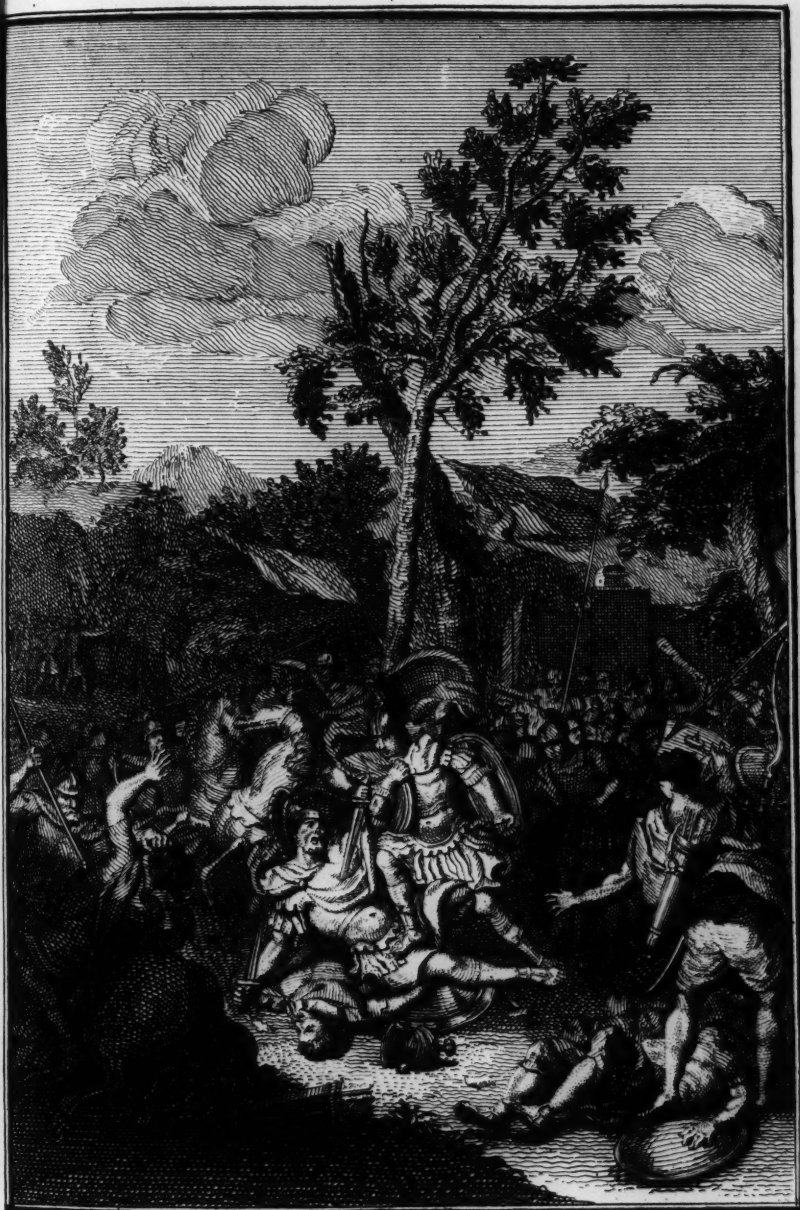
\* Or *Venusium*, a City of *Italy*, as our Author says. It was the Country of *Horace*, who is hence called the *Venusian* Poet.

XX.

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TELEMAQUE, après avoir donné la Vie à ADRASTE, est obligé de le tuer pour sauver la sienne.

Liv. XX.



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To appease them, *Adrastus* had given this Town as a Deposit into the Hands of the *Lucanians*; but, by his Bribes, not only corrupted the *Lucanian* Garrison, but even their Commander; so that, in Fact, the State of *Lucania* had less effective Power in *Venusia*, than had *Adrastus*; and the *Apulians*, who had consented to the placing a *Lucanian* Garrison in *Venusia*, were deceiv'd in this Negotiation.

A *Venusian* Citizen, named *Demophantes*, had privately offer'd the Allies to deliver them up, in the Night, one of the Gates of the Town. The Advantage was by so much the greater, as *Adrastus* had placed all his Provisions and war-like Stores in a Castle, little distant from *Venusia*; and this latter being taken, the former could make no Defence. *Philoctetes* and *Nestor* had already given their Opinion, that so favourable an Opportunity ought not to be neglected. All the other Leaders, byass'd by their Authority, and blinded by the Advantage of so easy an Enterprize, approved their Sentiments; but *Telemachus*, at his Return, employ'd his utmost Endeavours to divert them from the Undertaking.

I am very sensible, said he, that if ever Man merited to be over-reach'd and deceiv'd, it is *Adrastus*; who has so often impos'd upon all Mankind. I acknowledge, that in surprizing *Venusia* you will do no more than regain the Possession of a Town, which belongs to you, as it is the Property of the *Apulians*, one of the Nations of this Alliance. I allow you may do this with so much a greater Colour of Justice, as *Adrastus*, who made a Deposit of this Town, has corrupted the Commander and Garrison, to have Admittance whenever he shall think it necessary: In a Word, I am as thoroughly convinced

vinced as any of you, that in the taking *Venusia*, you will the Day following reduce the Castle, in which are all the Preparations for War, that *Adrastus* has drawn together; and thus, that you will, in a Couple of Days, put an End to this so formidable War. But would not Death be preferable to Conquest by such Methods? Must Fraud be repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be said, that so many Monarchs enter'd into a League, to punish the Treacheries of the impious *Adrastus*, yet are themselves not less perfidious? If we are allow'd to follow his Example, he is then guiltless, and we are unjust in endeavouring to punish him. What! has not all *Hesperia*, supported by so many *Grecian* Colonies, by so many Heroes return'd from the *Trojan* Siege; has she no other Arms against the Perfidy and Perjuries of *Adrastus*, than Perfidy and Perjury? You have sworn, by whatever is most sacred, that you will leave *Venusia* as a Deposit in the Hands of the *Lucanians*; but, say you, the Garrison of that Nation is corrupted by the Money of *Adrastus*. I believe it as firmly as you do. But still this Garrison is in the *Lucanians* Pay, they have not refused to obey them; they have kept, at least, an Appearance of Neutrality; neither *Adrastus* nor any of his Forces have ever enter'd *Venusia*; the Treaty subsists, and the Gods have not forgot your Oath. Is our Word to be kept no longer than plausible Pretences for breaking it are wanting? Shall we be no longer just and conscientious in the Observation of our Oaths, than while no Advantage results from their Violation? If you are not to be moved by a Love of Virtue and a Fear of the Immortal Gods, at least suffer your selves to be sensible to your Interests and Reputations. If you give others the pernicious Example of breaking your Word, and of  
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violating your Oath, to put an End to a War; How many Wars may you kindle by so impious a Conduct! Which of your Neighbours will not be compelled to fear the worst from, and even abhor you? Who can, hereafter, in the greatest Emergency, confide in you? and, when you even design to perform your Engagements, and that it is absolutely necessary to convince your Neighbours of your Sincerity, what Security for this can you give them? Can it be a solemn Treaty? You have before broken through one; can it be an Oath? Alas! will they not know that you slight the Gods when you hope to reap any Advantage by Perjury? Wherefore, with regard to you, Peace will be no greater Security than open War. All that you can offer will be receiv'd either as a dissembled, or as a declared War. You will prove the perpetual Enemies of all who are unfortunately your Neighbours; it will be impossible for you to transact any Affairs, which depend on Reputation, Probity and Confidence. You will have no Means left you to gain Credit to your Promises.

But, added *Telemachus*, you have a more immediate Interest, which ought to weigh with you, if you have yet any Sentiment of Probity remaining, and any Foresight for your own Welfare; which is, that so perfidious a Conduct, which attacks you in the very Vitals, tends to the Dissolution of your Alliance, and your Perjury is on the Point of giving *Adrastus* a Triumph over you.

At these Words, the whole Assembly, in Commotion, ask'd him: how he could undertake to aver that an Action, which would infallibly give Victory to the Confederates, could dissolve the Alliance? How,

said

said he, can you, having broken the only Band of Society, and of all Confidence ; I mean Fidelity ; how can you, I say, trust one another, when you have lain it down as a Maxim, that it is allowable, for a considerable Interest, to break through the Rules of Faith and Probity ? Who among you will repose any Trust in another, when that other may reap some great Advantage by breaking his Word and deceiving him ? What will be the Consequence ? Who among you, by his own, would not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbours ? What must be the Fate of an Alliance of so many Nations, when you have your selves agreed among you, in a general Council, that it is lawful to surprize our Neighbour, and violate the Faith given him ? How great will be your mutual Diffidence, your Divisions, and your Eagerness to destroy each other ? *Adrastus* will not need to attack you ; you will sufficiently harass one another, and justify his Perfidy. O ye wise and magnanimous Monarchs ! ye who, with so great Experience, command innumerable People, disdain not to listen to the Counsels of a young Man. Should you experience the most dreadful Extremities, into which Men are sometimes precipitated by the Fate of War, your Preservation ought to depend on your Vigilance, and the Efforts of your Virtue ; for real Courage can never be dejected : but if you once break down the Rampart of Honour and Probity, the Loss is irreparable ; you will never be able to re-establish either the Confidence necessary to the Success of all important Affairs, or reduce Men to the Principles of Virtue, when you have, your selves, taught them to trample such Principles under Foot. What is it that you have to fear ? Have  
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you not Courage enough to conquer, without calling in Fraud to your Assistance? Your own Bravery, united with the Forces of so many Nations, does it not suffice you? Let us join Battle, let us die in Fight, if so it is decreed; but let us not conquer so ingloriously. *Adrastus*, the impious *Adrastus*, is in our Power, provided we abhor copying after his Baseness and Perfidy.

*Telemachus* having made an End of speaking, was sensible that soft Persuasion gliding from his Lips had insinuated it self into the inmost recesses of the Hearts of all the Council, in which he remark'd a profound Silence. Every one's Thoughts were intent not on him, or the Beauty of his Diction, but on the Force of Truth, which was sensibly felt in the Coherency of his Harangue. Astonishment was visible in their Countenances. At length a sullen Murmur arose, which was gradually diffus'd through all the Assembly. Each looked upon his Neighbour, and no one cared to be the first to speak. They expected that the Principal of the Army should declare their Opinion, though it was with some Difficulty, that every Particular forbore speaking his own. At length, grave *Nestor* deliver'd himself in the following Terms:

Worthy Son of *Ulysses*, it is from the Gods that you have spoken; *Minerva*, who has so often inspired your Father, infused into your Heart the wise, the generous Counsel you have given. I do not look upon your Youth, I regard alone *Minerva's* Self, in all that you have utter'd. You have pleaded the Cause of Virtue, without which every the most considerable Advantage, would be indeed a real Loss; without Virtue, we should soon draw upon us the Vengeance of our Enemies,  
a Diffi-

a Diffidence among the Allies, the Abhorrence of all good Men, and the just Anger of the Gods. Let us, therefore, leave *Venusia* in the Power of the *Lucanians*, and let us think on nothing but the subduing *Adrastus* by our Bravery.

He spoke; and all the Assembly applauded the Wisdom of his Words; but in this Applause, they turn'd and fix'd their Eyes, with Astonishment, on the Son of *Ulysses*, and figured to themselves that, they perceiv'd conspicuous in him the Wisdom of *Minerva*, by whom he was inspired.

Soon after, another Question arose in this Council of the Princes, on which Point he acquired equal Reputation. *Adrastus*, not less cruel than perfidious, had sent a Defterter into the Camp called *Acanthus*, whose Business was to poison the most eminent Leaders of the Army. He was in particular, order'd to omit nothing by which he might compass the Death of young *Telemachus*, in this short Space become the Terror of the *Dau-nians*. He having too much Courage and too great Candor, to entertain Jealousies, without Difficulty gave a friendly Reception to this Profligate, who had seen *Ulysses* in *Sicily*, and related to him the Adventures of that Hero. *Telemachus* provided for, and endeavoured to comfort this Miscreant in his Misfortune; for he complain'd, that he had been both deceiv'd and unworthily treated by *Adrastus*: But this young Prince, warm'd and cherish'd in his Bosom a poisonous Viper, ready to inflict a mortal Wound. Another Defterter was surprized, named *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* was sending to *Adrastus*, to inform him of the Situation of the Camp of the Allies, and to assure him, that the next Day, he would poison the most noted of the Princes, together with *Telemachus*, at an Enter-

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tainment which the latter intended to make for him. *Arion*, being taken, confess'd the Treason; he was suspected to have an Understanding with *Acanthus*, as they were Intimates: But this latter, who was thoroughly versed in the Art of Dissimulation, and intrepid, defended himself with so much Cunning, that it was impossible to detect him, or discover the Bottom of the Conspiracy.

Several of the Kings were of Opinion that, in such Uncertainty *Acanthus* ought to be sacrific'd to the Security of the Publick. We ought, said they, to put him to Death; the Life of one Man should be of no Consideration, when the Lives of so many Princes are to be secured. Of what Consequence is the Death of one, even, innocent, when the Preservation of those who represent the immortal Gods, here on Earth, is the Point in Question?

How inhuman is this Policy! how savage, cried *Telemachus*, is such a Maxim! what! are you then so lavish of human Blood? You who are appointed the Pastors of your Subjects, and whose Power over, is to preserve, them as a Shepherd does his Flock, you are, it seems (by such Maxims) devouring Wolves, and no longer Pastors; at best, you are so, to no other End than to fleece and slaughter, instead of providing, them rich Pastures. According to your Way of thinking, to be accused, is to be guilty, and to be suspected is enough to merit Death. The Innocent are at the Mercy of the Envious, and the Calumniator. As Tyrannick Jealousy gains upon your Hearts, you must sacrifice Victims in Proportion.

*Telemachus* spoke this with such Warmth and Authority, that he captivated all Hearts, and cover'd

ver'd with Shame the Authors of such infamous Advice. He afterwards in a milder Strain said, I had rather *Acanthus* should be a Profligate than *Telemachus*, and that I should fall by his Treachery, than he unjustly die by my Suspicion: For my Part, I am not so fond of Life to preserve it at such a Price. But know, O you, who being appointed Kings, that is Judges of the People, you ought to determine with Justice, Prudence, and Moderation; suffer me to examine *Acanthus* in your Presence.

He immediately question'd him on his Intelligence with *Arion*; he press'd him home on a great Number of Circumstances; he often pretended that he would send him back, as a Deserter, worthy of condign Punishment, to *Adrastus*, to remark if he discovered any Apprehension of returning. But both the Voice and Countenance of *Acanthus* were entirely compos'd, *Telemachus* hence concluded that he could not be innocent.

At length, finding that he could not sift the Truth from, he said to him, give me your Ring, I will send it to *Adrastus*. At this Demand of his Ring, *Acanthus* wax'd pale, and was in a Perplexity. *Telemachus*, who had his Eyes constantly fixed upon him, perceived it, took the Ring, and said, I will instantly send this to *Adrastus*, by *Politropus* the *Lucanian*, who is your Acquaintance. He shall seem to go privately, as from you. If by this Method, we can discover, that you correspond with *Adrastus*, you shall die, without Mercy, by the most cruel Torments: But if, on the contrary, you will now confess your Crime, it shall be pardon'd, and we will be satisfied with sending you to an Island, where you shall want for nothing. On this *Acanthus*

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confess'd all, and *Telemachus* obtain'd his Life of the Princes, as he had promis'd it him. He was sent away to one of the Islands *Echinades*\*, where he pass'd his Days in Tranquility.

Some little Time after, a *Daunian* of obscure Birth, but of a violent and daring Spirit, whose Name was *Dioscorus*, came, by Night, to the Camp of the Allies, with an Offer to murder King *Adrastus* in his Tent. He could have perpetrated the Deed; for who values not his own Life, is Master of another's. This Man breath'd nothing but Revenge; for *Adrastus* had forced from him his Wife, whom he passionately loved, and who was beautiful as a *Venus*. He was determin'd either to destroy *Adrastus* and recover his Wife, or to die himself. He had a secret Correspondence for entering the King's Tent by Night, and for the being assisted in this Undertaking by several *Daunian* Commanders; but he thought it necessary for the Allies, at the same Time to attack the Camp of *Adrastus*, that he might with le's Difficulty, in the Confusion, escape, and carry off his Wife. He was willing himself to die, if, after having killed the King, he could not recover this Object of his Love.

As soon as *Dioscorus* had lain his Design before the Princes, every one turn'd towards *Telemachus*, as it were to require his Decision. The Gods, said he, who have preserv'd us from Traitors, have forbidden our employing such. Did we even want Virtue to abhor the Treason, our Interest, alone, would be sufficient to make us reject it.

VOL. II.

I

When

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\* Five little Islands in the *Ionian* Sea, at the Entrance of the River *Achelous*, now called *Cozzulari*, opposite to *Acarmania* in *Epirus*.



When we have once authoris'd it by our Example, we merit to have it turn'd upon us. From that Instant, who among us will be in any Securi-ty? *Adrastus* may possibly avoid the Stroke, with which he is threatn'd, and make it fall upon the confederate Princes. War will be no longer War, and Wisdom and Virtue will be no longer useful. We shall find nothing but Perfidy, Treason, and Murders. We shall, our selves, be sensible of the fatal Consequences, and deservedly, as we had given a Sanction to the greatest Evils. I therefore conclude, that we ought to send back this Traitor to *Adrastus*. I acknowledge, that Prince does not merit this Treatment. But all *Hesperia*, and all *Greece*, who have their Eyes upon us, merit such a Conduct, that we may gain their Esteem. We owe to our selves, but much more to the equitable Gods, this Abhorrence from Treachery.

*Dioscorus* was immediately sent back to *Adrastus*, who shudder'd at the Danger he had escaped, and could not sufficiently speak his Amazement at the Generosity of his Enemies; for wicked Men can have no Notion of a disinterested Virtue. *Adrastus*, Spight of himself, admired what he had so lately experienced; but durst not applaud it. This noble Action of the Allies recalled a shameful Remembrance of all his own Perfidies and Cruelties. He endeavour'd to depreciate the Generosity of his Enemies, and blush'd at appearing ungrateful, while he was endebted to them for his Life. But abandon'd Men soon harden themselves against every Thing, which may possibly touch their Hearts.

*Adrastus*, who observ'd that the Reputation of the Allies every Day increas'd, thought himself under a Necessity of performing some remarkable

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Book XX. of TELEMACHUS. 195

Action against them. As he could perform no virtuous one, he would, at least, endeavour to gain some notable Advantage over them by the Sword, and prepared for a Battle.

The Day of Battle being come, hardly had *Aurora* thrown open to the Sun the Eastern Gates of rosy Tracks, but young *Telemachus*, by his Vigilance, out-stripping the oldest Commanders, broke from the soft Embrace of downy Sleep, and set all the Officers in Motion. His Helmet, cover'd with the Horses waving Pride, glitter'd on his Head, and the Cuirass, on his Back, dazzled the Eyes of the whole Army. This Work of *Vulcan's*, beside it's own peculiar Beauty, had also the Brilliancy of the *Ægis* conceal'd in it. With one Hand he grasp'd his Lance, and with the other pointed out the different Posts, which were to be possess'd. *Minerva* had imparted to his Eyes a divine Lustre, and to his Countenance a lofty Majesty, which already promis'd Victory. He advanced, and all the Monarchs, forgetting both their Age and Dignity, found themselves drawn on by a superior Power, which compell'd them to follow his Steps. Feeble Jealousy could gain no Admittance into their Heart; all gave Way to him, whom *Minerva* led insensibly by the Hand. His Motions had nothing impetuous, or even hasty. He was mild, compos'd, patient, ever ready to listen to others, and to make Use of their Advice; but he was active, wary, attentive to the most distant Exigencies, placing every Thing properly, perplex'd with nothing, and not putting others into Confusion; excusing Errors, rectifying Mistakes, preventing Difficulties: never requiring too much of any one, and inspiring Hope and Liberty in all. When he gave out any Order, it was in the most intelligible ex-

plicit Terms, and repeated his Orders, that he, who was to put them in Execution, might be the more thoroughly instructed. He could read in the Persons Eyes, whether he was understood. He afterwards would make him familiarly tell him in what Sense he took his Words, and what was the principal End of his Undertaking. When he had thus made a Trial of the good Sense of the Person he sent, and that he had made him thoroughly acquainted with his Designs, he would not dismiss him, 'till he had received some Marks of his Esteem and Confidence, for his Encouragement. Thus all his Messengers were zealous, both to please him and to succeed; but under no uneasy Fears, that a Miscarriage would be imputed to them, for he excused all Faults which did not proceed from Malevolence.

The Horizon appear'd red, and inflam'd by the first solar Rays. The Light of springing Day diffused it self o'er all the Surface of the briny Deep, and all the Coast was cover'd with Men, Arms, Horses, and moving Chariots, causing a Noise confus'd, like that of Waves enraged, when *Nep-tune*, from th'Abyss, excites a gloomy Storm. Thus *Mars* began to provoke to Rage each Heart, by the Din of Arms, and noisy Preparations of the War. The Field was filled with Groves of erected Pikes, like Ears of Corn, which in the Time of Harvest cover the fruitful Furrows o'er. And now a Cloud of Dust ascends, which, by Degrees, ravish'd from the Sight of Men both Heaven and Earth, and Confusion, Horror, Slaughter, with relentless Death, advanced.

Scarce were the first Darts cast, when *Tele-machus*, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, pour'd forth this Pray'r: O *Jupiter*! Father of Gods

Gods and Men, thou seest, on our Side, Justice and Peace, which we have not been asham'd to seek. It is with Regret we enter into Battle, we are desirous to spare human Blood; we hate not even this Enemy, though treacherous, cruel and sacrilegious. Look thou down, and decide betwixt him and us. If we are doomed to die, our Lives are in thy Hands; if it is decreed that *Hesperia* shall be deliver'd, and the Tyrant humbled, thy Power, and the Wisdom of thy Offspring *Pallas*, will give us Victory. The Glory will be due to thee. 'Tis thou who, holding the Scales, determinest the Fate of Battles. We fight thy Battle; for as thou art just, *Adrastus* is more thine, than our Enemy. If before Night thy Cause shall triumph, the Blood of an whole Hecatomb, before the Close of Day, shall, gushing, drench thy Altars.

He spoke, and in an Instant drove his fiery foaming Coursers into the thickest of the hostile Ranks. He at first met with *Periander* the *Locrion*, cover'd with a Lion's Skin, which he slew while he travelled in *Cilicia*. He was arm'd like *Hercules*, with an enormous Club, and in his Strength and Size resembled the Giant Race. When he perceiv'd *Telemachus*, he despis'd his Youth, and the blooming Beauty of his Face. It becomes thee well, said he, thou effeminate Boy, to dispute with us the Glory of the Field; Go, Child, go amidst the Shades, seek there thy Father. He, saying this, rais'd his knotty ponderous Club, arm'd with Spikes of Iron, and resembling a Vessel's Mast. Every one fear'd the Blow of it's Descent. It threaten'd the Head of *Ulysses'* Son, but he avoided the Stoke, and rush'd on *Periander* with the Rapidity of an Eagle, cutting the li-



quid Air. The Club, in it's Descent, broke the Wheel of a Chariot, near to that of *Telemachus*. In the Interim, the young *Greek* pierced the Throat of *Periander* with a Dart. The Blood, which in large Bubbles issued from the gaping Wound, stopp'd his Voice. His furious Steeds, feeling no longer his now enfeebled Hand, with the Reins flowing on their Necks, at random urge their Course; he from his Chariot falls, his Eyes already clos'd to Light, and palid Death sat pictur'd in his Face distain'd. *Telemachus*, who had Compassion on him, immediately gave his Body to his Attendants; but kept his Lion's Skin and Club, as Trophies of his Victory.

After this, he fought *Adrastus* in the Battle; but in his Search he head-long sent to the infernal Shades a Croud of Combatants. *Hilus*, who had harness'd to his Char two Coursers, like those which *Phæbus* drives, rear'd in the vast Meads, water'd by the River *Aufidus* \*; *Demoleon*, who in *Sicily* was, formerly, almost equal, in the Combat of the *Cæstus*, to the fam'd *Eryx* †. *Crantor*, who had entertain'd and been the Friend of *Hercules*,

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\* A River of *Apulia*, in *Italy*, it's Source in the *Apennines*. It empties it self into the Gulph of *Venice*, and is now called *L'Ofanto*. Near this River was fought the memorable Battle of *Cannæ*, in which *Hannibal* gained a Victory over the *Romans*, of whom he slew Forty Thousand Men, and such a Number of Gentry, that he sent to *Carthage*, as a Token of his Victory, three Bushels of Gold Rings.

† He was the Son of *Venus*, and slain by *Hercules*, whom he fought at the *Cæstus*. He was buried in a Mountain of *Sicily*, on the Top of which was a Temple dedicated to *Venus*.



les, when that Son of *Jove*, passing through *Hesperia*, slew the infamous Robber *Cacus* \* : *Mene-crates*, who was said, in Wrestling, to be like to *Pollux* : *Hipocoon* the *Salapian* †, who came near to the Dexterity and Grace of *Castor*, in the managing of a Horse : the famous Hunter *Eurimedes*, ever stain'd with Blood of Bears and Boars, which he slew in the Summits cover'd with Snow of the bleak *Apennines*, and who, as Fame reports, was so belov'd by chaste *Diana*, that she herself taught him to shoot the whizzing Shafts : *Nicostratus*, who overcame a Giant that on the Rocks of

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\* He was the Son of *Vulcan*, of prodigious Strength, and a great Dealer in other Folks Cattle, which he made no Ceremony of taking to his own Use. He kept his Herds in the *Aventine* Woods. Having stolen some of the Oxen of *Hercules*, he drew them backwards, by the Tails, into his Den, that the Tract might not be discovered. *Hercules* driving the rest of his Cattle that Way, and hearing, in the Cave, the bellowing of those he had lost, made thither, slew the Thief, and recover'd his Goods. Thus much for his Fable. His Story is this : *Hercules* arriving with his Troops in *Italy*, while he waited for his Fleet, to return to *Greece*, made several Conquests among the ancient Inhabitants ; and again, several voluntarily submitted to him, to have the Advantage of his Protection. This Prince, not designing to push farther his Exploits, and believing himself in full Security, was negligently encamp'd. *Cacus*, a little Tyrant of that Country, took Advantage of his Want of Precaution, surprized him in the Night, and carried off a great Part of his Booty. *Hercules* pursued and besieged him in a Fortrefs, in which *Cacus* made a vigorous Defence, but was slain, his Fortrefs reduced ; and the Troops of *Hercules*, with those which *Evan-der* led to the Assistance of this Hero, divided the Booty.

† *Salapia*, a City in *Apulia*.

*Gargan* \* vomited a fiery Flood : *Eleanthus*, who was to have espous'd the young *Pholoe*, Daughter of the River *Liris*†.

She was, by her Father, promis'd in Marriage to him who should deliver her from a winged Serpent which was brought forth upon the Bank of the River, and, according to the Prediction of the Oracle, was in few Days to devour her. This Youth, through Excess of Love, devoted himself to kill the Monster. He succeeded ; but was not allow'd to taste the Fruit of his Victory. While *Pholoe*, preparing for her happy Nuptials, expected with Impatience her *Eleanthus*, she receiv'd the News of his having follow'd *Adrastus* to the War, in which the Destinies had cut his Thread of Life. Her Sighs were eccho'd through the Woods and Hills, bordering on the Flood ; her Eyes were drown'd in Tears, she tore her lovely Hair, grew neglectful of the Garlands of Flow'rs, which she was accusom'd to gather, and accus'd even Heav'n with Injustice. As Night and Day her Eyes incessantly pour'd forth a Torrent of salt Tears, the Gods touch'd with her Grief, and importun'd by her Father's earnest Prayers, put an End to her Sorrows. She was, on a sudden, by continual Weeping, changed into a Spring, which, falling into the Bosom of the River, mixed it's Waters with those of the God her Father : but this Fountain's Stream is to this Day bitter, no Grass springs on it's Banks, neither does the melancholy Marge afford other Shade than that of Cypress.

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\* A Hill in *Apulia*, now called *Monte di S. Angelo*.

† This River is in *Italy*, and divides *Latium* from *Campania*.

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In the Interim, *Adrastus*, who had heard that *Telemachus* on every Side diffus'd a panick Dread, fought him with Eagerness. He hoped to gain an easy Conquest over *Ulysses'* Son, as yet of so unripe an Age. He was encompass'd with thirty *Dau-nians* of more than common Strength, Address and Courage, to whom he had promis'd great Rewards, if in the Battle they could, by whatever Means, destroy *Telemachus*. If, in the Beginning of the Fight, he had met him, doubtless, these thirty Men hemming in his Chariot, while *Adrastus* attack'd him in the Front, he had been slain without Difficulty; but they were misled by *Minerva*.

*Adrastus* fancied that he both saw and heard *Telemachus*, in a Hollow of the Plain, near the Foot of a small Hill, where he observ'd a Croud of Combatants. Thither he ran or rather flew, resolv'd to glut himself with Blood; but instead of the *Ithacian* Prince he perceiv'd the aged *Nestor*, who with a trembling Hand cast, at random, useless Darts. In his Rage he would have slain him, but a Troop of *Peleans* cast themselves about the aged Prince.

'Twas then that the Air was darken'd, and the Combatants were cover'd with a Cloud of Shafts. Nothing was hear'd but mournful Cries of dying Men, and the clanking Arms of such as fell in Fight. The Earth groan'd beneath a Heap of Dead; Rivulets of Blood flow'd on every Side. *Mars* and *Bellona*, with the infernal Furies, attired in Robes distilling Blood, glutted their Eyes with this inhuman Spectacle, and incessantly renew'd in every Breast a cruel Rage. These Deities, Enemies of Mankind, drove far from either Army generous Pity, temperate Courage, and soft

Humanity. There was nothing to be seen in this confus'd Huddle of Men, exasperated against each other, but Slaughter, Revenge, Despair and brutal Rage. Even the wise and invincible *Pallas* seeing it, shudder'd and withdrew with Horror.

In the mean while *Philoctetes* advanced, though with slow Steps, to the Assistance of *Nestor*, bearing in his Hands the Shafts of *Hercules*. *Adrastus* not being able to come up to the divine old Man, had cast his Darts at several *Peleans*, whom he compell'd to bite the Ground. He had already overthrown *Ethেসilaus*, who was so swift of Foot, that scarcely did his Steps mark the Sand he trod, and he out-stripp'd, in his own native Soil, the rapid Waves of famed *Eurotas* \*, and those of am'rous *Alpheus* †. *Entiphron*, more beautiful  
than

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\* *Eurotas*, a famous River of *Lacona*, running near *Sparta*, it's Banks cloath'd with Laurel, Olive, and Myrtle Trees, and greatly celebrated by the Poets. There is also another River of the same Name in *Thessaly*, which runs into the *Peneus*; but yet without mingling it's Waters, which flow on the Surface of this latter like Oil. The *Lacedemonians* worshipp'd the former of these as a Deity.

† 'Twas thought that the Source of this River arose near the City *Elis*, and ran along by *Pisa* into *Greece*, where, diving under Ground, passed through the Sea, 'till it arose again (never having mix'd it's Waters) in *Sicily*, near *Syracuse*, and blends it's Current with the Fountain *Arethusia*. On this Notion the Poets feign the Loves of *Alpheus* and *Arethusia*, sung by *Ovid*. It is indeed a Spring that arises in *Sicily*, which possibly the *Phenicians*, on their Arrival, might name *Alphaga*, as it was encompass'd with Willows; for *Alphaga* is the Fountain of Willows, in their Language: the *Greeks* arriving, who did not understand the Meaning of this  
Word,

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than *Hilas* \*, and as keen a Hunter as was *Hyppolitus* † had fallen at his Feet. *Pterelaus* who had accompanied *Nestor* to the *Trojan* Siege, and was on Account of both his Strength and Courage beloved of great *Achilles*, found the same Fate; he also slew *Aristogiton*, who, by bathing in the Waters of the River *Achelous* ‡, had privately receiv'd, from that Deity, the Pow'r to assume all Forms. In effect, he was so supple and so quick in Motion, that he escaped the strongest Hands. But *Adrastus*' Lance struck him motionless, and his Soul issued with his Blood.

*Nestor,*

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Word, imagined it was their River *Alpheus*, (the Name corrupted) and that it had pass'd through the Sea.

\* A beautiful Boy, who waited on *Hercules*, and was accidentally drown'd, to the great Grief of his Master.

† We have already given his Story.

‡ A famous River of *Epirus*, in *Greece*, rising from Mount *Pindus*, and separating *Ætolia* from *Acharnania*. This is the Fable which the Poets invented: To wit, that he was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, and being engaged with *Hercules*, for *Dejanira* the Daughter of the *Calidonian* King, finding himself overmatch'd, he assumed different Forms; first he took that of a Serpent, next that of a Bull, one of whose Horns *Hercules* broke off and gave to Plenty, the Companion of Fortune; at length, being overcome, he changed himself into a River called by his Name. The Story is this: The River *Achelous*, by often overflowing, did great Damage to the *Calidonian* Plains, and carrying off the Land-marks which limited the Bounds of the *Ætolians* and *Acharnanians*, occasion'd frequent Wars between these People. *Hercules* with his Followers raised Dykes, which confined this River to it's Bed, and thus took from these People the only Subject of their former Disputes. The winding  
Course



*Nestor*, who saw the bravest of his Commanders fall beneath the Hand of fell *Adrastus*, as fall the yellow Ears in Harvest-time before the Sickle of the labourious Reaper, forgot the Danger to which he expos'd his hoary Hand in vain; his Wisdom had deserted him. His Thoughts were entirely taken up with keeping in his Eye his Son *Pisistratus*, who on his Side, intrepid fought to repel the Danger from his aged Sire; but the fatal Minute now was come, in which *Nestor* was to feel how wretched Mortals often are, by too long Life.

*Pisistratus* aimed his Lance with such Force at *Adrastus*, that the *Daunian* must have perish'd, had he not eschew'd the Weapon. While *Pisistratus* (stagger'd with having mis'd his Aim) recover'd his Lance, *Adrastus* with his Javeline pierced the Middle of his Belly. His Bowels immediately came forth with a full Stream of Blood. His Colour faded like a Flower's, cropp'd in the Meads, by some Nymph's Hand. His Eyes were almost darken'd, and his Voice failing. *Alceus*, his Governour, who was near, supported him, as he was on the Point of falling, and had only Time to place him in his Father's Arms, in which he would have spoken and given the last Tokens of his Affection; but in the Opening of his Lips he died.

While

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Course of this River gave the Poets Ground to change *Achelous* into a Serpent; and it's Ravage, when it had risen above it's Banks, or as others, it's Roaring, gave the Idea of a Bull; and *Hercules* tearing off a Horn of this Bull, was his bringing an Arm of this River into the same Bed with it; and this causing a great Plenty, the suppos'd Horn was called the *Cornucopia*, or Horn of Plenty. For this Piece of Service perform'd by *Hercules*, *Oeneus* gave him his Daughter *Dejanira* to Wife.

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While *Philoctetes* spread Fear and Slaughter  
 ev'ry where around, endeavouring to repel the  
 Fury of *Adrastus*, *Nestor* embraced the Body of  
 his Son, filled the Air with mournful Cries, and  
 could not bear the Light. O how wretched am I,  
 said he, in having been a Father, and having lived  
 so great a Length of Time! O cruel Fates, why  
 did you not end my Days, or in Pursuit of the *Ca-*  
*lidonian* \* Boar, or in the Voyage of *Colchis* †, or  
 in the first *Trojan* Siege! I then had felt no Bitter-  
 ness in Death, and I should have died with Glory.  
 Now I dragg a sorrowful old Age, despised and  
 impotent, and live alone to be unhappy. I have  
 no Sense but of Affliction. O my Son! O my  
 dear *Pisistratus*! when I lost thy Brother, *Anti-*  
*lochus*, I still had thee to comfort me. I now  
 have thee no longer; I now have nothing left,  
 and nothing shall console me. All is at an End  
 with me. Hope, the only Asswager of the Mis-  
 fortunes which Men experience, is to me no Blef-  
 sing. *Antilochus*, *Pisistratus*, O my dear Sons!  
 it seems as if this Day I lost you both. The  
 Death of the latter opens again the Wound, that  
 of the former inflicted on my Heart. Never shall  
 I see you more. Who now will close my Eyes?  
 Who will collect my Ashes? O *Pisistratus*! thou  
 and thy Brother, like Men of Courage, are now  
 both dead. 'Tis I alone who cannot die.

In uttering these Words, he would have slain  
 himself with a Dart he held, but was prevented;  
 the

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\* An ancient City in *Ætolia*. A monstrous Boar laid  
 waste the circumjacent Country; this Beast was slain by  
*Meleager*.

† A Country of *Asia*, near *Pontus*; it is now called,  
*Mengyrelia*. The Voyage here mention'd is that of *Jason*  
 and the *Argonauts*, to bring away the Golden Fleece.

the Body of his Son was forced from his Arms, and as the unfortunate old Man fainted, he was carried to his Tent, where having a little recover'd his Spirits, he would have return'd to the Battle, but was restrain'd in Spight of his Endeavours.

In the Interim, *Adrastus* and *Philoctetes* fought each other. Their Eyes sparkled like those of a Lion and a Leopard, aiming each to tear the other piece-meal in those Fields which *Cayster* \* waters. Threats, a warlike Rage and cruel Revenge flash in their savage Eyes. Unerring Death attends where e'er they lance their Darts. All the Combatants with a Dread behold them. At length they spy'd each other. *Philoctetes* grasp'd one of those dreadful Shafts which never miss'd the Mark design'd, and whose given Wound admits no Cure; but *Mars*, who favour'd the cruel and the intrepid *Adrastus*, could not bear to see him cut off so soon, as by his Means he would prolong the Horrors of the War, and multiply it's Slaughters. Moreover, *Adrastus* was as yet necessary to the Justice of the Gods to punish Men, and shed their vital Blood.

The Instant *Philoctetes* would have assailed him, he was himself wounded with the Thrust of a Lance, given him by a young *Lucanian*, named *Amphimachus*. He was more lovely than the famed *Nireus* †, whose Beauty was inferior to none  
among

\* *Cayster*, a River of *Asia*, near *Ephesus*, now called *Chiay* and *Mindescare*.

† He was King of *Naxos*, an Island, and one of the *Cyclades*, called also *Strongyle*, *Callipolis*, and *Sicily* the less. This Prince was one of the most beautiful but one of the most effeminate Men among the *Greeks*. He was Son of *Charopus*.

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among all the *Greeks*, who fought before *Troy* Walls, excepting that alone of great *Achilles*. No sooner had *Philoctetes* receiv'd the Wound than he discharged his Arrow at *Amphimachus*; it transfix'd his Heart. Immediately his charming Jet-like Eyes lost their sparkling Light, and were overclouded with the Shades of Death; his Ruby Lips, which shamed the Vermilion Blush of *Roses*, scatter'd by *Aurora*, when she arises, o'er the Horizon, lost their vivid Dye; a frightful Paleness seiz'd his Cheeks, while his young and lovely Face grew in an Instant wan. E'en *Philoctetes* self was moved with tender Pity for the beauteous Youth. All the Combatants were touch'd seeing him fall and wallow in his Blood, and his Locks, lovely as the Tresses of the God of Day, rolling in contaminating Dust.

*Philoctetes*, having slain *Amphimachus*, was oblig'd to quit the Fight, as his Strength failed with the Loss of Blood. Even his old Wound, by his Warmth in Battle, seem'd upon the Point to break out again, and revive his former Pain; for the Sons of *Æsculapius*, with all their divine Skill, were not able to make a perfect Cure. He was near falling on a Heap of bloody Bodies, by which he was encompassed; but *Archidamus*, the bravest and most expert of the *Oebalians*\*, whom he had brought with him to found *Petilia*, bore him from the Fight, in the Instant that *Adrastus* might, with Ease, have lain him breathless at his Feet. *Adrastus* now met with none that durst oppose him, or retard his Victory: All fell or fled. He resembled a Torrent, which, having overflown  
it's

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\* *Osebalia* the same as *Laconia*, the Country of the *Lacedemonians*.



it's Banks, sweeps, with it's furious Waves, the Harvests, Flocks, the Shepherds and their Hamlets.

*Telemachus*, from far, heard the Outcrys of the Conquer'd, and saw the Confusion of his Troops, which fled before *Adrastus*, like a Herd of timid Deer, whoscour through the Plains, the Woods, the Mountains and even the most rapid Rivers, when by the Huntsman close pursu'd. Th' *Ithacian* Prince groan'd inward; Fury sparkled in his Eyes; he left the Place where he had, with Danger and with Glory, long maintain'd the Fight, and cover'd with the Blood of a great Multitude of Foes, whom he had stretch'd upon the dusty Plain, flew to sustain his Friends. While yet at distant he called out so loud, that both the Armies distinctly heard his Voice.

*Minerva* had given somewhat unspeakably terrible to his Accents, which ecchoed from the neighbouring Hills. The cruel Voice of *Mars* was never more strongly heard, when in *Thrace* he called th'Infernal Furies, War, and Death. The Cries of *Telemachus* animated the Hearts of his Troops with Bravery and Hope, while they chilled and terrified the Enemy. *Adrastus* himself blush'd to find he was confus'd. I know not how many fatal Omens made him shudder; and he was rather enbolden'd by Despair than by a sedate Bravery. Thrice his trembling Knees began to fail him, and thrice he retired, not knowing what he did; a cold enervating Sweat o'erspread his Limbs; his hoarse and stammering Voice could not utter any Word well form'd, and his Eyes, replete with a dimly glittering Light, seem'd to start from out their Sockets. He appear'd like *Orestes*\*, possess'd

by

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\* He was haunted by Furies for having killed his own Mother,



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by Furies: his every Motion was convuls'd, and he then began to believe that there are Powers divine; he fancy'd that he saw them irritated, and that he heard a hollow Voice issuing from the deep Abyfs, which summon'd him to gloomy *Tartarus*. Every Thing made him sensible that a celestial and invisible Hand was imminent o'er his Head, ready to strike him with redoubled Force. All Hope was banish'd from his Heart. His Audacity was dissipated, as is the Light of Day, when *Phæbus* sinks into the Bosom of the Deep, and the Earth's environ'd with the Shades of Night.

The impious *Adrastus* long suffer'd to remain on Earth, too long indeed, had not the Wickedness of Men, made necessary so severe a Scourge. The impious *Adrastus*, at length touch'd on the Verge of Death, and furious ran to meet inevitable Fate, by Horror, Remorse, Amazement, Fury, Rage, Despair, attended. At the first Sight of *Telemachus*, he imagined that he saw Hell gape, and Sheets of Flame issuing from dusky *Phlegethon*, ready to devour him. He endeavour'd to cry out, but his Mouth remained open, unable to pronounce a single Word, like a Man terrified in his Dream, who unclosing his Lips, struggles hard to speak, but still his Words fail him, and he strives in vain. With hasty trembl'ing Hand, *Adrastus* hurl'd against *Telemachus* his Dart; he, on the other hand, intrepid as a Friend to the immortal Powers, cover'd himself with his Buckler. It seem'd as if Vict'ry o'er shading with her Wings th' *Ithacian* Prince, held o'er his Head a Crown suspended.

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Mother, and having in the Temple of *Apollo* slain *Pyrrhus*, for marrying *Hermione* Daughter of *Menelaus*, to whom he had been betroth'd.

A calm and temperate Courage sparkled in his Eyes. He might have been mistaken even for *Minerva*, he appear'd so prudent, and so circum-spect, amidst the greatest Dangers. The Dart cast by *Adrastus*, was repell'd by the Buckler of *Telemachus*; then the *Daunian* Prince immediately unsheath'd his Sword, that the Son of *Ulysses* might lose the Advantage of throwing in his turn, his Lance; which he neglected as useless, seeing *Adrastus'* Sword in hand, and grasp'd his own.

When they were seen close engag'd, all the other Combatants, wrapp'd in profound Silence, no longer us'd their Weapons, but on these two attentive fix'd their Eyes, as they expected the Fate of this fell War wou'd be determin'd by their single Combat. Their glit'ring Blades, like Lightnings flashing e'er the Thunder growls, oft clash'd and dealt vain Strokes upon their polish'd and resounding Arms. The two Champions extend, wreath, bow themselves, and then, on an Instant spring again erect, and at length closeing, sieze each other. The Ivy springing at the Elm-tree's Root, clings not more closely to its hard and knetty Bowl with its entwining Branches, which rise to the most lofty Boughs, than did these two Combatants straitly enfold each other. *Adrastus*, had as yet lost nothing of his Strength; *Telemachus* had not entirely attain'd to his. *Adrastus* often strove to surprize and stagger his Enemy. He aim'd at siezing the Sword of the young *Grecian*, but 'twas in vain: The very Instant he endeavour'd at it, *Telemachus* rais'd him from the Earth, and threw him on the dusty Plain. This impious Prince, who ever had despis'd the Gods, now shew'd a mean and sordid Fear of Death. He is asham'd to beg his Life, yet cannot help shewing that he is anxious

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for it, and endeavours to move the Compassion of young *Telemachus*. At length, he said, Son of *Ulysses*, I now acknowledge that the Gods are just, and that they punish me according to my Merit. They are alone Misfortunes, which make us see the Truth: My Eyes are now open'd to, and by it do I stand condemn'd; but suffer an unfortunate King to remind you of your Father, now distant far from *Ithaca*, and touch your Heart.

*Telemachus*, who, holding him down with his Knees, had already rais'd his Sword, to pierce his Throat, immediately replied: I wish'd for nothing but Conquest, and Peace to those Nations to whose Aid I came. I am not fond of shedding Blood. Live then, *Adrastus*; but live to repair the Wrongs you've done; restore all that you have usurp'd, and re-establish Peace and Justice in the Borders of Great *Hesperia*, which you have contaminated with so many Frauds and Massacres. Live, become another Man to what you've been: Learn, by your Overthrow, that the Great Gods are just; that wicked Men are wretched, and that they deceive themselves, when they search after Happiness, by violent Means, by Inhumanity and Falshood: In a Word, that nothing is so pleasing, nothing so prosperous, as artless constant Virtue. Give us your Son *Methrodorus*, and twelve of the Chiefs of your Nation, for Hostages.

At these Words, *Telemachus* suffer'd *Adrastus* to rise, and not mistrusting his Perfidiousness, offer'd him his Hand; but *Adrastus* was no sooner risen than he cast at him another Dart, a short one that he had concealed. This was so pointed and thrown with so much Skill, that it had pierced the Armour of *Telemachus*, had it not been of Work-

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manship divine. At the same Instant *Adrastus* ran behind a Tree, to protect him from the Pursuit of *Telemachus*; who then cried out: *Daunians*, you your selves must witness, the Victory is ours. The impious Man escapes by Treachery alone: He who fears not the Immortal Gods, you see fears Death; but on the contrary, who fears the Gods, fears them alone. In saying this, he advanced towards the *Daunians*, and made a Sign to his own Troops, on the other Side the Tree to stop the perfidious *Daunian*, who finding himself on the Point of being surrounded, made a Shew of returning back, and design'd to break thro' the *Cretans*, who opposed his Way; but on a sudden, *Telemachus*, swift as the Bolt hurl'd from *Olympus* Height, by the Arm of the Immortal Father of the Gods, upon the guilty Heads of Mortals, rush'd on his Enemy, seiz'd him with his victorious Hand, and dash'd him to the Ground. So the boisterous Northern Blasts o'erthrow the tender Harvests, which with golden Ears adorn the Plains. He listens now no more, tho' the impious Wretch presumes to try once more t'abuse his gentle Heart; but buries deep the glit'ring Blade, and sends him headlong to the devouring Flames of gloomy *Tartarus*: A Punishment his Crimes had merited.

*End of the Twentieth Book.*

THE



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the TWENTY-FIRST.

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ARGUMENT.

*AFTER the Death of Adrastus, the Dau-  
nians stretch forth their Hands to the Al-  
lies, in Sign of Peace, and require a King  
of their own Nation. Nestor, inconsolable  
for the Loss of his Son, refrains from com-  
ing to the Assembly of the Princes, in which  
several vote for a Partition of the con-  
quer'd*



*quer'd Lands, and the Cession of the Territory of Arpos, to young Telemachus. Th'Ithacian Prince, far from accepting this Offer, shews them, that it is the common Interest of the Allies, to chuse Polidamus King of the Daunians, and to leave them in the Possession of their own Lands. He prevails on that Nation, to give the Territory of Arpos\* to Diomedes, who accidentally arrived. The Troubles being thus ended, they all separate, and return to their respective Countries.*



THE Daunians, instead of lamenting their own Defeat, and the Loss of their Prince, express'd their Joy for their Deliverance, e'er he was well dead; and stretch'd out their Hands to the Confederates, as a Sign of Peace and Reconciliation. Methrodorus, Son of Adrastus, whom his Father had educated in the Maxims of Dissimulation, Injustice, and Inhumanity, meanly took to Flight; but a Slave, who had been an Accomplice in all his ignominious and cruel Actions, whom he had enfranchised, on whom he had been lavish of his Favours, and whom only he entrusted with his Flight, thought alone of pushing his own Interest, by betraying his Master, whom, in his Flight,

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\* A City in *Apulia*, built by *Diomedes*, after he return'd from the Siege of *Troy*. Which Circumstance, we shall find, our Author makes a Handle of in the Sequel of this Book, to give still a greater Lustre to his young Hero *Telemachus*.

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## Book X

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Flight, he treacherously slew him, behind his Back, sever'd his Head, and brought it to the Camp of the Allies, hoping, a Crime, which put an End to the War, would be largely rewarded; but they abhorr'd and punish'd with Death th'ungateful Caitif.

*Telemachus*, seeing the Head of *Methrodorus*, who was a Youth of surprising Beauty, and excellent Genius, but corrupted by his Pleasures, and by pernicious Examples, cou'd not refrain from Tears. Alas! said he, behold here the Bane of Prosperity to a young Prince: The more he is elevated, the greater his Vivacity, the farther is he estranged from all Sentiments of Virtue. This possibly, had been also my Fate, if the Misfortunes in which, blessed be the Gods, I was born, and the Instruction of *Mentor*, had not taught me to command my Passions.

The *Daunians* being assembled, required, as the only term of Peace, that they might be allowed to elect a King, from among their own People, who, by his Virtue, might efface the Obloquy which the impious *Adrastus* had brought upon the Royalty. They return'd Thanks to the Gods for having smitten the Tyrant, and came in Crouds to kiss the Hand of *Telemachus*, which had been stain'd in the Blood of that Monster. Their Defeat was to them a sort of Triumph. Thus, in an Instant, irretrievably fell that Power, which had threatn'd all the others of *Hesperia*, and made so many Nations tremble; not unlike that Soil, which to the Eye appears firm and immovable, but which is gradually sapp'd beneath: The feeble Work, which attacks its Basis, is long the Subject of Ridicule, nothing seems in the least weaken'd, all is smooth and level, nothing shakes: In the interim,

interim, the subterranean Props, are by degrees ruin'd, till instantaneously, when not expected, the Earth subsides, and lays an Abyfs open to the Eye. Thus an unjust and deceitful Power, whatever Prosperity its Oppressions may procure, digs a Precipice beneath its own Foundations. Fraud and Inhumanity, sap, by degrees, the most solid Basis of an unlawful Authority. Men Wonder at, fear and tremble before it, till the very Moment in which it vanishes. It's precipitated by its own Unweildiness, and nothing e'er can raise it more, as with its own Hands, it has destroy'd the true Supports of Probity and Justice, productive of Love and Confidence.

The Heads of the Army met the next Day, to grant a King to the *Daunians*. All took a Delight in viewing the two Camps intermingled, and the respective Armies united in one Body, by an unexpected Friendship. Wise *Nestor* cou'd not attend the Council; for Grief, added to his great Age, bore down his Constancy, as Rain prostrates, and makes that Flower, in the Evening droop, which when *Aurora* gilded o'er the *Eastern* Sky, was both the Ornament and Glory of the verdant Plains. His Eyes were become two inexhaustible Springs of Tears; and downy Sleep which charms the most racking Cares, fled from them far. Hope which supports the Heart of Man was lost to him. All Sustenance was distasteful to the unfortunate old Prince, and even the Light itself disgusted him. The Soul with Ardour wish'd its Separation from the Body, and to plunge into the eternal Night of *Pluto's* Realms. All his Friends cou'd say to him was fruitless. His Feebleness of Heart, made him loath the most wholesome Aliments. To the most tender Things that could

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be urged, he answer'd with his Sighs and Sobs alone. From time to time he was heard to cry, O *Pisistratus, Pisistratus, Pisistratus*, my Son, thou callest me, and I follow thee. *Pisistratus* thou wilt make Death pleasing. O my dear Son, the only Blessing that my Heart desires, is to see thee again upon the *Stygian Banks*. Whole Hours would he pass sighing, and in a profound Silence, lifting his Hands and watry Eyes to Heaven.

In the mean while, the assembled Princes waited the coming of *Telemachus*, who was with the Body of *Pisistratus*, which he strew'd with a Profusion of fragrant Flowers, mix'd with the most exquisite Perfumes, and water'd it with his briny Tears.

O my dear Comrade, said he, never shall I forget my seeing thee at *Pylus*; accompanying thee to *Sparta*, and meeting thee again on the Borders of the great *Hesperia*. I am indebted to thee for a thousand Acts of Tendernefs. I loved, and was beloved by thee. I was well acquainted with thy Courage, which would have eclipsed that of many famous *Grecians*: Alas! 'tis that has caus'd thy Death, glorious for thee; but it has robb'd the World of a rising Virtue, which had not been inferior to thy Fathers. Yes, thy Wisdom, thy Eloquence, in an Age mature, had equall'd that of the aged *Nestor*, the Admiration of all the *Grecian States*. Already had'st thou that Art of Insinuation, which is restless, when he speaks. That Simplicity in thy Relations; that prudent Moderation which has the Power to sooth the Mind most irritated, and that Authority which is the Result of Prudence and of sound Advice. When thou opened'st thy Lips to speak, all were attentive, all were prejudic'd in thy Favour, and all were desirous to find

thy Opinion just. Thy artless Words, void of all Pomp, sweetly stole into our Hearts, like Dew upon the springing Grass. Alas! all these Advantages which we possess'd some Hours ago, are for ever ravish'd from us. *Pisistratus*, whom I this Morning tenderly embrac'd, is now no more; a mournful Memory of thee is all we now have left. Had Fate permitted thee, at least, to have clos'd old *Nestor's* Eyes, e'er we had shut up thine, he would not have seen what now he does, nor have been the most unfortunate of Parents.

Having thus spoke, he order'd the bloody Wound in the Side of *Pisistratus* to be wash'd, had him stretch'd upon a Purple Bed, on which his reclining Head, resembled, in its deadly Paleness, a flourishing young Tree, that having aspired with it's Boughs to Heaven, and with its Shadow o'er-spread the Plain, receives the first Stroke from the Wood-man's Ax. No longer is it supported by its Root, or by its fertile Mother Earth, which in her Bosom nourishes the Fibres. It languishes, its Verdure's lost; and, unable to sustain it self, it falls to Earth, and those Boughs which hid from Sight the Skies, are levelled in the Dust, dried and wither'd: It is no longer but a fallen Trunk, stripp'd of all its Beauties. Thus *Pisistratus*, seiz'd by Death, appear'd, when borne by those who were to place him on the fatal Pile. Already the Flames arose to Heaven, a Company of *Peleans*, with down-cast wat'ry Eyes, their Arms revers'd, with solemn Steps, slowly conducted his lifeless Body, which was soon burnt; his Ashes placed in a golden Urn, and these, *Telemachus*, who took care of all, entrusted as a precious Treasure, to *Callimachus*, who had been Tutor to *Pisistratus*. Keep, said he, these melancholy

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choly Affhes, but the dear Remains of him you loved. Keep them for his Father, but deliver them not till he hath Strength enough to require them. What at one time adds to, at another may assuage our Grief.

*Telemachus*, after this, entered the Assembly of the confederate Kings. The Moment they perceiv'd him, every one was silent, to give him their Attention. This shock'd his Modesty, and he could not be prevailed upon to speak. The Praises given him by publick Acclamations on all that he had lately done, encreas'd his Bashfulness. He gladly would have hid himself. It was the first time that ever he appear'd in Perplexity and Doubt. At length, he begg'd as a Favour that they would cease their Praises. It is not, said he, that I am not affected by them, especially as they proceed from so good Judges of real Virtue, but I fear being too fond of them, as they pervert Men, by making them too full of themselves; vain, and presumptuous; we ought to deserve, but at the same time avoid all Praise, for the most just resembles that which is really false. Tyrants who are the most profligate of Men, exact the greatest Praise from Sycophants. And who can find a Pleasure in being extolled as they are. The greatest you can give me, will be those in my Absence, if I am happy enough to merit them. If you think me really virtuous, you ought also to think I will be modest, and apprehensive of Vanity. Spare then my Blushes, if you esteem me, and lavish not your Praises, as on a Man who courts them.

Having thus spoken, *Telemachus* made no Reply to such as continued to extol him, even to the Skies, and by the coldness of his Air, soon put

a stop to their Encomiums; for they began to fear their Praises wou'd offend him; wherefore they were ceas'd, but their Admiration augmented. Every one was acquainted with the Tenderneſs he had ſhewn for *Piſſistratus*, and the Care he had taken to do him the laſt Office. The whole Army was more touched with theſe Proofs of his good Nature, than with thoſe Prodigies of Wiſdom and Bravery, by which he had lately ſignaliſ'd himſelf. He is, ſaid they, to one another in private, he is wiſe, he is brave; he is the Favourite of the Gods, and is the true Hero of our Time. He is more than human. But all this is no more than marvelous, it only aſtoniſhes us; he is good, humane and ſincere; he is compaſſionate, liberal, beneficent, and entirely devoted to thoſe who have a Claim to his Affection. He is the Delight of all who are about his Perſon. He has diveſted his Haughtineſs, his Indifference and Arrogance. Theſe are of Service, theſe touch our Hearts, theſe endear him to us, and make us ſenſible of all his Virtues. Theſe engage us, ſo that we would give our Lives to ſerve him.

Theſe Things were ſcarcely ſaid, e'er they began to ſpeak of the Neceſſity of giving a Monarch to the *Daunians*. The greater Number of the Princes who compos'd the Aſſembly, were of Opinion that their Lands ought to be divided among themſelves as a conquer'd Country; and offer'd *Telemachus* for his Dividend the fertile Territory of *Arpos*, \* which twice a Year bears the rich Gifts of *Ceres*, the grateful Preſents of *Bacchus*, and the ever verdant Fruit of the Olive Tree,

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\* The Capital was named, formerly, *Argirippa*, then *Argos Hippium*, and laſtly *Arpi*.

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Tree, sacred to *Minerva*. This Land, said they, ought to raze from your Memory, the barren *Ithaca*, with its Cottages. The dreadful Rocks of *Dulichium*, and the wild Woods of *Zacynthus*. Pursue no longer the vain Search of wise *Ulysses*, who doubtless, by the Revenge of *Nauplius*\*, and the Wrath of *Neptune*, must have perish'd in the Waves, which wash the Promontary of *Caphareus*: Nor seek your Mother, whom, since your Departure, her Lovers have possess'd: And of your Country, think no more, it's Soil is not favour'd by the Heav'ns, as is that we offer you.

He heard all this with Patience; but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Thessaly* are not more deaf, more insensible to the Complaints of despairing Lovers, than was th' *Ithacian* Prince to the Offer made him. For my Part, reply'd *Telemachus*, I am equally insensible to Wealth and Pleasures. Where is the Advantage in commanding a more extended District, or ruling o'er more numerous Subjects? We have only greater Cares and much less Liberty. Is not the Life even of the wisest and most temperate Man, sufficiently replete with Misfortunes, without seeking the additional Trouble of

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† King of *Eubœa*, and Father of *Palamedes*, who was stoned to Death by the Treachery of *Ulysses*, as we have before shewn. In Revenge, he endeavour'd to wreck the *Grecian* Fleet, by exposing false Lights, which might draw them among the Rocks that encompassed his Island: *Ajax* the Son of *Oileus*, with a Part of the *Grecian* Fleet, (possibly those which belong'd to him; for he went with forty Sails of his own to the *Trojan* Siege) there perish'd. The false Lights *Nauplius* set upon the Hill *Caphareus*, here mention'd, and which we have before taken Notice of; but when he found that *Ulysses* had escaped, he cast himself head-long into the Sea.



governing untractable, restless, unjust, deceitful and ungrateful Men? When we wish to reign o'er others, through Self-Love, having no Regard but to our own Power, Pleasures or Glory, we are impious; Tyrants, and the Scourges of Mankind. On the contrary, when we resolve to govern Men, according to the just Maxim, for their sole Good; we are less their Commanders, than we are their Tutors: We have only infinite Care upon our Hands, and are, therefore, very far from wishing to extend our Power. That Shepherd, who does not devour his Flock, who exposes his Life to protect it against Wolves, who is anxious Day and Night to provide them good Pastures, has no Inclination to encrease the Number of his Sheep, and to carry off those of his Neighbours, which would be an Augmentation of his Care. Though continued he, I never held the Reins of Government, I have been taught both by the Laws, and by such wise Men who have born Sway, how difficult it is to regulate Towns and Kingdoms. I am therefore satisfied with my barren *Ithaca* tho' small and sterile. I shall acquire sufficient Glory, if I there reign with Justice, Piety, and Resolution, and indeed I shall there govern but too soon. May the Gods grant, that *Ulysses* escaping from the Fury of the Seas, may there reign to the greatest Age, and I may long under him be taught how to subdue my own Passions, to be capable of restraining those of a whole Nation.

He added, hear ye Princes, now assembled, what I think myself obliged to say to you for your own Interests. If you give the *Daunians* an upright Monarch, he will govern them with Justice; he will make them sensible, how useful is the Pre-

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servation of their Fidelity, and teach them that they ought never to usurp upon their Neighbours; Lessons which they could never learn from th' impious *Adrastus*. While they are under the Government of a wise and moderate King, you will have nothing to apprehend from their Quarter. They will be endebted to you for this good Sovereign of your Appointment, they will be obliged to you for that Peace, and Affluence which they will then enjoy. Far from attacking, they will continually bless you; and both King and People will be the Work of your own Hands. On the contrary, if you resolve to divide their Territories among yourselves, I foretel you these Misfortunes will be the Consequence: They will, driven to Despair, renew the War; will, with Justice, take up Arms in Defence of their Liberty; the Gods, who abhor Oppression, will also fight with them, and if once the divine Powers interpose, you will, soon or late, be put to Shame, and all your Prosperity will vanish away like Smoke. Your Leaders will be depriv'd both of Counsel and Prudence; your Armies lose their Courage, and your Countries their Fertility. You will puff yourselves up with vain Hopes; you will be rash in your Enterprizes; you will silence Men of Probity, who would speak the Truth; your Fall will be sudden, and the World will say of you: What, are these, that flourishing People, who were to give Laws to the Universe? Behold they flie before the Face of their Enemies; they are become the Scorn of other Nations who trample upon them: This is the doing of the immortal Gods, and this is what a prood, unjust, and an inhuman People merits.

But farther, reflect, that if you undertake to divide this Conquest among yourselves, you unite all the neighbouring States against you. Your Alliance formed for the common Liberty of *Hesperia*, against the Usurper *Adrastus*, will become odious, and they will all, not without just Grounds, accuse you, you, yourselves, of a Design to usurp an universal Tyranny. But let us suppose that you are victorious, not only over the *Daunians*, but over all the other States. Such a Victory would prove your Ruin: And 'tis thus, evident.

Consider that this Enterprize must disunite you all; for, as 'tis not founded on Justice, you will have no Method to limit the Pretensions of every Particular. Every one, respectively, will insist on his Part of the Conquest being proportion'd to his Power. No one of you will have Authority sufficient over the People to make this Division peaceably. Here is the Ground of a War, which your Grand-children will hardly see an End to. But is it not more eligible to be just and abstemious, than to follow your Ambition through so many Perils and unavoidable Misfortunes? Are not profound Peace, the sweet and innocent Pleasures which result from it, happy Affluence, the Friendship of Neighbours; the Glory inseparable from Justice, the Authority acquired by, becoming from a remarkable Probity, the Arbitrators among all Foreign Nations; are not, I say, these Advantages more permanent than the idle Vanity of an unjust Conquest? O ye Princes! O ye Monarchs, you may perceive I have no Interest in what I have advanced. Lend me then your Attention, listen to one who loves you well enough to contradict and to displease, by representing to you, the real Truth.

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While *Telemachus* was thus haranguing, with an Authority never remark'd in any other, and while the astonish'd and the wavering Princes admired the Wisdom of his Counsels, a confused Noise was heard, which spreading through the Camp, reach'd the Place where the Assembly then was held. There is, said they, a Stranger, with a Band of armed Men, arriv'd upon the Coasts. This Stranger is of a lofty Mien, every Thing in him speaks the Hero. It is easy to perceive that he has suffer'd long Hardships, which his Bravery has surmounted. At first, the People of the Country, who guard the Coast, would have withstood him as an Enemy, who comes to make a Descent; but having drawn his Sword, with an intrepid Air, he let them know, that he was able to defend himself, if he was attacked; but that he required nothing more than Peace and Hospitality, and immediately, as a Suppliant held forth the Olive Branch. They gave him a Hearing; he desired to be conducted to those who govern'd on this Coast of *Hesperia*, and they now lead him to an Audience of the assembled Monarchs.

Hardly was this Account given, e'er they saw this unknown Person enter, with a Majestic Air, which surprized the whole Assembly. He might easily have been mistaken for the God of War, calling together his sanguinary Troops upon the *Thracian* Mountains. He spoke as follows.

O ye Protectors of Nations, doubtless assembled here, either to defend your Country against Hostilities, or to give Vigour to most wholesome Laws, listen to a Man who has been persecuted by adverse Fate. May the Gods defend you from

the like Misfortunes. I am *Diomedes* \*, King of *Ætolia*, who wounded *Venus* at the *Trojan* Siege.  
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\* Son of *Tydeus*, and Grandson of *Oeneus* King of *Calcydon*. He was himself Sovereign of *Ætolia*, as said in his Harangue. Being ashamed to return home, after the Siege of *Troy*, on Account of the Lewdness of his Wife *Ægiale*, he went to *Apulia*, and shared the Kingdom with *Daunus*. This gave our Author a Handle to introduce him. It may not be amiss to make our young Readers acquainted with the Story of this Hero :

After the Death of his Father, he went to and settled in *Argos*, where he had great Interest; and as he was of the royal Blood, though he had as yet no Sovereignty, he was chosen, together with *Mecystheus* his Kinsman, Leader of the Troops, sent by the People of *Argos* to the Siege of *Troy*; in which Siege he greatly distinguish'd himself, by a Number of glorious Actions. He fought *Hector*, Hand to Hand; and proved too hard for *Aeneas*, whom his Mother, *Venus*, was obliged to cover with a Cloud, to save him: Nay, he even attack'd and wounded that Goddeß, in her Hand. He accompany'd *Ulyßes*, in the Attempt of carrying off the Statue of *Pallas*; for *Troy*, as long as possess'd of it, could not be taken: They found Means to get into the Citadel, and bear away their Prize to the Grecian Camp. We are told by one Author, that *Diomedes* alone took this Statue, after the following Manner: *Ulyßes* and he sate out together on the Enterprize; when they had reach'd the Walls of *Troy*, *Ulyßes* took *Diomedes* upon his Shoulders, and he thus scaled them. *Ulyßes* expected his Assistance, to pull him up; but *Diomedes* having got into the Citadel, would himself acquire the whole Glory of the Action, and leaving his Companion, seiz'd the *Palladium*, or Statue of *Pallas*, and return'd with it. *Ulyßes*, who greatly resented this Treatment, drew his Sword, and design'd to kill *Diomedes*, who walk'd before him; but he perceiving, by the Glittering of the Weapon, the Design, turn'd upon *Ulyßes*,  
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Again  
*Rhesus*  
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and



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The Vengeance of that Goddess pursues me  
throughout the Universe. Neptune, who can re-  
fuse

and oblig'd him to go the foremost. However, it is, by all other Authors, allow'd that these Heroes perform'd this Exploit, in Company together. We are again told, that the *Trojans*, fully believing that the Preservation of the City depended on that of this Statue, industriously concealed the Place where it was deposited, and had made several of different Sizes, in Imitation of it, the better to hide the real Image : That *Helenus*, a Son of *Priam*, in Love with *Helen*, resenting that his Brother *Deiphobus* had married her, after the Death of *Paris*, went, in Revenge to the *Grecian* Camp, and discovered the Place where the Statue stood, and let them know, it was the least of the Images placed with it. *Virgil* tells us, that the Goddess gave Marks of her being irritated at this Theft.

*Vix positum Castris Simulachrum, arsere coruscæ.*

*Luminibus Flammæ arrectis, salsusque per artus*

*Sudor iit: terque Ipsa solo, mirabile dictu.*

*Emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque tremendam.*

*Æneid. l. 2.*

Scarce in the Camp the sacred Statue's set,  
E'er all the Limbs diffuse a briny Sweat ;  
The flashing Lightnings in her Eyes appear,  
And, strange to tell, she thrice arose in Air,  
Bearing her Buckler and tremendous Spear. }

*Diomedes* is said to have been sent to *Lemnos*, to bring away *Philoctetes* ; but finding he could not prevail on him, he brought away the fatal Arrows of *Hercules*, the Want of which was also another Obstacle to the taking of *Troy* ; but *Ovid* tells this Story differently ; and *Sophocles*, in his excellent Tragedy of *Philoctetes* mentions only *Ulysses* accompany'd by *Pyrrhus*, and him our Author has follow'd.

Again, *Troy* was to be impregnable, if the Horses of *Rhesus* King of *Thrace* tasted the Grass of the *Trojan* Fields, or drank of the Waters of *Xanthus*. This Monarch,

fuse nothing to the Request of that divine Offspring of the Sea, gave me up to th' Fury of the Winds

narch, who well knew the Decree of Fate, and who came to the Assistance of the *Trojans*, in the tenth Year, to prevent Surprize, arrived in the Night-time, and encamp'd close to the Town. *Dolon*, whom *Hector* had sent to *Rhesus*, being taken in his Way by *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*, to save his Life, which they threaten'd, acquainted them with the Arrival of the *Thracian King*, and shew'd where he was encamp'd. The two *Grecian* Chiefs killed him and led off his Horses.

At his Return from *Troy*, *Diomedes* put into *Phalerus*, a Part of *Attica*, which his Men taking for an Enemy's Country, began to plunder; on which *Demophoon*, who did not know his Country-men, attack'd and slew most of them: But this was follow'd by no bad Consequences, as the Accident was imputed to the Ignorance of either Party.

*Diomedes* being at *Corinth*, built a Temple to *Minerva*; he also built another to *Apollo*.

Soon after his Arrival at *Argos*, his Grandfather *Oeneus*, who had been driven out of his Kingdom, came to require his Assistance. He led an Army into *Calydonia*, and revenged the Injury done his Grandfather; but this Service being perform'd, he let him know that he could not continue in *Aetolia*, and persuaded the ancient Monarch to return with him to *Argos*, where he treated him with all possible Honours and filial Duty.

While at the Siege of *Troy*, his Consort fell passionately in Love with a Youth named *Cyllabarus*; as this Intrigue was publickly known, and *Cyllabarus* had great Interest, *Diomedes* took a Disgust to *Argos*, and sought an Establishment in *Italy*. Here he marry'd the Daughter of *Daunus*, built the City of *Japygia*, and that of *Arpi*, formerly called *Argos-Hippium*, on Account of the Country breeding a Number of Horses. This Territory our Author makes *Telemachus* procure for *Diomedes*.

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## Book XXI. of TELEMACHUS. 229

Winds and Waves, which oft' have wreck'd me on the Shelves. Inexorable *Venus* † has depriv'd me of all Hope of ever again seeing my Dominion, my Family, and the glad some Light of that dear Soil, in which, I, at my Birth, first saw the Day. No, never shall I see again, all that in the World I hold most dear. After suffering so many Wrecks, I come to seek on these unknown Coasts, some small Repose and a safe Retreat. If you fear the Gods, especially great *Jove*, who protects Strangers; if you are sensible of Pity, refuse me not, in this vast Tract, some barren Corner, some Desert, some Sands or craggy Rocks, where with my Followers I may raise a Town, which may, at least, bear a mournful Resemblance with our lost Country. We ask but a small Spot, which is useless to yourselves; we will live with you in Peace and strict Alliance: Your Enemies shall be ours, we will espouse your Interests, we require no more than Liberty to live under the Government of our own Laws. While

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When *Turnus* made War upon *Aeneas*, he sent to *Diomedes* for his Assistance, but he absolutely refused sending any Troops against the Trojan Prince; for in Fact, if what is advanced was true, he was no Enemy to the Greeks; he and *Antenor*, another Trojan Prince, having betray'd the Town to, by letting them in at the Gate *Scæa*, which having a Horse engraven over it, the Symbol of *Neptune*, gave Rise to the Fable of the Trojan Horse.

From his Father's Name, *Diomedes* is called, by *Virgil*, *Tydidēs*; from his Country, he is named *Ætolius Heros*, by *Ovid*; and *Calydonius Heros* by *Statius* the Poet.

† The Poets feign, that *Venus* inspired *Ægiale* with the infamous Passion already mention'd, to revenge herself on *Diomedes* for having wounded her.

While *Diomedes* held this Discourse, *Telemachus*, who had his Eyes fix'd upon him, discover'd in his own Countenance, that he was affected with all the various Passions. When the *Ætolian* King began to mention his long Chain of Misfortunes, he had some Hopes, that this Person, who discover'd so great a Majesty in his Air, might be his Father. As soon as he declared himself *Diomedes*, his Countenance grew pale as a lovely Flower, which the bleak North Wind had blasted with its cruel Breath; when after this, *Diomedes* complain'd of the long continued Anger of the Goddess, he was melted into Pity, by a Recollection of the like Disaster which his Father and himself had suffer'd. Tears both of Grief and Joy, roll'd down his Cheeks, and he sprang on a sudden to, and embraced th' *Ætolian* Prince.

I am, said he, the Son of *Ulysses*, whom you have known, and who was not useless to you, when you carry'd off the famous Steeds of *Rhesus*. The Gods have treated him with no less Severity, than they have you. If the *Erebean* \* Oracles may be credited, he still draws in the vital Air; but ah! he lives not for *Telemachus*. I left *Ithaca* to seek him, and I can neither revisit that Isle, nor see my Father. Judge how much I compassionate your Misfortunes, by those I myself have known. This Advantage we reap by being unfortunate, we learn how to pity the Distress of other Men. Though I am myself a Stranger on this Coast (for notwithstanding the Disasters which from my Infancy, have overwhelm'd my Country, yet I was not so ill educated, as to be a Stranger to the Glory you have acquired in the Fields

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\* *Erebus*, Hell.

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of *Mars*) I may, great *Diomedes*, I may, O thou next to *Achilles*, the most invincible of all the *Greeks*, procure you some Assistance. These Princes, whom you now see, are all humane; they well know that there is no Virtue, true Courage, or solid Glory, where Humanity is wanting. Misfortunes give an additional Lustre to great Men. When they have not felt an adverse Fate there is something deficient in them: Examples of Patience and Constancy are wanting in the Story of their Lives. Suffering Virtue moves every Heart that has any Taste for Virtue. Leave to us the Care to ease your Griefs, since the Gods have given you to us. 'Tis a Bounty which we owe them, and we ought to esteem ourselves happy that we can mitigate your Sorrows.

While he was speaking, *Diomedes*, who was astonish'd, view'd him with great Attention, and felt his Heart was thoroughly affected. They embraced each other, as if they had been united in a strict Band of Friendship. O worthy Son of wise *Ulysses*, said the *Ætolian* King, I discover in you all the Sweetness of your Father's Mien, the Beauty of his Diction, the Power of his Elocution, the Dignity of his Sentiments, and the Wisdom of his Mind.

*Philoctetes* in the Interim embraced the heroick Son of *Tydeus*. They related to each other their melancholy Adventures, and at length the former said, you will, I cannot doubt be glad to see again the prudent *Nestor*. He has lately lost *Pisistratus*, the last of his Children, and he has nothing now left him in Life, but a watery Road of Tears leading to the Grave. Come you and comfort him, an unfortunate Friend is the most fit to ease another in like Circumstances. They



They immediately enter'd the Tent of *Nestor*, who was so dejected both in Mind and Body that with Difficulty could he know *Diomedes*, who at first wept with him; and this Interview was an Augmentation of Grief; but by Degrees the Presence of this Friend, pacify'd his Heart. It was easy to discover that his Sorrows were a little suspended, by his Satisfaction in relating what he had undergone, and in hearing, in his Turn, all that had happen'd to *Diomedes*.

While these entertain'd themselves, the Kings assembled, together with young *Telemachus*, consulted what was proper to be done. The *Ithacian* Prince advis'd them to give the Country of *Arpos*, to *Diomedes*, and to chuse *Polydamas*, a *Daunian*, for King of those People. He was a famous Captain of whom *Adrastus* was jealous, and would not, for that Reason, employ him, fearing the Success (of which he was himself ambitious of all the Glory) might be attributed to that able Commander. *Polydamas* had often, in private, represented to him that he hazarded too far, both his Life and the Welfare of his People in this War with so many confederated Nations. He had endeavour'd to bring him to a more upright and moderate Conduct with his Neighbours: But Men who hate Truth, hate also those who have the Boldness to speak it; they are moved neither with their Candour, their Zeal, nor their Impartiality: deceitful Prosperity harden'd the Heart of *Adrastus* against all wholesome Advice: By neglecting it, he daily triumph'd over his Enemies. Arrogance, Deceit, and Outrage gave him always the Victory, and none of the Misfortunes which *Polydamas* had so long menaced, beset him. He made a Jest of that prudent Timidity which ever foresees cross

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Accidents. He could not bear *Polydamas*; he remov'd him from all Employments, and suffer'd him to droop in an obscure Poverty.

*Polydamas* was at first greatly dejected with this Misfortune, which enrich'd him with what he wanted by opening his Eyes to the Vanity of an exalted Rank; he grew wise at his own Expence, and rejoiced that he had been unfortunate. He gradually learn'd to submit, without murmuring to live on little; calmly to entertain himself with Truth, to interiorly cultivate conscious Virtues, much more estimable than those which are expos'd with Pomp, and not to stand in Want of Men. He dwelt at the Foot of Mount *Gargan*\*, in a Desert, where a half-arch'd Rock serv'd him for Covering, and a Rivulet, which from the Mountain roll'd it's Stream, allay'd his Thirst. Some few Trees yielded him their Fruits; two Slaves, which he had, cultivated a small Field, and he himself labour'd with them. The Earth repaid his Toil with usurious Interest, and furnish'd all his Wants. He had not only Fruits and Pulse in Plenty, but also all Sorts of flagrant Flow'rs. In this Retreat he bewailed the unhappy Fate of Nations hurry'd on to Ruine by the senseless Ambition of their Sovereigns, and daily, in this Solitude, expected that the just, tho' patient Gods, would bring Destruction on th'unjust *Adrastus*. The greater was his Prosperity, the nearer, he thought, he saw his desperate Fall: for Imprudence, fortunate in it's Errors, and Power rais'd to the last Excess of absolute Command, are the Fore-runners which announce

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\* We have already mention'd this Hill in the foregoing Notes.

nounce the Overthrow of Kings, and Kingdoms. When he was inform'd of the Defeat and Death of *Adrastus*, he gave no Signs of Joy, neither for having foreseen it, nor for his being deliver'd from this Tyrant. He sigh'd, but it was alone from a Fear of seeing the *Daunians* reduced to a vile Servitude.

Such was the Man, whom *Telemachus* propos'd to place upon the Throne. He had, for some Time before, been acquainted both with his Worth and Courage; for *Telemachus*, as *Mentor* had advis'd him, constantly inform'd himself of the good or bad Qualities of all who held any considerable Posts, not only among the confederate Nations, whom he served in this War; but even among the Enemy. His principal Care was, every where, to search after Men remarkable for any Talent, or particular Virtue.

The allied Princes had, at first, some Repugnancy to the placing the Crown on the Head of *Polydamas*. We have, said they, already experienced how formidable, to his Neighbours, is a King of the *Daunians* who loves and is expert in War. *Polydamas* is a renown'd Captain; and may bring us into very great Perils. *Telemachus* replied, I acknowledge that *Polydamas* is experienced in the Military Art; but he loves Peace: the very two Qualifications that you ought to wish. A Man who knows the Misfortunes, Dangers and Difficulties which occur in War, is more capable to avoid than he who is a Stranger to them. *Polydamas* has been taught to relish the Happiness of a quiet Life; he blamed the Enterprizes of *Adrastus*, and he foresaw the fatal Consequences which must necessarily attend them. You have more to fear from a weak,

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ignorant, unexperienced Prince, than from one, who is able to examine and determine by his own Lights. A weak and ignorant Prince will see with the Eyes only of a greedy Favourite, or of a fawning, restless, and ambitious Minister. Thus this inconsiderate Prince will entangle himself in a War, when he least design'd it. You can never rely upon him, for he cannot depend upon himself. He will not keep his Word with you, and will soon reduce you to this Extremity, that you must either destroy, or be over-run by, him. Is it not more your Interest, more your Security, at the same time more just and noble, to convince the *Daunians*, that they are not deceiv'd in the Confidence they have repos'd in you, - and to appoint them a Monarch worthy of Command?

Every one of the Assembly was convinced by this Discourse, and went out to propose *Polydamas* to the *Daunians*, who expected their Answer with Impatience. When they heard *Polydamas* named, they reply'd: We are now assured that the confederate Princes will deal uprightly, and make an indissoluble Peace with us, since they are willing to give us a King so virtuous, and so capable of bearing Sway. Had they propos'd to us a mean-spirited, effeminate, ignorant Man, we should have imagin'd that their sole View was to depress us, and ruine the Form of our Government; and we should always have retain'd a private, but a warm Resentment, of so cruel and designing a Conduct; but their nominating *Polydamas* speaks a real Candor. It is beyond all Doubt, that the Allies expect from us but what alone is just and noble, since they have granted us a King incapable of doing any Thing contrary to the Liberty and Glory of our Country.

Country. We may also, on our Sides, attest the impartial Gods, that the Rivers shall sooner backwards flow to join their Springs, than we e'er cease to love a People so beneficent. May our latest Posterity, ever, remember the Benefit we this Day receive, and, from Generation to Generation, renew throughout th'*Hesperian* Coast the peaceful Days which bless'd the Golden Age.

*Telemachus*, after this, propos'd to them the giving *Diomedes* the Territory of *Arpos*, for the settling a Colony. This new People, said he, will acknowledge, as your Bounty, their Establishment in a Country which you do not occupy. Remember that all Mankind ought to be united by the Band of mutual Love; that the Earth is too large for the whole Race to people; that you must necessarily have some Neighbour, and that it is best to have such an one as will be obliged to you for his Settlement. Be you moved with the Misfortunes of a Monarch who cannot return to his own Kingdom. *Polydamas* and he, united by the Ties of Justice and of Virtue, which are the only lasting Bands, will protect you in an uninterrupted Peace, and render you formidable to any neighbouring State having Designs to extend their Confines. You must acknowledge, O ye *Daunians*, that we have given a King to you and to your Nation, capable of raising, even to the Skies, your Glory. Do you, on your Side, give, at our Request, a Territory, of no Use to you, to a Prince worthy of all Manner of Assistance.

The *Daunians* answered that they could refuse nothing to *Telemachus*, since it was he who had procur'd them *Polydamas* for their Sovereign. They immediately sent out to seek him in his Desert, and place him on the Throne. Before their  
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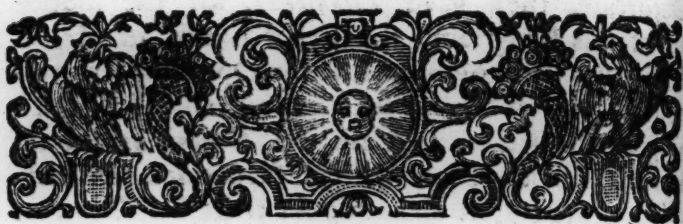
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Departure, they gave *Diomedes*, for the founding of this Kingdom, the fertile Lands of *Arpos*. The Allies were overjoy'd at the Donation, as this new Colony of *Greeks* was a powerful Strength'ning of the Allies, in Case the *Daunians* should ever attempt to renew their Usurpations, in Imitation of the unjust Example set them by *Adrastus*. The Princes now thought alone on their Separation. *Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, went off with his Troop, after having tenderly embraced the brave *Diomedes*, the wise and inconsolable *Nestor*, and the renown'd *Philoctetes*, worthy Heir of great *Alcides*' Arrows.

*End of the Twenty-First Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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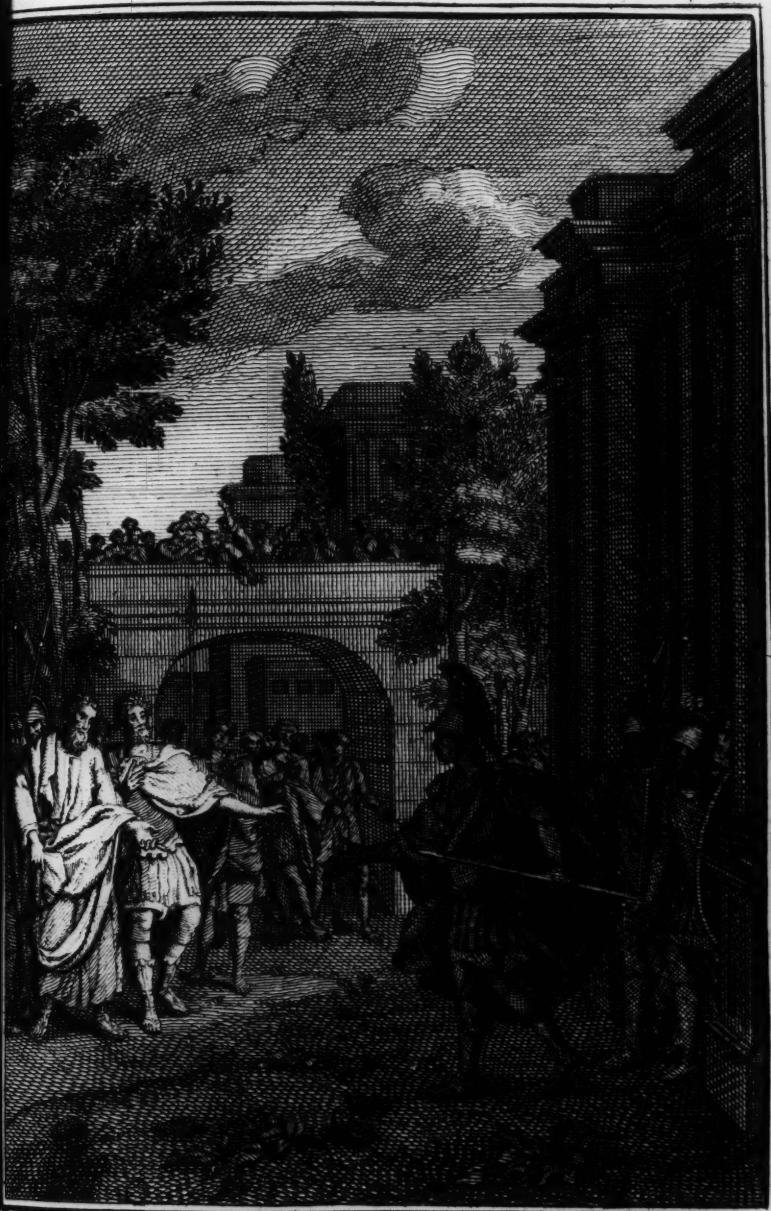
BOOK the TWENTY-SECOND.

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ARGUMENT.

*TELEMACHUS is surpriz'd in arriving at Salentum, to find the Country so well cultivated, and so little Splendor in the City. Mentor tells him the Cause of this Alteration, and lays before him those false Steps, which commonly are Obstacles to the Prosperity of a Commonwealth, and proposes to him,*





L. F. Dubourg inv. P. Fourdrinier sculp.  
 TELEMAQUE entrant dans SALENTE, voit venir à sa rencontre IDOMENEE avec MENTOR.  
 Liv. XV.

Book XX

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*him, as a Model, the Conduct and Government of Idomeneus. Telemachus, after this, acquaints Mentor with his Desire to espouse this King's Daughter, Antiopa. Mentor joins him, in his Encomium on that Princess, and assures him, that the Gods design her for his Consort; but that now he ought to think, alone, on his Departure for Ithaca, and on the delivering his Mother Penelope from the Solicitations of her Admirers.*



THE young Son of *Ulysses* was impatient to return to *Mentor*, at *Salentum*, and, with him, to embark for *Ithaca*, where he hoped his Father might be safe arriv'd. When he drew near to *Salentum*, he was greatly surpriz'd to see all the circumjacent Fields, which at his Departure were a neglected Defart, not only as well cultivated as a Garden, but replenish'd with industrious Labourers. He perceived this was the Effect of *Mentor's* Prudence. Afterwards, at his Entrance into the City, he observ'd that it had lost much of it's Splendor, and that the Number of Artificers, busied in what contributed to the Pleasures of Life, was greatly diminish'd: this gave him Offence; for he naturally loved all that was splendid and polite. But other Thoughts soon employ'd his Mind. He perceived *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* at a Distance, advancing towards him. His Heart was immediately seiz'd with Joy and Tenderness. Notwithstanding his Success in the War against *Adrastus*,



*Adrastus*, he doubted *Mentor's* being satisfied with his Conduct, and as he advanced examin'd his Friend's Eyes, to discover if he had any Thing to reproach him.

*Idomeneus*, immediately, embraced *Telemachus* with the tender Affection of a Father ; after which the Son of *Ulysses* threw his Arms round the Neck of *Mentor*, and bedew'd him with his Tears. *Mentor* said, I approve your Conduct. You have indeed committed great Oversight ; but they have served to make you know, and to be diffident of, your self. Our Errors not seldom turn more to our Advantage than do our greatest Exploits. Noble Actions puff up the Heart, and give Birth to a dangerous Presumption ; whereas Errors make a Man turn his Eyes inwards upon himself, and restore him to that Prudence which he had lost by his happy Success. What you have yet to do, is to return Praises to the Immortal Gods, and to be, your self, averse from those of Men. You have perform'd great Things, but acknowledge the Truth, that they were not perform'd by you. Is it not undoubtedly true, that you had a supernatural Assistance ? Were you not likely to fally them by your Warmth and Imprudence ? Were you not sensible that *Minerva* in a Manner transform'd you to another Man, superior to your self, to perform, by you, what you have done ? She curbed \*

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\* *Elle a tenu tous vos Défauts en Suspens, comme Neptune, quand il appaise les Tempêtes, suspend les Flots irrités.* Verbat. *She held suspended all your Defects, like Neptune, when he appeases the Storms, suspends the irritated Waves.* The Verb *suspendre* cannot here be taken in other

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your Passions, as *Neptune* checks the outrageous Waves when he allays the Storm.

While *Idomeneus* minutely question'd the *Cretans* who were return'd from the War, *Telemachus* was thus attentive to the prudent Lessons of old *Mentor*; and afterwards looking round him, with Astonishment, he said, I observe a Change that I cannot account for. Has any Calamity befallen *Salentum* in my Absence? What is the meaning that we no longer see that Splendor, which, before my Departure, was on all Hands, surprizingly remarkable. I see now no Gold, no Silver, no Jewels, the Apparell is all plain, and the Buildings, now in Hand, are less spacious, and are less embellish'd. The Arts droop, and the City is become a Desert.

*Mentor* smiling, replied, have you observed in what Order are the Fields about the City? Yes, answered *Telemachus*, I remark'd that Husbandry, on all Hands, has a Regard shewn it, and that the Plains are clear'd. And which, said *Mentor*, is the more preferable; a stately City glittering with Gold and Silver, with a neglected barren Country,

VOL. II.

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other Sense than that I have given it to curb, to restrain, to check; for though it may in a literal Sense be applied to the enraged Waves of the Sea, the Fury of which, may be again let loose, and it may be superceded for a while; yet we cannot suppose, that *Minerva*, who design'd to make a perfect Hero of her Pupil, would only suspend his Defects or Failings, for a while; and what these Failings were, we have been before shewn. They were his Passions. We must then here supply a Sense different from the Literal. Here we may say is an Ellipsis, for though the Verb is expressed, yet, is not the Sense, if taken literally.

or a well cultivated fertile Country, with a midling City, and discreet Customs: A large City filled with Mechanics, employed to enervate the Manners of Men by the Delicacies of Life, in the Centre of a barren ill-manured Kingdom, resembles a Monster, whose Head is of an enormous Size; but whose extenuated Body, by want of Nourishment, bears no Proportion to it. The Number of People, and the Abundance of Provisions, are the real Strength, the true Richness of a Kingdom. *Idomeneus* at present, has his whole Country filled with innumerable Subjects, who are indefatigable in their Labours. His whole Dominion is but one City, of which *Salentum* is no more than the Centre. We have transported the City into the Country, that is the Men superfluous in the former, and wanted in the latter. The more the People multiply, the greater will be the encrease of the Fruits of the Earth, produced by their Labour. This Multiplication, so tranquil and agreeable, is a greater Augmentation to a Kingdom, than is a Conquest. We have drawn hither a great number of Foreigners. We have cast out of the City, such superfluous Arts alone, as take off the Poor from Tillage, (which supplies their real Wants) and debauch the rich, by making them vain and effeminate. But we have done no prejudice to the liberal Arts, or to such Men as have a real Genius to cultivate them. Thus *Idomeneus* is by much more puissant, than he was, when you admired his Magnificence. That dazzling Splendor cover'd o'er a feebleness and poverty, which would very soon have proved the Subversion of his Dominion. Now he commands a greater Number of Men, and can support them with greater Facility. These Men, innured to labour

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labour, toil, and a contempt of Life for the Preservation of equitable Laws, are ever ready to take Arms to protect the Soil they have cultivated with their own Hands. This State, which you thought decay'd, will soon prove the Wonder of *Hesperia*.

† Do you, O *Telemachus*, bear in Mind that there are two Things pernicious in the Government of Nations, and which are scarcely ever redress'd. The first, an unjust and too immoderate Authority in Kings. The second, Luxury, which corrupts the Manners of Men. When Kings accustom themselves to listen to no other Law, than that of their own absolute Will, and give the Reins to their Passions, they may do what they think fit. But by this Power of doing what e'er they please, they sap the Foundations of their Authority. They have no established Rules or Maxims

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† This whole Discourse, is a lively Description of the Situation of *France*. The Country appear'd a Desert, while the Metropolis struck the Eye with it's magnificence. The Vanity of copying the Great in their Way of Living, who were enervated by the Example of the King's Luxury, was the Ruin of the Kingdom. This general bent to a voluptuous Course of Life, together with the prodigious Expence of the War, plunged the Nation into that Misery which is now so visible. *French Remark.*

The Case is not the same at this Day; the *French* have tasted the Sweets of Trade, which they have greatly extended, and bid fair, for even surpassing their Neighbours, whose sole Dependence is on Commerce; if they are not check'd by the Ambition of the Court, which continues to push it's darling Scheme *Universal Monarchy*, and bids fair to revive all the Miseries under which the Nation groan'd in the Time of *Lewis XIV.*

of Government ; every one strives who shall offer them the most Incense. They have no Subjects, only Slaves are left, whose Number daily lessens. Who will speak the Truth to them? Who will stem this Torrent? Every Thing gives way to it, the Wise flie, conceal themselves and grieve. A sudden and violent Revolution alone, can bring this Power which had over-topp'd it's Banks, into its natural Channel : Very often the Effort made to check, dries it up for ever. Nothing threatens more a fatal Subversion, than an Authority immoderately extended. 'Tis like a Bow too much bent, which if not relax'd, snaps at once. But who will dare to relax it? *Idomeneus*, by this deceitful Authority, was depraved in the very Bottom of his Heart. He had been unthroned, but not undeceived. There was a Necessity for the Gods sending us hither to set him right, as to this mistaken and exorbitant Power which becomes not Men ; and notwithstanding a Kind of Miracle was necessary to make him open his Eyes.

The other Mischief very near as incurable, is Luxury. As too great a Power intoxicates Kings, so Luxury infects a whole Nation. It is said, that it contributes to the Support of the Poor, at the Expence of the Rich ; as if the Poor could not earn their Bread in a more useful Way, by multiplying the Fruits of the Earth, without enervating the Rich by Refinements on Voluptuousness. All States accustom themselves to look upon Superfluities as the Necessaries of Life. Every Day invents new Necessaries, and there is no doing without Things which were thirty Years ago never heard of. This Luxury is term'd a refined Taste, the Perfection of Arts, and Politeness of a Nation. This Vice, productive of a thousand others, is extoll'd

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toll'd as a Virtue. It spreads it's Contagion from the Monarch to the Beggar. The nearest Relations to the King, will imitate his Magnificence; the Nobility, that of the Royal Blood; the Gentry will vie with the Great: For who is impartial to himself? and the Commonalty will all pass for Gentry. Every one goes beyond what he is able to support, some through Ostentation to glory in their Wealth; others through a reproachable Shame, to conceal their Poverty. Even they who are wise enough to explode this Excess, are not sufficiently so to dare to arise the first, and condemn it by setting a contrary Example. A whole Nation is thus ruined, and all Ranks are confounded. The ardent Desire of accumulateing Wealth, to support a vain Expence, corrupts the most Spotless Souls. The only Point in view, is to become Rich; Poverty is infamous. Let a Man be learn'd, well vers'd in Affairs, vertuous; let him instruct others; obtain Victories; be the Bulwark of his Country, and sacrifice his own particular Interests, he will be despised, if his Talents are not set off, if they take not a Lustre from empty Pageantry. Even they who have no Fortunes, will however appear Men of Estate, and are as expensive as if they were; they borrow, cheat, and use a thousand mean Shifts to procure one; but who will remedy these Evils? The byass and habitude of the whole Nation must be changed; new Laws must be instituted: and who can undertake this, but a King who is a Philosopher, and can, by the Example of his own Temperance, shame those who are fond of an expensive Ostentation, and animate prudent Men who will be glad to be justified in a decent Frugality.

*Telemachus* listning to this Discourse, was like a Man just wakening from a deep Sleep. He was

penetrated with the Truth of these Sentences, which remain'd engraven on his Heart, as an able Sculpture marks the Lineaments which he designs to cut in Marble, in such Manner that he gives a Softness seeming Life, and Motion to the Stone, *Telemachus* made no reply, but revolving in his Mind what he had that Moment heard, earnestly viewed all the Alterations that had been made in the City. After which, he thus address'd *Mentor*.

You have made *Idomeneus* the wisest among Monarchs: Neither he nor his People are the same. I, moreover, acknowledge that what you have here done, is infinitely surpassing all the Victories we have lately gain'd. Chance and Power have great Share in the Success of War; and Part of the Glory of the Battles fought, must be given to our Soldiers; but all your Work proceeds from one only Head. You were obliged, without Assistance, to withstand a Monarch and his whole Nation to reform them. The Success of War is ever fatal and abhorred: Here all the Work speaks a divine Wisdom. All is pleasing, pure and desirable, and every Thing points out a Power surpassing that of a mere Mortal. When Men are anxious after Fame, why do they not pursue it by thus applying themselves to such Beneficence? O how little do they know what Glory is, who hope a solid one, by ravaging the Earth, and spilling human Blood!

*Mentor* discover'd in his Countenance a visible Joy to find *Telemachus* judge so rightly of Victories and Conquests, in an Age in which it would have been so natural for him to be intoxicated with the Glory he had acquired.

*Mentor* proceeded thus. I allow all that you here see is good and laudable: but know Things,  
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yet more wonderful are possible. *Idomeneus* curbs his Passions, and applies himself to the governing his People with Equity ; but notwithstanding he still is guilty of many Errors, which are the unhappy Consequences of his former Oversight. When Men design to quit what is blameable, it seems to pursue them. They have long some Remains of vicious Habitudes, a debilitated Nature, inveterate Errors, and, almost, incurable Prejudices. Happy are they who never stray'd ! they may be more compleatly beneficent. The Gods, O *Telemachus*, will require yet more of you than of *Idomeneus*, as you have been made acquainted with Truth from your earliest Youth, and have not been given up to the seducements of too great Prosperity.

*Idomeneus*, continued *Mentor*, is wise and knowing ; but he applies himself too much to particulars, and does not thoroughly consider the Bulk of his Affairs to be able to lay down Plans. The Ability of a King, as he is elevated above other Men, does not consist in doing every Thing himself. 'Tis a gross Vanity to think that he can be capable of it, or that he can persuade the World he really is. A King ought to govern by making Choice of, and directing those who rule under him. It is not for him to enter into every particular Affair, for that would be doing the Business of those, who act under him. He ought only to require an Account, and to know enough to enter into such an Account with Judgment. The making a right Choice of Men, and adapting their Business to their respective Capacities, is the Art of governing in the utmost Perfection. Supreme and compleat Sway, consists in ruling those who govern. They are to be watch'd, to be curb'd, to be set right,

to be animated, to be raised, to be humbled, to be transferred to other Posts, and never should the Sovereign leave them to their own Management. A Prince who prys into every Thing himself, betrays a narrow Genius and a Jealousy in particular Things which wastes his Time, and diverts the Mind of the Serenity requisite in Affairs of Consequence. The Mind ought to be quite free and calm in the forming great Designs. A Man should deliberate when entirely at ease, and disengaged from all difficult Undertakings. A Mind fatigued by examining into minute and particular Things, is like the Lees of Wine, which have neither Strength nor Flavour. They who govern by Detail, are ever determin'd by the present, without extending their Views to remote Events; they are always engross'd by the Business of the Day they are in, and as that is the only one which employs them, it affects them too much; it contracts the Mind, for we can never make a solid Judgment of Affairs but when they are all compared together, and ranged in such Order that they there may be a cohæreny and proportion. If we fail in this Rule of Government, we are like a Musician, who is contented with having found harmonious Notes, and will not give himself the Trouble to join and accord them to compose sweet and affecting Musick; or like an Architect who thinks he has nothing more to do than to collect great Columns, and a Number of Stones well cut, without considering either the Order or Proportion of the ornamental Parts of his Building. While he is raising a stately Hall, he does not foresee that the Stair-case must be in proportion, and when he builds the Body of his Edifice, he never thinks of the Court or Portal. His Work is no other than

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a confused collection of magnificent Parts, which are not adjusted to one another, and far from gaining him Credit, is a Monument which will eternize his Shame: for it will shew that the Workman's Genius was not sufficiently extensive to comprehend at one and the same Time, the general Design of his Work. It is the Mark of a narrow and subordinate Mind, when a Man is born with a Genius so limited to particulars; he is proper only for Execution under the Direction of another. This, my dear *Telemachus*, admits no doubt; The Government of a Kingdom requires a certain Harmony like Musick, and exact Proportions like Architecture.

If you will allow me farther to make a Comparison of these Arts, you will comprehend, how mean is the Genius of those who govern by Detail. He, who in a Concert, sings but certain Parts, how excellently soever he may sing them, is notwithstanding no more than a Singer. He who manages the whole Concert, and at once regulates all the different Parts, is the only Master of Musick. In the same Manner, he who hews the Columns, or raises one Side of the Building, is but a Mason; but he who projected the whole Edifice, and has all the Proportions in his Mind, is the only Architect. Thus, such as labour, dispatch, and do the most Business, have the least Share in governing; they are but subordinate Workmen. The true Genius that directs the State, is he who in doing nothing, causes every Thing to be done; who deliberates, invents, foresees future Events, who looks back to what is passed, who disposes, proportions, and prepares for distant Accidents, who incessantly makes head against and struggles with Fortune; as one who swims against the Stream, and who Night



and Day is vigilant to leave nothing to the Disposal of Chance.

Do you imagine, *Telemachus*, that an excellent Painter, diligently applies himself from Morning to Night, that he may finish his Work with greater Expedition? No, this Confinement, this servile Labour would damp the Vivacity of his Imagination; his Painting would not be the Work of his Genius. It is necessary that his Work should be done at Fits and Starts when his Fancy leads, and his Genius prompts him. Do you think he loses his Time in grinding Colours? in cleaning and sorting the Pencils? No, that is the Business of his Pupils, he reserves to himself the Care of designing; his Thoughts are only employed on bold masterly Strokes, which give Dignity, Life and Passion to his Figures. His Head is filled with the Thoughts and Sentiments of the Heroes he intends to paint. He goes back to the Age in which they lived, and imagines himself in their very Circumstances. To this Species of Enthusiasm he must add a Prudence to check his Sallies, that all may be just, correct, and proportion'd in every Part. Think you, *Telemachus*, that it requires a less strength of Genius, a less exertion of Thought, to make a great Monarch, than to make a good Painter? Conclude then, that a King ought to deliberate, to form great Schemes, and to make Choice of Men capable to execute them under his Direction.

*Telemachus* replied, I think I comprehend all you have said to me; but if Things are thus managed, a King, by not looking into the Detail himself, may be often imposed upon. You impose upon yourself, answered *Mentor*, a general Knowledge of Government, will prevent his being deceiv'd; Men  
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who have no Principle in Affairs, and cannot make a right Judgment of others, never proceed with certainty, and when they do not go wrong, 'tis owing alone to chance. They do not rightly know what they want, or what they ought to aim at. They know only how to be diffident, and oftner mistrust Men of Probity, who contradict them, than Deceivers who flatter them. On the contrary, they, who in their Government are grounded on Principles, and can read Men, know what they ought to require of them, and the means to discover if they are capable of it. They have a sufficient Knowledge, at least in the general, if the Men they employ are Instruments proper for their Designs; can enter into their Views to direct them to the Ends they propose. Beside, as they enter not into fatiguing Particulars, their Mind is more at Liberty to take in, at one View, the Bulk of the Work, and to observe if it advances towards the principal End. If such are deceived, 'tis however very seldom in the essential. Moreover, such are above low Jealousies, which are the certain Indications of a narrow Genius, and of a groveling Soul. They very well know, that 'tis not possible to avoid being deceiv'd in great Affairs, as they must employ Men in them, who are so often deceitful. More is lost by being Irresolute through Diffidence, than by winking at a little Imposition. He is extremely Happy, who is imposed upon in Things only of a little Moment; great Affairs notwithstanding go still forward, and they are alone what Merits the Concern of a great Man. Fraud ought to be severely restrained, when discover'd; but the way not to be really deceiv'd, is to expect some Deceit. A Workman, in his own Shop, sees all with his own Eyes, and does

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every Thing with his own Hands ; but a King, in a great State, can neither do, nor see all. He ought indeed to do such Things only as none under him can do ; and ought to see that only which occurs in the Decision of the most important Affairs.

*Mentor* in concluding, said to *Telemachus*, you are beloved by the Gods, and they design that your Reign shall be replete with Wisdom. All that you here see, is performed less for the Glory of *Idomeneus*, than for your Instruction. All these prudent Institutions which you admire in *Salentum*, are but the Shadows of what you shall one Day perform in *Ithaca*, if your Virtues prove answerable to your exalted Destiny. 'Tis now Time to think of quitting this Coast ; *Idomeneus* has a Vessel ready for our Departure.

*Telemachus*, immediately, unbofomed himself and discovered to his Friend, but with some Reluctance, a Passion which made him regret his leaving *Salentum*. You will possibly, said he, blame me for suffering my Affections to be too easily engaged in such Places as we visit : but I should continually reproach myself did I conceal from you the Love which *Antiopa* Daughter of *Idomeneus*, has inspired me. This is not, my dear *Mentor*, an inconsiderate Passion, like that, of which you cured me in *Calypso's Isle* ! I have been very sensible of the Depth of the Wound which Love gave me, when I was with *Eucharis* ; I cannot, at this Day, mention her Name without a Confusion of which, nor Time nor Absence has been able to get the better : This fatal Experience has taught me to be diffident of myself ; but what I feel for *Antiopa* bears no Resemblance with my former Inclination. This is no fond Desire ; it is Judgment, Esteem,  
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Conviction. How happy should I be in passing my Days with her ! If ever the Gods restore to me my Father, and allow me to chuse a Consort, *Antiopa* shall be my Choice. Her Taciturnity, Modesty, Retirement, Assiduity in her Work, Ingenuity in that of Wool and Embroidery, Application in the governing her Father's House, since the decease of her Mother ; her Contempt of vain Ornaments, that apparent Forgetfulness, and even Ignorance of her Beauty conspicuous in her, are the Charms which have possessed my Heart. When, by the Command of *Idomeneus* she dances amidst the *Cretan* Maidens, to the inspired Flute, she may be taken for the lovely Sea-born Goddess, attended by the Graces. When the King takes her to the chearful Chase, she appears with the Majesty and aims her Arrows with the Skill of chaste *Diana*, encompass'd by her Nymphs : She herself is ignorant of this, which all the World admires. When she enters the Temples of the Gods, and on her Head bears Baskets of sacred Gifts, she might herself be taken for the Goddess inhabiting those consecrated Domes. With what religious Awe do we see her offer the Sacrifices, and mitigate the Anger of the Gods, when some Sin is to be expiated, or some fatal Presage to be averted. In fine, when we see her among a Croud of Women handling her Golden Needle, one would believe her *Minerva's* Self, who had, on Earth, assumed a human Form, inspiring Men the liberal Arts. She encourages others in their Work, softens their Pains and Care, by the Harmony of her melodious Voice, while she chants all the wond'rous Stories of the Gods : and she herself outgoes the most finish'd Paintings in the Delicacy of her Embroidery. Happy the Man to whom auspicious Hymen shall unite her ;  
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he will have but her Loss to fear, and that he shall survive it.

I here attest the Gods, my dear *Mentor*, that I am ready to depart. My Passion for *Antiopa*, will end but with my Life ; she shall not, however, delay one Moment my Return to *Ithaca*. If she is destin'd to the Possession of some other, I shall pass my Days in Grief and Bitterness ; but notwithstanding I will quit her. Though I am satisfied my Absence may occasion the Loss of her, yet will I not mention my Passion to either *Antiopa* or to the King ; for 'tis alone to you I ought to impart it, 'till *Ulysses* seated on his Throne, has declared that he consents to it. You may from this, judge of the Difference between my Affection for *Antiopa*, and that Passion for *Eucharis*, with which you saw me so besotted.

*Mentor* replied, O *Telemachus*, I acknowledge this Difference. *Antiopa* is mild, undesigning, and prudent ; her Hands condemn not Work ; she has great foresight ; provides for every Thing ; she knows when to be silent, and orders her Affairs without hurry ; she is always employed, yet never encumber'd ; because she does every Thing in Season. The regular Order of her Father's House, is her Glory, and a greater Ornament than is her Beauty. Though she has the Care of every Thing, and it is incumbent on her to reprimand, to reject, to spare, (Points which make most Women hated) she has gained the Love of the whole Family, as they know her free from Passion, and neither obstinate, fickle, nor peevish like other Women. With a Look she is understood, and every one fears to displease her. She gives her Orders with perspicuity ; and they are always such as may be perform'd. When she reproves, it is with so much

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much gentleness, that even her Rebukes are an Encouragement. Her Father reposes his Heart on her, as the Traveller, exhausted by the violent Heats, rests him on the tender Grass beneath some Shade. You have rightly judged, *Telemachus*, *Antiope* is a Treasure worthy the being sought in the most distant Climes. Her Mind is as little deck'd with vain Ornaments, as is her Person. Her Imagination is, though sprightly, grave. She never speaks but when 'tis necessary, and when she opens her Lips, insinuating Persuasion and genuine Graces flow in her Words. When she speaks, every one is hush'd, she blushes at this, and is almost induced to suppress what she intended to say, when she observes so great Attention given her. Scarce have we ever heard her speak.

You cannot forget, O *Telemachus*, that one Day when the King sent for her, she appeared with down-cast Eyes, cover'd with a large Veil, and spake only to mitigate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, who would have severely punished one of his Slaves; at first, she join'd in his Resentment, and after that, she calm'd him, by exposing what might tend to excuse the unfortunate Wretch; and without hinting any Thing which might speak the King too passionate, she inspir'd him a Propensity to Justice and Compassion. \* *Thetis* when she

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\* Daughter of *Nereus*, *Jupiter* fell in love with her, but *Prometheus* telling him from the Oracle of *Themis*, Goddess of Justice, that the Son she should bear, would be greater than his Father, desisted from his Suit, and she married *Peleus*, the Son of *Aacus*, who begat on her *Achilles*. To this Wedding, *Jupiter* had invited all the Gods and Goddesses, except *Discord*, who resenting the neglect

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she carries old † *Nereus*, appeases not with greater Gentleness the Waves enraged. As *Antiopa* now, with gentle Hand, touches the Iv'ry Lyre when she would raise harmonious Strains, so will she one Day, without assuming an Authority, or taking Advantage of her prevailing Charms, manage her Husband's Heart. Once more *Telemachus*, the Passion you've conceiv'd for her is just, and the Gods have decreed her Yours. Your Love for her is rational, but you must wait, 'till you receive her from *Ulysses*. I applaud you for not having discovered it to her; for know, had you taken

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Neglect, threw among them the fatal Apple, inscribed to the most beautiful, which occasioned, by the Judgment of *Paris*, the Resentment of *Juno* and *Minerva*, and the Subversion of *Troy*.

† A Sea God was the Son of *Ocean* and *Tethys*; others say of the *Ocean* begotten on the Earth; and others again, that he was the Son of *Neptune*. He married his Sister *Doris*, and on her begat the fifty *Nereides*, or Sea Nymphs. He foretold *Paris* the Consequences, which attended the Rape of *Helen*, and he discovered to *Hercules* where he should find the Golden Apples; but this was by Compulsion, for he assumed several Forms to avoid disclosing the Secret. *Orpheus* calls him the most ancient of the Gods, whence *Virgil* names him *Græneus*. His ordinary Place of Residence was in the *Ægean* Sea.

Under the Name of *Antiopa*, our Author gives us the Character of *Maria Theresa* of *Austria*, Infant of *Spain*, the Consort of *Lewis XIV.* Marshal *Gramont* sent to ask her for the King, at his Return from that Embassy, mentions her in almost the same Terms, that the Arch-bishop here employs, and in particular observes that he had hardly heard her speak. 'Tis certain, her Majesty's Conduct justified the Marshal's Character of her; for she was a very excellent and very virtuous Princess. *French Remark.*

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ken any by-way to have let her know your Design, she would have rejected it, and you had lost her Esteem. She will never give her Promise to any, and will leave the Disposal of her Person entirely to her Father. She will never take any for a Husband, but who fears the Gods, and is every way suitable to her. Have you, as I have, observed that she is seldomer seen since your return, and that her Eyes are more downcast, than they were before? She knows, she is acquainted with every Particular of your Success in the War; she is not to learn your Birth, your Adventures, and what the Gods have endowed you with. This Knowledge makes her so modest and reserv'd. *Telemachus* let us away for *Ithaca*. I have nothing more to do, than to conduct you in the recovering your Father, and to put you in a Condition to obtain a Consort worthy of the Golden Age. Were she a Shepherdess of the frozen *Algidus*, instead of being Daughter to the King of *Salentum*, you would be sublimely Happy in her Possession.

*End of the Twenty-second Book.*



T H E



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the TWENTY-THIRD.

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ARGUMENT.

*Idomeneus fearing the Departure of his Guests, proposes several perplexing Affairs to Mentor, which he tells him he can never regulate without his Assistance. Mentor directs him in the Conduct he ought to observe, and continues immoveably determin'd to conduct Telemachus back to Ithaca. Idomeneus endeavours a second Time to detain them,*



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them, by exciting a *Passion* in the young Prince for *Antiopa*. He engages them in a *Hunting Match*, in which he orders his *Daughter* to be of the Party. She is rescued by *Telemachus*, or had been torn to pieces by a wild Boar. After this the *Ithacian Prince* finds a great *Repugnance* in himself to quit her, and to take Leave of the King her Father: but being encouraged by *Mentor*, he gets the better of his *Uneasiness*, and embarks for his own Country.



DOMENEUS, who fear'd the Departure of *Telemachus* and *Mentor*, had his Thoughts entirely engross'd with the Means to detain them. He represented to the latter that he knew not not how to behave with regard to a Difference arisen between *Diaphanes* Priest of *Jupiter* the Conservator, and *Heliodorus* Priest of *Apollo*, on the Presages gather'd from the Flight of Birds and the Entrails of Victims. Why, said *Mentor*, will you interfere in Points of Religion? Leave them to the Decision of the *Etrurians*, \* in whose Possession is the Tradition of the most ancient Oracles, and who are inspired, that they may be the Interpreters of the immortal Gods. Do you only exert your Authority to suppress these Disputes in the very Beginning, and act without Partiality or Prejudice; do you only support the Decision when made. Remember a King ought to submit to, and

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\* People inhabiting that Part of *Italy* now called the Dukedom of *Tuscany*.

and never undertake to regulate Religion, which flows from the Gods, and is above Kings. When they once meddle with it instead of protecting, they enslave it. Sovereigns have so great Power, and other Men so little, that all will be in Danger of being alter'd to the Fancy of Monarchs, if they are made Parties in such Questions as regard holy Matters; wherefore leave in full Liberty the Decision to such as are devoted to the immortal Gods, and confine yourself to the checking such as refuse to obey their Sentence, when it is once pronounced.

*Idomeneus*, after this complain'd to him of the Perplexity he was in, on account of a great Number of Law Suits between several private Persons, who were urgent with him for his Decision. Do you, said *Mentor*, decide upon all new Questions which tend to the establishing general Maxims, and to the interpreting the Laws; but never take upon you to try Causes between private Persons: they will importune you in Crouds; you will become the only Judge of your People, and the Judges under you will be useless: you will be overborne by them, and these Affairs of small Consequence, which you can never be able to regulate, will take you off from such as are of the greatest. Take heed then not to entangle yourself in such a Labyrinth, remit the Affairs of private Persons to the established Judges, and do you enter upon nothing, but what others cannot do to relieve you.

I am moreover, said *Idomeneus*, solicited to conclude several Marriages, Men of distinguish'd Births, who having served me in all the Wars, and by such Service lost very considerable Fortunes, are desirous to obtain a sort of Reward by

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marrying certain rich Virgins. I need but speak a Word to procure them these Matches.

'Tis true, said *Mentor*, 'twill cost you but a Word speaking, but even that very Word, will cost you too much. Wou'd you rob Parents of the Liberty and Comfort of making Choice of Husbands for their Daughters, consequently of Heirs to themselves? This wou'd be subjecting every Family to the most severe Bondage; you yourself wou'd become answerable for all the Domestic Misfortunes of your Subjects. Marriage has Crosses enough, without this additional Gall. If you have loyal Servants, whom you are desirous to reward, give them uncultivated Lands, and superadd Rank and Titles proportion'd to their Birth and Services, with, if necessary, Money out of your Savings from your Civil List: but never return the Obligations you have, by sacrificing rich Virgins against the Consent of their Relations.

*Idomeneus* soon went on to another Point. The *Sibarites*,\* said he, complain of our having encroached upon Lands belonging to them, and  
of

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\* A People who inhabited the ancient City of *Sibaria* in great Greece in Italy, they were so powerful, that they had Dominion over twenty-five other Cities, and their Dependancies. It was razed by the *Crotonians*, and its Ruins are still visible, known at present by the Name of *Sibaria rovinata*, or ruin'd *Sibaria* in the hithermost *Calabria*.

*Complain of our having encroached upon Lands, &c.* This alludes to the Re-unions made by virtue of the Chambers of *Brisac* and *Metz*: but especially to the Invasion of several Towns, which *Lewis XIV.* took in the low Countries in the Year 1681, in Time of Peace.

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of our having given them, as Fields to be clear'd by the Foreigners we have lately drawn hither. Must I give Way to these People? if I shou'd every one will think they need only to lay a Claim on us.

It is not just, replied *Mentor*, to depend on the *Sibarites* in their own Cause; neither is it fair to rely on yourself, where your Interest is concern'd. Who then, said *Idomeneus*, must we trust to? To neither of the Parties interested, answer'd *Mentor*; but you must refer the Decision to some neighbouring State, which can be suspected by neither Side. Such are the *Sipuntines*, \* they have no Interest contrary to yours. But am I, replied *Idomeneus*, obliged to depend on any Umpire? am not I, myself, a King? Ought a Sovereign to submit the Bounds of his Country to the Arbitration of Strangers?

*Mentor*, thus continued the Discourse. Since you are determin'd, you must necessarily believe that Justice is on your Side; on the other hand, however, the *Sibarites* relax nothing; but insist that their Right is indubitable. There is then a Necessity in these opposite Opinions, that either an Arbitrator chosen by both Parties, or the Event of War shou'd decide between you. There is no Medium. Were you to come into a Commonwealth in which there was neither Magistrate nor Judge;

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The *Spaniards* complained of this: the King insisted on keeping *Alost* or to have *Luxembourg*, the two contending Parties referred their Pretensions to the King of *England*, but notwithstanding *Lewis* soon after attacked *Luxembourg*.

*French Remark.*

\* *Sipuntum* was a City in *Apulia* at the Foot of the Hill *Garganus*, built by *Diomedes*.

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Judge; but that every private Family thought it self invested with a Right to exact Justice by Force, where it had any Pretensions on a Neighbour, you wou'd bewail the Misfortune of such a People, and you wou'd be shock'd at the dreadful Confusion of one Family taking Arms against another. Think you the Gods wou'd view the whole World, which is one general Commonwealth, with less Abhorrence, if every State, which is but as a large Family, were to think that it had full Power to assert its Pretensions on a neighbouring People by Means outrageous. A private Man in Possession of a Piece of Ground, as the Inheritance of his Ancestors, cannot maintain that Possession but by the Authority of the Laws and the Decree of the Magistrate. He wou'd be very severely punished, as a seditious Subject, shou'd he pretend by Violence to defend even a Right which was given him by Justice. Do you think a Sovereign may immediately employ Force to support his Pretensions, without having first tried all mild and humane Methods? Is not Justice more sacred and inviolable among Kings, with Regard to whole Territories, than with private Families, with Relation to a few cultivated Lands? Shall a Man be unjust and a Diseisor who takes only a few Acres; and shall he be just, and a Hero who seizes on whole Provinces? If we are prepossess'd, if we deceive ourselves, are blind and inconsiderate in small and private Interests, ought we not to apprehend more our deceiving ourselves and being blind in the great Concerns of State? Shou'd we trust to ourselves, where we have so much Reason to be diffident of ourselves? Ought we not to fear deceiving ourselves, in Cases where the Mistake of one single Man is attended with such dreadful

dreadful Consequences? The oversight of a King who flatters himself on his Pretensions, is often the Cause of Devastations, Famine, Massacres, Plagues, depravity of Manners; the fatal Effects of which, are felt in the most distant Ages. A Monarch who has always near him a Crowd of Flatterers, will he not, on such Occasions, fear being flatter'd? If he agrees to the Choice of an Arbitrator, to decide the Difference, he gives Proof of his Equity, Probity, and Temperance, and publishes the solid Reasons on which he grounds his Cause. The chosen Arbitrator is a friendly Mediator, not a rigorous Judge: a blind Obedience to his Decisions is not required, but a great Deference is ever paid him; he pronounces not his Sentence as a supreme Judge, but he makes Proposals, and something, by his Advice, is given up for the Sake of Peace. If a War breaks out, notwithstanding all a King has done to keep Peace, he has at least, the Testimony of his own Conscience, the Esteem of his Neighbours, and the just Protection of the Gods for his Support. *Idomeneus* moved with this Discourse, consented to refer the Dispute between him and the *Sibarites*, to the Arbitration of *Sipuntines*.

The King perceiving that all the Means he had employed to detain the two Strangers were ineffectual, tried to stop them by a more powerful Band: he had observ'd that *Telemachus* had conceiv'd a Passion for *Antiope*, and he hoped to secure him by that Affection. In this View he often made her sing during the Entertainments, which she did, not to disobey her Father, but it was with so much Modesty and Reluctance, that it was easy to perceive she suffered by her Obedience. *Idomeneus* went so great a length as to

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insist on her singing the Victory over the *Daunians* and *Adraftus*: but she cou'd not prevail on herself to sing the Praises of *Telemachus*: she declined it respectfully, and her Father was unwilling to compel her. Her sweet and moving Voice penetrated the Heart of the *Ithacian* Prince. *Idomeneus* who kept his Eyes fix'd on him, enjoy'd the Pleasure of observing his Emotion: but *Telemachus* did not seem to perceive the King's Design. In such Rencounters he cou'd not help being greatly moved, but his Reason surmounted his Affection: he was not now the same *Telemachus* whom a Tyrannick Passion had enslav'd in the Island of *Ogygia*. While *Antiopa* sang he kept profound Silence, but the Minute she had made an End, he endeavour'd to turn the Conversation on some other Subject.

The King failing of Success, in his Design, at length resolv'd on a great Hunting Match, with which he propos'd to entertain his Daughter. *Antiopa*, in Tears, desired to be excus'd, but she was oblig'd to obey the positive Command of her Father. She mounted a foaming fiery Courser, such as *Castor* broke to the Battle; she managed him with great Ease, and was follow'd with Ardour by a Train of Maidens, in the midst of whom she appear'd like *Diana* in the Forests. The King saw, and cou'd not satiate his Eyes in viewing, her whose Sight obliterated all his pass'd Misfortunes. *Telemachus* also fix'd his Eyes upon her, and was more taken with her Modesty, than with her Dexterity, or even all her Charms.

The Dogs pursued a Boar of an enormous Size, fierce as that of *Calidon*; his long Bristles were as strong and erect as Darts, his sparkling Eyes were replete with fiery Rage, his Snorting

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were heard from afar, like the grumbling of seditious Winds, when *Æolus* to appease the Tempest, recalls them to his Cave. His long curved Tusshes, like the keen Sickle of Reapers, cut Bowls of Trees, and all the Dogs that durst approach, were wounded by, him. The boldest Huntsmen, even while they pursued; dreaded to come up with him. *Antiopa* swift in the Course as Winds, fear'd not to attack him at a near Distance. She threw a Dart, which pierc'd him above the Shoulder. The Blood of the Savage Beast gush'd forth, and made him yet more furious. He turn'd upon her who gave his Wound. Immediately the Horse of *Antiopa*, notwithstanding his Fierceness, trembled and gave back. The monstrous Boar rushed against him, like a ponderous Machine which shakes the Walls of strongest Cities. The Courser stagger'd and fell; *Antiopa* was thrown, and had no Means to avoid the fatal Stroke of the enraged Boar's Tussh: but *Telemachus*, who was attentive to her Danger, had already quitted his Horse, and swifter than Lightning rushed in between the falling Steed and foaming Boar, which turned to revenge his Blood. The Prince was armed with a long Dart, which he almost bury'd in the Side of the dreadful Animal, and he fell, replete with Rage.

At that Instant *Telemachus* sever'd his Head, which even then struck with Terror and astonish'd all the Sportsmen; he presented it to *Antiopa*, she blush'd, and with her Eyes consulted those of her Father, who having been seized with Fear, and at that Time transported with Joy to see her out of Danger, made her a Sign to accept the Present. In the taking it, she said, I receive from you with grateful

Acknowledgment

Book XXIV.

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Acknowledgment another more valuable Gift, for to you I owe my Life.

Scarcely had she said this, but she fear'd the having said too much. She cast down her Eyes, and *Telemachus*, who saw her Confusion, durst only say to her, Happy is the Son of *Ulysses* in the Preservation of a Life so precious! but happier wou'd he still be, cou'd he pass his own with you! *Antiope*, without making him any Reply, suddenly mix'd in with her Train of young Companions, and remounted.

*Idomeneus* had, in that very Instant, promised his Daughter to *Telemachus*, but that he hoped by leaving him in Suspence to enflame him more, and thus to detain him at *Salentum*, through a Desire of ascertaining his Nuptials. These were the Thoughts of *Idomeneus*; but the Gods mock the Wisdom of Men. What was propos'd to detain was exactly what hasten'd the Departure of *Telemachus*. What he began to be sensible of, made him very justly diffident of his own Strength. *Mentor* took more than common Pains to inspire him an impatient Desire of returning to *Ithaca*, and at the same Time was importunate with *Idomeneus* to suffer him to depart.

The Vessel was in readiness; for *Mentor*, who directed every Minute of *Telemachus* his Life to raise him to the highest Pitch of Glory, detain'd him in no Place longer than it was necessary for the Exercise of his Virtue, and his acquiring Experience.

*Mentor* had taken Care to provide the Vessel from the Time that *Telemachus* return'd; but *Idomeneus*, who with a great deal of Repugnance saw him get it ready, when he found his two



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Guests, from whom he had receiv'd so great Assistance, were on the Point of leaving him, fell into a deep and deplorable Melancholy. He immur'd himself in the most retired Parts of his Palace, where he eas'd his Heart by venting his Sighs, and shedding Tears. He neglected his necessary Sustenance, and Sleep cou'd not assuage his corroding Grief; he was wasted and droop'd with his Anxiety, like a large Tree which with its leafy Branches covers o'er the Ground, whose Root a Worm begins to fret in the small Tube through which flows the Sap to give it Nourishment; and though it had been unshaken by the Winds, and that the fertile Earth seem'd pleased to cherish it in her Bosom, and long been spared by the Woodman's Ax, notwithstanding languishes, and none can tell its Hurt. It withers, sheds its Leaves, which were once its Pride: nothing remains of it but the Body, cover'd with a chop'd Bark, and its arid Branches. Just such appeared *Idomeneus* thro' the Effect of Grief.

*Telemachus* mov'd with Compassion for *Idomeneus*, durst not speak to him; he apprehended the Day of his and *Mentor's* Departure, and sought Pretences to delay it. He had long continued in this irresolute State, had not *Mentor* said to him I am glad to see you thus alter'd; you were naturally hard hearted and arrogant, and affected with your own Ease and Interests only; but you are at length become a Man, and by the Experience of your own Misfortunes, you begin to commiserate these of other Men. Who is a Stranger to this Compassion, has neither Goodness, Virtue, nor Capacity to hold the Reins of Government: but this Tenderness is not to be to Excess, neither shou'd we suffer our Friendship to get the better of our Reason. I

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wou'd very readily speak to *Idomeneus* to have his Consent for our Departure, and save you the Trouble of a Conversation so disagreeable; but I must not suffer Timidity and a childish Bashfulness to get the better of you. You must accustom yourself to blend Resolution and Constancy, with a tender and sympathizing Friendship. We ought to be on our Guard not to afflict any without Necessity; we ought to share in the Grievs of another, when we cannot avoid causing them, and to make the Misfortune, which we cannot entirely avert from them, as tollerable as possible. It is said, *Telemachus*, to give *Idomeneus* this Relief, that I had rather you shou'd than I, acquaint him with our Departure.

*Mentor* immediately said to him, you deceive yourself, my dear *Telemachus*, you are like other Royal Children, and brought up in their Pomp, who will have every Thing their own Way, and have all Nature subservient to their Will; but who want the Resolution to give a Denial to the Person present. It is not that these Princes care for Men, or that, through good Nature, they fear to give them uneasiness; but 'tis for their own Quiet, they don't love to see dejected and discontented Countenances near their Persons. The Cares and Miseries of Mankind no Way affect them, provided they are not in their Sight. If they hear them mention'd, such Discourtes are troublesome to them, and break in upon their good Humour: to please them they must always be told that every Thing goes well. While they are amidst their Diversions, they will see and hear nothing which may interrupt their Pleasures. If there is a Necessity to reprimand, to correct, to disabuse any one, to withstand the Passions and unjust Pretensions

sions of an importunate Man, they will always put some other upon it, rather than speak themselves on such Occasions, with a benevolent Resolution. Nay, sooner will they suffer the most unreasonable Grants to be extorted from them. They will ruin their Affairs, though of the greatest Importance, for want of Courage to determine contrary to the Opinion of those with whom they have every Day Business to transact. This Imbecility discover'd in them, makes every one endeavour to take Advantage of it; Men are urgent, importune, they teaze, and succeed by making them uneasy. At first they are flatter'd, and a sort of Adoration paid them, to get into their good Opinion, but when once that Point is gain'd, when some Post of Authority about their Persons is obtain'd, the Prince becomes subservient, and receives a Yoak, which he groans under, and often endeavours to shake off, but yet bears it to his dying Day. They fear seeming to be govern'd, and are ever under Government: nay, there is a Necessity they shou'd be so, for they resemble those feeble Stalks of the Vine, which not able to support themselves, cling to the Bowl of some large Tree.

I will never, O *Telemachus*, suffer this Defect in you, which renders a Man too weak to sit at the Helm of State. You who are so tender hearted that you want Resolution to speak to *Idomeneus*, will forget his Affliction the Instant you have turn'd your Back on *Salentum*. It is not his Grief that affects you; it is his Presence that perplexes you. Go, do you yourself speak to *Idomeneus*, and by this Opportunity learn to be at once compassionate and determin'd, make him sensible, that you are grieved at leaving him, then  
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in a resolute Stile lay before him the Necessity of our Departure.

*Telemachus* durst neither contradict *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus* ; he was ashamed of his Timidity, yet wanted Courage to surmount it; he hesitated, and when he had advanced a Step or two, immediately return'd to allege some new Reason for differing it; but a single Look of *Mentor* struck him dumb, and dissipated all his fine Pretences. *Mentor* smiling, said to him, is this the Conqueror of the *Daunians* ; this the Deliverer of great *Hesperia*; this the Son of wise *Ulysses*, who, after him, is to be the Oracle of *Greece* ? He dares not so much as tell *Idomeneus*, that he cannot procrastinate his Return to his own Country to see his Father ! O ye *Ithacians* ! how wretched must you one Day be, if you have a King govern'd by a childish Bashfulness, who will sacrifice the greatest Interests to his Imbecility in Trifles. Remark *Telemachus*, how great's the Difference between Courage in the Field, and Resolution in Affairs ? You fear'd not the Sword of *Adrastus*, and you fear the Grief of *Idomeneus*. This is what sullies the Honour of Princes, who have perform'd the most brilliant Actions. After having appear'd Heroes in the War, they appear the meanest of Men in common Affairs, in which others act with more Resolution.

*Telemachus*, sensible of the Truth of this Discourse, and nettled with the Reproach, suddenly departed without listening to his own Suggestions : but scarce was he got to the Place where *Idomeneus* sat, with down cast Eyes, drooping and dejected with Grief, but each fear'd the other ; they durst not interchange a Look, they knew each other's Thoughts without speaking, and each ap-



prehended the other's breaking Silence, they both wept; but at length *Idomeneus*, urged by Excess of Grief, cry'd out, What Advantage does the Pursuit of Virtue produce, when her Votaries are so ill rewarded? I am made sensible of my Weakness, and abandon'd to it! Be it so, I am upon the Point of relapsing into my former Misfortunes. Let none mention to me a prudent Reign; no, 'tis to no Purpose, I am incapable of it, I am tired of Mankind. Whither, O *Telemachus*, are you going? Your Father is no more, your Search for him is vain, and *Ithaca* is in the Possession of your Enemies, who will destroy you on your Return. Some one of them is by this, married to your Mother. Stay you here, I will give you my Daughter, you shall be my Heir, and succeed to my Throne; even while I live, you shall here have an absolute Power, and I will repose a Confidence in you without Reserve: if these Advantages cannot move you, at least leave *Mentor* with me, who is my only Refuge. Speak, answer me, and do not harden your Heart; take Compassion on the most wretched of all Mankind. Alas, you make me no Reply! Ah! I perceive how severely the Gods now treat me; I am now more sensible of their Rigour than I was in *Crete*, when I destroy'd my Son. At length *Telemachus* replied, in a faltering and timid Voice, I am not at my own Disposal, Fate calls me to my Country. *Mentor*, endued with the Wisdom of the Gods, in their Name, commands me to depart. What is it you wou'd have me do? can I renounce my Father, Mother, and my native Soil, which ought to be yet dearer to me than even they. As I am born to reign, I am not design'd for a Life of Ease and Pleasure, or to follow

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follow the bent of my own Inclinations. Your Kingdom is more powerful than is my Father's: but I ought to prefer what the Gods decree me, to what your Bounty offers: I shou'd esteem myself happy in having *Antiope* for my Consort, without the Expectation of your Kingdom: but that I may be worthy of her, I must go where my Duty calls me, and leave it to my Father to ask her of you. Did you not promise to send me back to *Ithaca*? Was it not on such Promise that, with your Allies, for you I fought *Adrastus*? It is Time I shou'd think of redressing the Misfortunes of my Family. The Gods who gave me to *Mentor*, have also given *Mentor* to the Son of *Ulysses*, to make him fulfil the Decrees of Fate. Wou'd you have me lose *Mentor*, after having lost every Thing else? I have now nor Fortune, nor Retreat, nor Father, nor Mother, nor Country to be depended on. I have only one wise and virtuous Man, the most valuable Gift of *Jupiter* now left me. Judge you yourself if I can give him up, and consent to his leaving me. No, sooner will I part with Life, take that, I lose nothing, but deprive me not of *Mentor*.

As *Telemachus* spoke, his Voice became less faltering, and his Fear vanish'd. *Idomeneus* knew not what Answer to make him, but cou'd not approve his Sentiments. When he had nothing to allege, he endeavour'd by his Looks and Gestures, to move his Pity. At this Instant he perceiv'd *Mentor*, who gravely said to him.

Be not afflicted, 'tis true we are on the Point of leaving you, but that Wisdom which presides in the Councils of the Gods, shall remain with you. Acknowledge only that you are extremely happy in *Jupiter's* having sent us hither to save your  
M 5 Kingdom,

Kingdom, and to set you right. *Philocles*, whom we have restored to you, will serve you faithfully. His Heart will be ever engrossed with the Fear of the Gods, a Regard for Virtue, a Love for the People, and a Tenderness for the wretched. Listen to his Advice, employ him with a Confidence in his Probity; free from all Jealousies. If you enjoin him to acquaint you with your Oversights without palliating, it will prove the greatest Service he can do you. The greatest Magnanimity of a good Monarch consists in the seeking real Friends, who lay his Errors before him. If you have this Resolution, our Absence will not be prejudicial to you, and you will be happy; but if once Flattery, which glides like a Serpent, shou'd find again the Way to your Heart, and make you suspect disinterested Councils, you are absolutely lost. Do not meanly suffer Grief to triumph over you, but exert yourself in the Pursuit of Virtue. I have already instructed *Philocles* in whatever he ought to do to ease you, and at the same Time never to abuse the Confidence you repose in him: I dare answer for his Conduct. The Gods have given you this Subject, as they have given *Mentor* to *Telemachus*. Every one ought resolutely to follow what the Fates have allotted. It is in vain for a Man to afflict himself. If ever you stand in need of my Assistance, after I have deliver'd this young Prince into the Hands of his Father, and restor'd him to his Country, I will again visit you. What Action can I perform that will afford me a more sensible Pleasure? I am ambitious of neither Wealth nor Authority in this Life; I desire only to be Assistant to such as pursue Justice and Virtue. It is impossible for me ever to forget the

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Trust you have repos'd in, and the Friendship you have shewn, me.

At these Words *Idomeneus* was quite alter'd, he found his Heart assuaged. Thus *Neptune* with his Trident appeases the angry Billows, and quells the fullen Storm. He was now only sensible of a pleasing and tranquil Melancholy, it was rather a Mixture of Sorrow and tender Affection, than a piercing Grief. Courage, Confidence, Virtue, a Hope of the Assistance of the Gods began to revive within his Breast.

Well, said he, I find my dear *Mentor* we must not be dejected, even when we suffer the Loss of all we hold most dear. However, retain me in your Memory, and when you are arrived at *Ithaca*, where your Wisdom will make your Happiness compleat, forget not that *Salentum* is your own Work, and that you have there left an unfortunate Prince whose Dependance is on you alone. Go worthy Son of great *Ulysses*, I will no longer detain you; I am far from opposing the immortal Gods, who lent me so great a Treasure. Go, *Mentor*, thou greatest, thou wisest among Men, if it is possible for a meer Mortal to perform what I have observ'd in you, and that you are not some Deity under an assumed Form, come to instruct the Weak and Ignorant. Go, conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, more happy in having you than in having overcome *Adrastus*. Go both of you, I dare say no more, forgive my Sighs, go, and may you live happily together. I have now nothing left but the Remembrance that I once enjoy'd you here. O glorious Days, too happy Days, whose Value I did not know as I ought, Days too hastily elapsed, ye will never more return, and

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will these Eyes be blessed with what they now behold.

*Mentor* seized this Minute for their Departure; he embraced *Philocles*, who bedew'd him with his Tears, and had not Power to speak. *Telemachus* wou'd have taken *Mentor* by the Hand to get from that of *Idomeneus*, but he, placing himself between them both, made towards the Port; he fix'd his Eyes upon them, sigh'd, and began some broken Words, but cou'd finish none.

In the mean while were heard the confused Noise of Mariners, who were numerous on the Coast, the Sheets were loosed, a favourable Gale arose, *Telemachus* and *Mentor* with Tears in their Eyes took Leave of *Idomeneus*, who held them long, straitly enfolded in his Arms, and far as he cou'd, follow'd them with his Eyes.

*End of the Twenty-third Book.*



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THE  
ADVENTURES  
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*TELEMACHUS,*  
Son of *Ulysses.*

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BOOK the TWENTY-FOURTH.

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ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, during the Voyage, engages Mentor to solve several Difficulties in the Method of well-governing a State; among others, that of reading Men, that none might be employed but who were of strict Probity; and of not being imposed upon by the Designing. Towards the Conclusion of this Conversation, a Calm obliges them to put into a small Island,



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on which Ulysses was just landed. There Telemachus sees and speaks to, without knowing, him; but after he was re-embark'd, he was sensible of a secret Uneasiness, which he cannot account for. The Cause of this, he learns from Mentor, who comforts and assures, him, that he shall very soon meet again his Father, and makes a Trial of his Devotion and Patience, by delaying his Departure, to offer Sacrifice to Minerva. At last, that Goddess, who had been concealed under the Form of Mentor, reassumes her own; discovers herself; gives Telemachus her last Instructions, and disappears; after which Telemachus arrives at Ithaca, and finds again his Father Ulysses at the House of the loyal Eumeus.



At length the Anchor's weigh'd; the loosen'd Sails began to swell, and the Land seem'd swiftly to recede. The experienced Pilot at a Distance spied *Leucat's* Promontary\*, which hides it's lofty Head in Clouds of Frosty Mists, and the *Acroceraunian* Mountains, which

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\* Or *Lucates*, memorable for the Temple of *Apollo*. Whoever was crossed in Love, if they leap'd from off the Top of this Promontary, found a certain Cure to their Passion. The Poetess *Sappho*, was the first that ventured on this Expedient. I am apt to believe a Leap from the Top of *St. Paul's*, might prove as effectual in the Case

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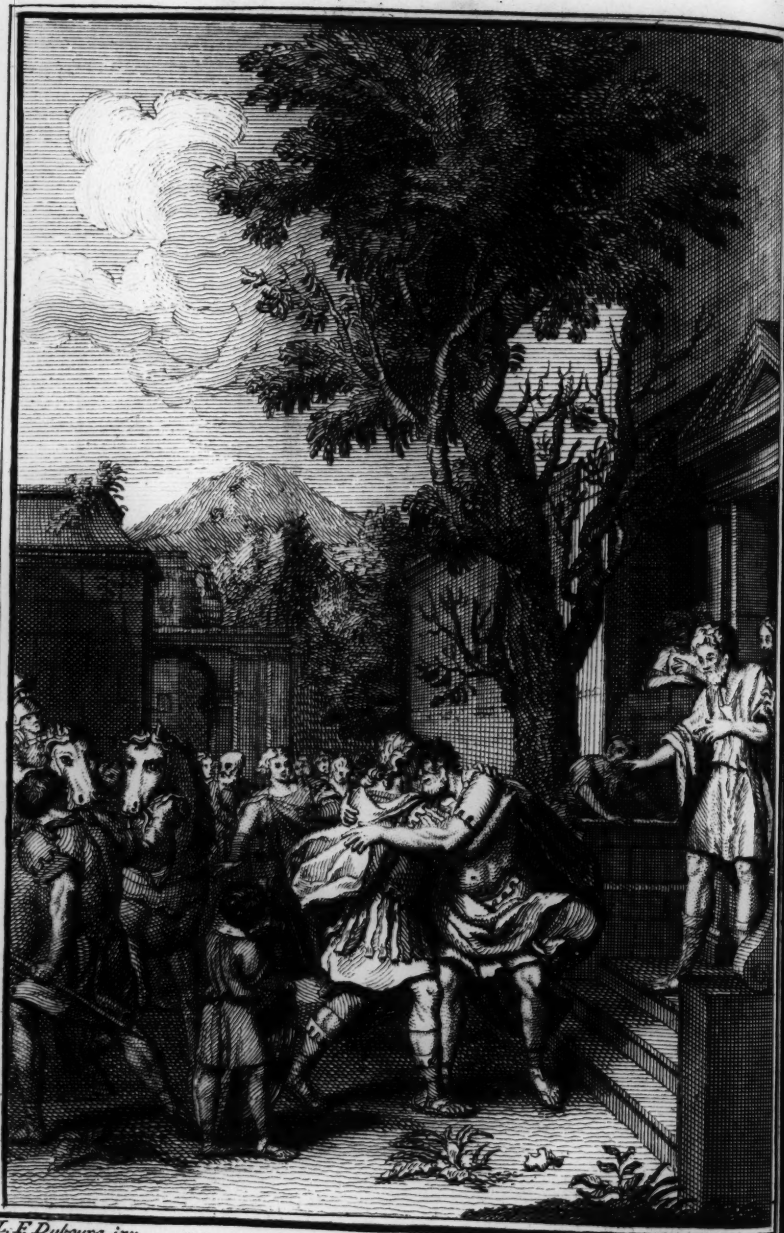
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**TELEMAQUE** arrive à **ITHAQUE** & retrouve **ULYSSE** son Père chez le fidelle **EUMÉE**  
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which though often rent with fulminateing Bolts, rear, notwithstanding, to the distant Skies, their haughty Brows.

While they pursued their Voyage, *Telemachus* said to *Mentor*, I flatter myself that I now perfectly comprehend those Principles of Government you've lain down. They at first appeared to me as Dreams; but my Mind has by Degrees remov'd the Difficulties, and I conceive them clearly; they were like Objects seen at the Dawn of Day, which seem to emerge as from a Chaos, but the Light insensibly encreasing, restores them, if I may so say, to their natural Form and Colour. I am thoroughly convinced that the essential Point of Government is to distinguish between the Capacities of Men; to make a proper Choice, and to suit Employments to their different Talents. But I am yet to learn how to read Men.

*Mentor* replied, to know Men, they must be studied. We must often see and discourse with them

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Case of a despairing Lover; not that I advise making the Experiment. It is from the Whiteness of the Rock called *Lucas*, now an Island, but was formerly Part of the Continent, and then called *Neritos*, both the Island and the Town which is built on the Promontary are called *S. Maura*. It was taken from the *Venetians*, by *Bajazet II.* and he gave it to the Jews at their being expelled *Spain*. In the Year 1687, when the *Venetian* Fleet went to the *Morea*, they rendezvouzed near this Island. 1479 it was taken by the *Turks* from some *Greeks* who were in Possession of it, and kept by those Infidels 'till the Year 1502, when they lost it to the *Venetians*; but they restored it at the Conclusion of a Peace to Sultan *Bajazet*; in 1684 *Moroseni* retook it. *Heylin's Cosmography.*

them; Kings ought to be conversant with their Subjects, put them upon speaking, consult, and make Proof of them in Affairs of little Consequence, of which they must exact a strict Account, to know if they are capable of more considerable Functions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, did you learn in *Ithaca*, to judge of Statues? By often examining them, and remarking, with Men of Experience, both their Defects and Beauties: In the same Manner, discourse often on the good and bad Qualities of Men, with others, who are wise and virtuous, and have long studied different Characters; you will insensibly learn their Talents, and what may reasonably be expected from them. What taught you to distinguish between good and sorry Poets? It was frequent reading, and making your Reflections, with the Assistance of Persons who had a Taste for Poetry. What acquired your Judgment in Musick? The same Remarks on Musicians. How can any one hope to govern Men prudently, if he knows them not? And how can he know them, if he lives not among them. The seeing them in publick, where the Discourse is on different Topicks, artfully premeditated, is not to be term'd living with them? They must be seen in private, and the inmost recesses of their Hearts are to be scrutinized, the secret Springs there concealed, must be unfolded; they must be thoroughly examined, and fathom'd to discover their Maxims. But to make a right Judgment of Men, we must set out with the Knowledge of what they ought to be; know what is real solid Merit, to be able to distinguish between them who have, and them who have it not. Virtue and Merit are incessantly in the Mouths of Men, without their having a true Knowledge of what in Fact they are. They are only

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only pompous Words, indefinite Terms which the greater Part of Mankind pride themselves in, making them the constant Subject of their Discourse. There is a Necessity to have fundamental Principles of Virtue, Reason, and Justice, to be able to distinguish Men of Reason and Virtue, and to be acquainted with the Maxims of wise and impartial Government, if we would discern Men who hold these Maxims, from such as recede from them for a deceitful Cunning. In a Word, to measure different Bodies, you must have a fix'd Standard; and to form a Judgement, you must, in like Manner, have settled Principles, by which you must regulate your Judgment. You must thoroughly know what is the Scope of human Life, and what end you ought to propose to yourself in the Government of Men. The only and essential End, is never to desire Authority and State for our own Sakes; for such an ambitious Quest, would tend alone to the soothing a tyrannick Haughtiness; but it is our Duty to offer ourselves up Victims to the infinite Fatigues of Government, that we may make Mankind both just and happy. We otherwise walk in uncertainty, and our whole Lives are under the Direction of Chance: we proceed like a Ship in the open Sea, which has no Pilot, where none consult the Stars, and all are ignorant of the neighbouring Coast; such a Ship must inevitably be lost.

Princes, very often, by not knowing in what true Virtue consists, are ignorant of what they ought to require in Men. True Virtue seems to them, to contain something harsh, and appears too austere and independant. It terrifies and sowers them; this makes them incline to Flattery, and from that instant, they can discover neither Sincerity  
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nor Virtue; from that Instant, they pursue an empty Shade of false Glory, which renders them unworthy of that which is real. They soon inure themselves to the Belief that there is no such Thing to be found as real Virtue. For good Men can discern those of a different Character, but wicked Men cannot distinguish the good, or believe that there are in reality any who deserve to be so called; the Capacity of such Princes, enables them only to mistrust all Mankind alike; they flie the Sight of Men, they immure themselves, the most trifling Things awaken their Suspicions, they fear every body, and make themselves terrible to all: they shun the Light, and never dare appear, but in Disguise; though they will not be known to be what they really are, they cannot be conceal'd; for the Malign Inquisitiveness of their Subjects sees through, and conjectures all; but they themselves are entirely Strangers to Mankind. Self-interested People, who besiege, are overjoyed to find, them inaccessible. That King, who is so to Men, must in like Manner be so to Truth. Care is taken to blacken, by infamous Reports, and to remove, all who are capable of opening his Eyes. Kings of this Stamp, pass their Days in a savage and unsociable Pomp, and ever fearing to be deceiv'd, are always, inevitably and deservedly, imposed upon. When we converse but with few People, we hazard receiving Impressions from all their Passions, and Prejudices. Even good Men are not without Defects and Prepossessions; but moreover, we lie at the Mercy of Tale-bearers, a mean, envious Race, whose Food is Venom; who poison the Innocent, and magnifie little, Things, who will invent Mischief, rather than desist from being injurious, who make their Interest of the

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Diffidence, and the unworthy Inquisitiveness of a weak and jealous Prince.

Learn then to be acquainted, my dear *Telemachus*, with Men ; examine them, make them give their Sentiments of one another ; make Trial of them by Degrees ; suffer yourself to be engrossed by none, Improve by your own Experience whenever you have been deceiv'd in your Judgment, for you will sometimes be imposed upon ; the wicked are so abstruse, that they will baffle the Vigilance of good Men, by their Disguises ; from whence learn never rashly to judge well or ill of any. Either is very dangerous. Thus your pass'd Errors, will prove to you very useful Lessons of Instruction. When you have discover'd Virtue and Capacity in a Person, employ him in full Confidence, for Men of Probity expect that their Integrity should be thoroughly understood, as they prefer Esteem and an unreserved Confidence to treasures : but do not spoil such Men, by giving them an unlimited Power. Some wou'd have been ever honest, who have ceas'd from being so, by their Master having given them too great Wealth and Authority. Whoever is so much favoured by the Gods, as to find in his whole Kingdom, two or three sincere Friends of unalterable Prudence and Goodness, will very soon, by their Means, find People of the same Biass to fill inferior Posts. By Men of Probity, in whom you confide, you will learn what you yourself cannot distinguish with Regard to other Subjects.

But, said *Telemachus*, I have often heard that there is a Necessity of employing wicked Men ; is this allowable ? when they are Men of Parts and Experience, there is, replied *Mentor*, often a Necessity of making Use of such. In an embroil'd and distracted State,

State we frequently find unjust and designing Men are already got into Places of Authority, that they are in Posts of Importance, which they cannot be depriv'd of; they have gain'd the Confidence of certain powerful Men, to whom there is a Necessity of shewing some Regard. Nay, Measures are to be kept with even these unjust Men, as they are fear'd, and have it in their Power to bring on the greatest Confusion. Such are to be employ'd for a Time, but still with Design to render them by Degrees useless; but take Care never to repose a real Confidence in them, or admit them to an Intimacy, for they are capable of abusing it, and spight of your Inclinations, of keeping a Power over you by means of your Secret, a Chain which will be harder to break than any forged of Iron. Employ them therefore in transient Negotiations; use them well, and engage them to Fidelity by the Means of their own Passions, for 'tis by those alone that you can be assured of them; never admit them to your most secret Deliberations; always have a Spring ready to put them in Motion when you think proper, but never entrust them with the Key of your Heart, or of your Affairs. When once your State is quiet, regulated, and under the Administration of wise and upright Ministers, on whom you can depend, bad Men whom the Necessity of your Affairs had obliged you to employ, will, by Degrees, become useless; however even then you ought still to use them well, for Ingratitude even to the wicked, is inexcusable; but while you shew them some Regard, you ought to endeavour to make them Men of Probity. There is a Necessity to overlook such of their Defects as shou'd be excused in regard to human Frailty; you shou'd nevertheless

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nevertheless gradually recover your Authority, and curb the Mischiefs which they wou'd openly do if left to themselves. When all is said, 'tis a Misfortune that Good shou'd be perform'd by bad Men, but tho' it is a Misfortune often unavoidable, yet Endeavours shou'd be used, that it may by Degrees be remedy'd. A wise Prince, who requires nothing but Regularity and Justice, will in Time be enabled to do without corrupt and deceitful Men, he will find honest Men sufficient and able to serve him.

But it is not enough to find good Subjects in a State, you must train up new ones. This, said *Telemachus*, must needs be a laborious Task. None at all, replied *Mentor*, your Application to the Discovery of able virtuous Men, that you may raise them, will excite, will animate all who have Genius and Resolution; every one will exert himself. How many languish in an obscure Indolence, who wou'd become great Men if Emulation and Hopes of Success rouzed them to employ themselves? How many are they, who by their Poverty and inability to raise themselves by Virtue, are tempted to rise by criminal Means? If then you make Rewards and Honours Attendant on Genius and Virtue; how many Subjects will make themselves able Men? but how many will you yourself train up, by making them gradually rise from the lowest to the most eminent Posts? you will find full Employment for their Talents; you will experience the Strength of their Genius, and the Sincerity of their Virtue. They who attain to the highest Posts, will be such as have been rear'd under your own Inspection, in the lowest; you will have had your Eye upon them all their Time, from Step to Step; you will be  
able



able to form a Judgment of them, not by their Words, but by the whole Sequel of their Actions.

While *Mentor* thus entertain'd the *Ithacian* Prince, they perceiv'd a *Pheacian* Ship, which put into a small desert Island, hemm'd in with dreadful Rocks, and at the same Time it fell a dead Calm: even the most gentle Zephyrs seem'd to suspend their Breath, and the Surface of the Sea became as level as a Mirroir, the clinging Sails cou'd no longer give Motion to the Vessel; the Efforts of the already tired Rowers were become usefess; there was a Necessity of putting into this Island, which was rather a Rock, than an Isle for the Habitation of Men. In a Time less calm, there had been no approaching it without Danger. The *Pheacians*, who waited for a Wind, seem'd not less impatient to continue their Course than were the *Salentines*. *Telemachus* made up to them on this craggy Shore, and immediately asked the first Man he met, if he had not seen *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca*, at the Court of King *Alcinous*?

The Person, whom he by chance accosted, was not a *Pheacian*, he was a Stranger and unknown; his Air was Majestic but dejected and Melancholy, he seem'd pensive, and scarcely did he at first, take Notice of the Question made him by the *Ithacian* Prince; but at length he reply'd, you are not mistaken, *Ulysses* was receiv'd in the Court of *Alcinous* as in a Place where *Jupiter* is rever'd, and Hospitality practis'd; but he is not now there, and to seek him in that Island wou'd be Loss of Time. He is fail'd for *Ithaca*, if, the Deities appeased, at length permit him to bow before his Household Gods.

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Scarce had this Stranger in a melancholy Voice utter'd these Words, but he struck into a thick Wood on the Summit of a Rock, from whence he mournfully beheld the Sea; flying the Men he saw, and appearing afflicted at his not being able to depart. *Telemachus* view'd him with great Attention and the longer he kept his Eyes fixed upon him, the more he was moved, the more was he concern'd. This unknown Person, said he to *Mentor*, answer'd me like a Man who scarcely minds what is said to him, and who is oppress'd with Grief. Since I have myself been unfortunate, I compassionate those who are so; hardly did he vouchsafe to listen to, or answer, me. I find my Heart affected on his Behalf, though I know not why, he gave me but a rough Reception, yet I cannot but wish an End to his Misfortunes.

*Mentor* with a Smile reply'd, you see of what Advantage are the Misfortunes that attend our Lives, they render Princes humane and sympathizing; \* they feel Pressures under which other Men labour; whereas, if they have never tasted but the luscious Poison of Prosperity, they fancy themselves no less than Gods; they expect that  
even

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\* *Humane and Sympathizing.* The French is, Ils rendent les Princes moderez, & sensibles aux peines des autres. *Moderé* *Richelet* interprets, *moderatus*, *temperatus*, *Sapiens*, *prudens*. Moderate, temperate, wise, prudent; but I think *modéré* cannot be taken here in any other Sense than *humane*, as is evident from the following, *Sensibles aux peines des autres*, and the Word here used by our Author *moderate*, seems to intimate, that they are not so entirely engrossed by what regards themselves in particular, but that they can be affected with the Misfortunes of others.

even the Mountains shou'd fall before them to gratify their Humours. They look on the rest of Mankind as of no Moment; they wou'd have all Nature at the Disposal of their capricious Humour; if any one mentions Afflictions, they know not what is meant; it is to them a very Dream, they are ignorant of the Space between Good and Evil; Misfortunes only can teach them Humanity, and change their flinty Heart to human: they then become sensible that they are Men, and ought to have Regard for Mortals like themselves. If a Man unknown can so greatly move your Pity, because he is wand'ring as you are upon this Coast, how much more ought you to compassionate the People of *Ithaca*, when you shall hereafter see them suffer; that People whom the Gods shall have entrusted you with, as a Flock is committed to the Care of a Shepherd, and who will possibly be made unfortunate by your Ambition, your Pomp, or your Imprudence? for People are made wretched by the Fault alone of Kings, whose Duty it is to be ever on the Guard to protect them from Misfortunes.

While *Mentor* thus spoke, *Telemachus* was plung'd into a deep Melancholy and Uneasiness of Mind. At length he reply'd with some Emotion, if these Things are as you represent them, the Condition of a King is most miserable; he is the Slave of all those over whom he has the Appearance of commanding; he is made for them, he is to devote himself entirely to them, he is to provide for all their Wants, he is the Steward of the collective Body, and of every particular Person; he must descend to their Weakness, he must chastise them as a Father, and must make them both wise and happy. The Authority he seems to have is

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not his, he can do nothing either for his own Fame or particular Satisfaction; his Authority is that of the Laws which he is bound to obey, and is no more, properly speaking, than their Champion to give them an entire Sway; he must lose his Sleep, he must labour to maintain those Laws; he has the least Liberty, the least Quiet of any Man in his Kingdom; he is a Slave, who sacrifices his Ease and Liberty for that of the Public.

It is certainly true, answer'd *Mentor*, that a King is such, to no other End than to take Care of his People, as a Shepherd does of his Flock, or a Father, of his Family; but do you think it a Misfortune to him, my dear *Telemachus*, that he is to procure the Welfare of such a Number of People: he corrects the Profligate by Punishment, he encourages the Virtuous by Rewards, and is the Representative of the Gods, in thus guiding all Mankind into the Paths of Virtue. Is it not Glory sufficient that he enforces due Obedience to the Laws? that of setting himself above the Laws is a deceitful Glory, which merits our Abhorrence and Contempt. If he is a wicked Prince, he must necessarily be unhappy, for he will never be able to find the least Peace in his Passions and Vanity; if on the contrary he is a good Prince, he must necessarily enjoy the most pure and most solid Pleasures, that of laying himself out in the Cause of Virtue, and that which arises from his Expectation of an eternal Reward from the immortal Gods.

*Telemachus*, inwardly tormented by a secret Solitude, seem'd to be quite ignorant of these Maxims, though he had imbib'd, practis'd, and taught them to others: a sullen Humour inspired

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him with a Spirit of Cavilling, and Contradiction to his own real Sentiments, which *Mentor* laid before him, and he opposed, to these Tenets, the Ingratitude of Men. What, said he, must we take such Pains to gain the Affection of Men, which perhaps we may never compass, and to procure the Welfare of Profligates, who will turn the Good we do them to our own Hurt?

*Mentor* calmly answer'd, you must expect Ingratitude from Men, but however not neglect to do them Good; you must be serviceable to them, not so much for their own Sakes, as for the Sake of the Gods, who have commanded this. The Good we do is never lost; if Men forget, the Gods remember and reward it. But farther, if the Bulk of the People are ungrateful, there are always some good Men among them who will be moved with your Virtue. The Multitude, tho' fickle and humourfome, notwithstanding do a Sort of Justice to real Virtue: but if you are desirous to prevent the Ingratitude of Men, never labour solely to make them powerful, rich, formidable for their Arms, or happy by their Pleasures. This Glory, this Plenty, these Pleasures will corrupt them, they will grow more wicked by them, and, consequently, more ungrateful. It is making them a fatal Present; 'tis offering them a palatable Poison: but use all your Endeavours to reform their Manners, to inspire them with Justice, Sincerity, a reverential Fear of the Gods, Humanity, Fidelity, Temperance and Impartiality. In making them good you will make them grateful, you will furnish them a real Advantage, which is Virtue; and Virtue, if solid, will always attach them to him who inspir'd them with it. Thus in giving them the only true Riches, you will prove  
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beneficent to yourself, and have nothing to apprehend from their Ingratitude. Can any one be surprized that Men are ungrateful to Princes, who have trained them to nothing but Injustice, Ambition, Inhumanity, Arrogance and Perfidy. Princes ought not to expect other from, than what they themselves have taught, them. If on the contrary, the Sovereign exerted himself, by his own Example and Power, to make them Men of Probity, he wou'd reap the Fruit of his Labour in their Virtue, or at least a Consolation for his Disappointment, in his own, and in the Favour of the Gods.

Scarce was this Discourse finish'd, e'er *Telemachus* hastily went towards the Mariners of the *Pheacian* Vessel, anchor'd on the Coast; he address'd himself to an old Man among them, to learn from him whence they came, whither they were bound, and whether they had seen *Ulysses*? The old Man reply'd, we come from our Island, which is that of the *Pheacians*, and are going for Goods to *Epirus*. *Ulysses*, as you have been already told, visited our Country in his Way, but he is gone from thence.

*Telemachus* immediately rejoin'd, Who is that melancholy Person who seeks the most retired Places, while he waits the Departure of your Vessel? He is, answer'd the old Man, a Stranger whom we know nothing of; but they say his Name is *Cleomenes*, that he was born in *Phrygia*; that an Oracle had foretold his Mother, before he saw the Light, that he shou'd be a Sovereign, provided he did not continue in his own Country; but if he did, the *Phrygians* shou'd feel the Anger of the Gods in a raging Pestilence.

As soon as he came into the World, his Parents put him into the Hands of some Mariners, who carried him to *Lesbos*, \* where he was privately brought up at the Expence of his Country, which

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\* The largest of the *Asiatick* Islands, distant from *Troas* about seven Miles, 168 (others say 130) in Compass; it is counted to be the Seventh with Regard to its largeness, in the *Mediterranean* Sea. It had its Name from *Lesbus*, Son of *Lapythus*, who married *Methymna* Daughter of *Macarius*, Sovereign of this Isle, and from this Prince it was sometimes called *Macaria*, then called *Mitylene*, from *Mitylene*, another Daughter of *Macarius*.

The Country towards the West and South is said to be mountainous and barren, but the rest of the Country level and fertile, producing great abundance of Corn and rich Wines; it also abounds in Sheep and Horses. The chief City is *Mitylene*, seated on a Peninsula, and very strong both by Art and Nature, having on either Hand commodious Harbours. The Beauty of this Town was effaced, when the Island now called *Metellina* was taken by the *Turks* in 1462, who receive from thence a yearly Tribute of 18000 Crowns. They have here a strong Castle, and a numerous Garrison.

This Island was first inhabited by the *Pelagians*, a People of *Greece*, under the Conduct of *Zantus*, and named *Pelafnia*; afterwards it fell into the Possession of a mixed People, who were here planted by *Macarius*, who, rather by the Reputation of his Justice than by Force of Arms, obtain'd a sort of Dominion over the neighbouring Islands; it was in Time made subject to the *Athenian* State. In the Time of the *Peloponnesian* War, almost all *Greece* uniting against that State, this Island revolted from it, but was reduced by *Paches* the *Athenian* General to submit to Mercy; he dispatch'd a Messenger to *Athens*, for Orders how to behave towards the Citizens of *Mitylene*, and the Senate bid him put them

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which was greatly interested to keep him at a Distance; he soon grew tall, robust, agreeable, and expert in all bodily Exercises, and applied himself with a great Relish and Genius to the liberal Arts and Sciences; but he is tolerated in no Country.

The Prediction of his Destiny became famous, and he was soon discovered wherever he went, and in every Country the Sovereigns apprehended his wresting the Scepter out of their Hands. Thus has he been a Wanderer from his Youth, and he can find no Place in the known World where he is allow'd to fix; he has often visited States far distant from his own Country, but hardly is he arriv'd in any City, but his Birth and the Oracle which regards him are discover'd. His endeavouring to conceal himself, and for that Purpose his chusing, wherever he comes, an obscure State of Life are altogether fruitless; his Talents for War, for Learning, and for Affairs of the greatest Importance, Spight 'tis said of himself, appear eminent. Some unforeseen Opportunity in every

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them all to the Sword; but the next Day repenting the Cruelty, they sent a Counter Order, which came just Time enough to prevent the Slaughter. The Romans subdued this Island, and this, with the rest of Greece went to the Constantinopolitan Emperors, from whom the Venetians in 1124 took it, with Chios, Samos, Andros, and some other Islands, and were confirm'd in their Dominion of it by the Emperor Baldwin, together with all the rest of the Aegean Sea; but John Ducas the Emperor residing at Nice, recover'd these Conquests. In the Year 1335, the Emperor Calo Johannes gave this Island as a Fortune with his Sister to Franciscus Catalufus, a noble Genoese, and it was enjoy'd by his Descendants till taken by Mahomet the Great, in the Year already mention'd.

State always happens, which gets the better of his Precaution, and makes him known to the Publick. His Merit is his Misfortune, it makes him fear'd and excluded from every Country where he is inclin'd to fix his Abode. His Fate is to be, in all Parts, esteem'd, belov'd, admir'd, but from every known Country to be expelled.

He is past his Youth, yet he has not hitherto been able to find, on the Coast of either *Greece* or *Asia*, a Place where he wou'd be suffer'd to abide in any Quiet. He seems to have no Ambition, and to seek no Fortune. He wou'd have been extremely happy if the Oracle had not promised him a Crown. He has no Remains of Hope, ever to see again his native Soil, for he knows that he shall only introduce Tears and Mourning into every Family. That very Royalty by which he suffers, appears not to him a Thing desirable; he pursues it by a certain Fatality, from Kingdom to Kingdom, in spight of himself, and it seems to fly before him, to sport with this unfortunate Man till old Age o'ertakes him. A fatal Gift of the immortal Gods, which renders the most agreeable Time of his Life unfortunate, and can only be a Burthen to him in Old Age, which requires Rest alone.

He is going, as he says, to the *Thracian* Coast in quest of some unciviliz'd People destitute of Laws, to collect them into a Body, to polish and govern them for some Years; after which, the Oracle being fulfilled, the most flourishing Kingdoms will apprehend no Danger from him. He afterwards proposes to retire with Freedom to some Village in *Caria*, and apply himself to Tillage, of which he is passionately fond. He is a wise, a temperate Man, who fears the Gods, who

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thoroughly knows Men, and has the Art to live peaceably with, and yet not esteem, them; this is what the World reports of this Stranger, after whom you have enquired.

During this Conversation, *Telemachus* often turn'd his Eyes towards the Sea, which began to grow somewhat rough. The Wind excited the Billows which dash'd against the Rocks, whitening them with their Foam; at that Instant the old Man said to the *Ithacian* Prince, I must be gone, my Company cannot wait for me; having said this he ran towards the Shore. They embark'd, and nothing cou'd be heard upon the Beach but the confused Noise of Mariners anxious to depart.

The Stranger, named *Cleomenes*, had wander'd some Time in the Center of the Isle, climbing the Summits of several Rocks, and contemplating, in profound Melancholy, the liquid Plain; *Telemachus* had never lost Sight of him, and continually watch'd his Steps, his Heart was mov'd in Favour of a Man of Virtue, wandering, unfortunate, destin'd to the greatest Things, but made the Sport of a rigorous Fortune. At least said he, within himself, 'tis possible that I shall revisit *Ithaca*; but this *Cleomenes* can never again see *Phrygia*. The Example of a Person yet more unfortunate than himself, mitigated the Troubles of *Telemachus*.

At length this unknown Person seeing his Vessel in readiness, descended from these craggy Rocks with a Speed and Agility like that of *Apollo*, when in the *Lycian* Forests, with his fair Hair gather'd in a Knot, he bounds o'er the Precipices, to pursue with his keen Shafts the Stag and bristly Boar. The Stranger enter'd his Ship, it ploughed the Waves, and fled the Shore; a secret Grief seized



feized and made a deep Impression on the Heart of young *Telemachus*, who was afflicted, but knew not why; the Tears trickled from his Eyes, and nothing was more soothing to him than to weep.

In the mean Space he observ'd upon the Shore all the *Salentine* Mariners stretch'd on the verdant Soil, fast lock'd in Sleep; they were weary'd and quite spent, indulging to soft Slumbers which, by the Power of *Minerva*, were diffused through all their Limbs, and the humid Poppies of the Night were scatter'd o'er them in the midst of Day. *Telemachus* was surprized to see this general Drowsiness in the *Salentines*, while the *Pheacians* were so vigilant and alert to take Advantage of the favouring Gale: but his Mind was more employ'd in viewing the *Pheacian* Vessel, which in the offing was nearly lost to Sight, than he was intent to go and rouse the *Salentines*. Astonishment and a secret Uneasiness kept his Eyes fix'd on the already flying Ship, of which the bleach'd Canvas only faintly appear'd to Sight amidst the azure Waves. He heeded not even *Mentor* speaking to him; he was not himself, but in a Transport like that of the *Menades*, \* when, with the Thyrsus in their Hands, they make the Banks of *Heber*, † the *Rhodopian* ‖ and *Ismarian* Mountains ring with their raving Shouts. At

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\* The Priestesses of *Bacchus*.

† Now called *Mariza*, the most famous River of *Thrace*, it rises out of *Rhodope*, and falls into the *Ægean* Sea, near the Island of *Samothrace*, it glides so very slowly that its Course is imperceptible. Famous for the Fate of *Orpheus*, whom the *Thracian* Women having torn in Pieces threw into the River.

‖ Mountains in *Thrace*; *Orpheus* retir'd to the Mountain *Rhodope*, after the Loss of his *Eurydice*.

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At length he recover'd a little from this Species of Enchantment, and the Tears began afresh to trickle down his Cheeks. *Mentor* then said to him, I am not at all surprized, my dear *Telemachus*, to see you weep: the Cause of this Grief, which is unknown to you, is to me no Secret. It is the Voice of Nature which will discover itself. It is she that melts your Heart. The Stranger, for whom you feel this Anxiety, is the great *Ulysses*. What the old *Pheacian* told you of him, under the fictitious Name of *Cleomenes*, is Fable all, the better to conceal his return to *Ithaca*. He goes directly thither: he is already near the Haven, and sees at length the so long wish'd for Shore. Your Eyes, as it was foretold you, saw, but knew him not. You will very soon again see, know and be known by, him; but now the Gods could not allow your knowing him out of *Ithaca*. His Heart felt no less Emotion than did yours. He is too wise to discover himself to any Mortal, in a Place, in which he might be expos'd to the Treacheries and Insults of the cruel Pretenders to *Penelope*. *Ulysses*, your Father, is the wisest among Men; his Heart is like an unfathomable Well; there is no fishing a Secret thence: he reveres Truth, and never says any Thing which may wound it; but then he never speaks it, but on Occasions urgent; and Wisdom, like a Seal, keeps his Lips closed from every useless Word. How was he moved while he spoke to you? What Violence did he do himself in not discovering to you that he was your Father? What Uneasiness did the Sight of you give him? It was this which made him appear so melancholly and dejected.

While *Mentor* thus spoke, *Telemachus* melted, and in Confusion, could not repress a Torrent of briny Tears. His Sighs prevented, even for a Time considerable, his making a reply. At length he cried, Alas my dear *Mentor* ! I was sensible of something, in that Stranger, I know not what, which engaged me to him, and moved me to the tenderest Compassion. But why, since you knew him, did you not tell me, before his Departure, this is *Ulysses*, why did you let him loose from hence without speaking to him, or even giving the least Indication that you knew him ? What is the Mystery of this ? Must I for ever be unfortunate ? Will the Gods, incensed, keep me ever thirsting like *Tantalus*, amused by deceitful Waters which flie his Lips ? *Ulysses*, O *Ulysses*, have I for ever lost thee ? Possibly I may never see him more ! Possibly, the Pretenders to *Penelope* will ensnare him in some Ambush, which they had lain for me ! Had I accompanied my Father, at least I should have died with him ! *Ulysses*, O *Ulysses* ! if a Storm wreck thee not again upon some Shelf, (for I have Reason to dread the worst from adverse Fortune) I shudder with Apprehension of thy Meeting *Agamemnon*'s cruel Fate (arriving at *Mycenæ*,) on thy landing at *Ithaca* ; but why, my dear *Mentor*, did you envy my Happiness ? I should now enfold him in my Arms ; and now should I be with him in the Port of *Ithaca*, and we should engage together all our common Enemies.

*Mentor* replied with a Smile, you see, my dear *Telemachus*, the Nature of Mankind. You are inconsolate, because you saw and did not know your Father ; and what wou'd you not, Yesterday, have given to have been assured that he was yet alive ? To-day your own Eyes have  
witnessed

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witnessed to you that he lives, and this certainty which ought to give you the greatest Joy, leaves you in Anguish. Thus the distemper'd Mind of Man flights what it most desired, when once possessed, and is artful in tormenting itself for what it has not yet obtain'd. It is to try your Patience, that the Gods thus keep you in suspense. You look upon this Time, as so much lost ; but know 'tis the most advantageous Period of your Life ; for these Crosses serve to exercise you in a Virtue, which to those who are design'd to rule, is of all others the most necessary. It requires Patience to master both our own and the Passions of other Men. Impatience, mistaken for the Strength and Vigour of the Soul, is no better than its Weakness. He who cannot expect and bear, is like a Man who cannot keep a Secret. They both want Resolution to contain themselves, and resemble the Charioteer who, swiftly driving, wants Strength of Hand to stop, when necessary, the fiery Steeds ; they, refractory, despise the Reins, urge violently on their rapid Course, and the weak Man, (his Steeds having got their Heads) is crush'd in falling. Thus the impatient Man is hurried on by his untamed and furious Passions, into a Sea of dire Misfortunes ; the greater is his Power, the more fatal does his Impatience prove. He will wait for nothing, and will allow himself Time to consider nothing : he will constrain all Things to gratifie his Will, and breaks down the Boughs to gather the Fruit before it can be ripened ; he will burst open Doors, rather than waite their opening : he will reap at the Time the prudent Farmer sows. All he does in a hurry, and unreasonably, is wrong done, and can be of as little Duration, as his fleeting Passions. Such are the mad Projects of a Man,  
who

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who thinks himself capable of every thing, and gives a loose to his impatient Desires to the misusing of his Power. It is, my dear *Telemachus*, to teach you Longanimity, that the Gods thus try your Patience, and seem to sport with you, in the wandering Life in which they keep you in continual uncertainty. The Blessings which you are anxious to obtain, present themselves to your Eyes, and instant wing their Flight like airy Dreams which vanish at our waking; that you may hence be taught those very Things of which we think our selves most sure, even then may slip our hold. The wisest Instructions of *Ulysses* will not be so useful to you as his long Absence, and your Sufferings in his Search.

*Mentor*, after this, resolved to put the Patience of *Telemachus* to the last and strongest Trial. At the Instant the young Prince was eagerly going to urge the Mariners to be expeditious in the pursuit of their Voyage, *Mentor*, on a sudden, stopp'd and oblig'd him to make, upon the Shore, a solemn Sacrifice to *Minerva*. *Telemachus*, with great Docility, submitted to the Will of his prudent Tutor. They rais'd two Altars of Turf; the Incense smoak'd, and the Blood of Victims was pour'd forth; *Telemachus* breath'd towards Heaven his greatful Sighs, and acknowledged the powerful Protection of the Goddess.

Scarce was the Sacrifice concluded, when he follow'd *Mentor* through the most gloomy Tracks of a small neighbouring Wood, where he suddenly perceiv'd the Countenance of his Friend assume another Form. The Wrinkles of his Forehead vanish'd, as do the Shades, when *Aurora*, with her rosy Fingers opens the eastern Gates and gilds the whole Horizon. His deep sunk Eyes austere changed

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changed to an azure of celestial Mildness, replete with light divine. His grey neglected Beard was lost to sight, Majestick lofty Features, mixed with sweetness and benevolence, struck and dazzel'd the Eyes of the young Prince. He saw a female Face, with a Complexion smother than the springing Flower, which newly open'd to the Sun its Beauties, and in which was mix'd the Whiteness of the Lilly, with the lively Colour of the opening Rose, and in her Countenance bloom'd an eternal Youth, with genuine unaffected Majesty. Her flowing tresses diffus'd ambrosial Sweets, and her Robes glow'd with brilliant Colours like those with which the rising Sun adorns the Gloomy Arch of Heaven, and gilds the Clouds. This Deity touch'd not with her Feet the Earth, but lightly glided as Birds with Wings expanded, cut thro' the yielding Air. In her pow'ful Hand she held her shining Lance, which might strike with panick Fear Cities and Kingdoms, most inured to war, and terrifie e'en *Mars* himself. Her Voice was mild and sweet, but strong and penetrating. Every Word of hers was like a fiery Shaft, which pierc'd the Heart of the *Ithacian* Youth, and made him sensible of inexpressible and delightful Pain. On her Helmet perched the mournful Bird of *Athens*, and the formidable *Ægis* glittered on her Breast. By these Signs, *Telemachus* knew *Minerva*.

Oh! Goddess, said he, have you, yourself, then deign'd to guide, for his Father's Sake, the Son of *Ulysses*! He would have proceeded, but his Voice failed him, his Lips vainly endeavour'd to express his Thoughts, which with impetuosity flow'd from his grateful Heart. He was overwhelm'd with the Presence of the Deity, like a Man who loses his Breath by the Impression of his  
 Dream,

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Dream, and who though painfully endeavouring, moves his Lips, but can form no Sound.

At length, *Minerva* spoke as follows. Son of *Ulysses*, for the last Time give me your Attention. I never yet instructed any Mortal with a Care equal to that I have ta'en with you. I have led you, by the Hand, thro' Shipwrecks, unknown Lands, bloody Wars, and all the Hardships that may trie the Heart of Man. I have shewn you by feeling Experience, both the true and false Maxims of Governing. Your Errors have not been of less Advantage to you than your Misfortunes. Where is the Man who can rule with Prudence, if he has never profited by the Sufferings which his Errors had brought upon him. You have, like your Father, filled the Earth and Seas with your melancholly Adventures. You are now worthy to tread in his Footsteps. You have only a short and easy course to *Ithaca*, where he this Minute is arriv'd. Fight by his Side, and be as obedient to him as is the meanest of his Subjects; do you set others this Example. He will marry you to *Antiope*, and you shall be happy with her, as you have prefer'd Prudence and Virtue to the Glare of Beauty. When you mount the Throne, let it be your sole Glory to revive the golden Age. Listen to every one, but trust to few, and take Heed you depend not too much upon your self. Fear deceiving yourself, but never fear to let others see that you have been deceived. Cherish your People, and omit nothing that may gain their Love. Where that Affection is wanting, it becomes necessary to impress an awe, but it should be ever with Regret, as you would use the most violent and dangerous Remedies. Always consider what may be the distant Consequences of whatever you undertake:  
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foresee the most dreadful Disappointments, and learn that true Courage consists in facing every Danger, and in despising them, when they become necessary. He that will not View them, wants sufficient Courage calmly to support the Sight. He who sets them all before his Eyes, who avoids all that are avoidable, and, unmoved, encounters the rest, is alone wise and magnanimous. Flie Indolence, Pomp and Profusion : make it your Glory to be plain. Let your Virtues and your good Actions be the Ornaments of your Person and of your Palace. Let them be the Guard that surrounds, and let every one learn from you in what consists true Honour. Always remember that Kings reign not for their peculiar Glory, but for the Good of their People. The good they do extends to latest Ages; the ills they perpetrate, multiply, from Generation to Generation, even to the most remote Posterity. One evil Reign sometimes proves the calamity of many Ages. Above all, be ever on your guard against your own Humour, 'tis an Enemy that will haunt you to your latest Hour ; will intrude into your Counsels, and betray you if listen'd to. Humour occasions the Loss of the most important Opportunities ; it inspires childish Inclinations, and Aversions prejudicial to the most considerable Interests, and decides with the weakest Arguments on Affairs of the greatest Moment. It overclouds all Talents, abates Courage, and makes a Man unequal, weak, mean and insupportable ; be upon your Guard against this Enemy. Fear, O *Telemachus*, the Gods ; This fear is the greatest Treasure in the Heart of Man. It will be accompanied with Wisdom, Justice, Peace, Joy, unallied Pleasures, true Liberty, tranquil Affluence, and spotless Glory.

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I now leave you, O Son of *Ulysses*; but my Wisdom shall never quit you, provided that you are ever sensible that without it you yourself are capable of nothing. It is now Time that you should depend upon your own Strength. I left you in *Ægypt*, and at *Salentum*, that you might learn to bear the privation of my Assistance, as Children are wean'd when it is Time they should quit the Breast, to be us'd to solid Aliments.

Scarce had the Goddess finish'd these Admonitions, but she ascended, and enwrap'd in a Cloud of blue and gold, disappear'd to Sight. *Telemachus* sighing, astonish'd, and transported, prostrated himself and lifted up his Hands to Heaven. After which, he awakened his Ship-mates, hastened their Departure, arriv'd in *Ithaca*, and found his Father at the House of the loyal *Eumenes* †.

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† A faithful Servant, who was chief Herdsman to *Ulysses*.

*End of the Twenty-fourth Book, and of the Adventures of Telemachus.*



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